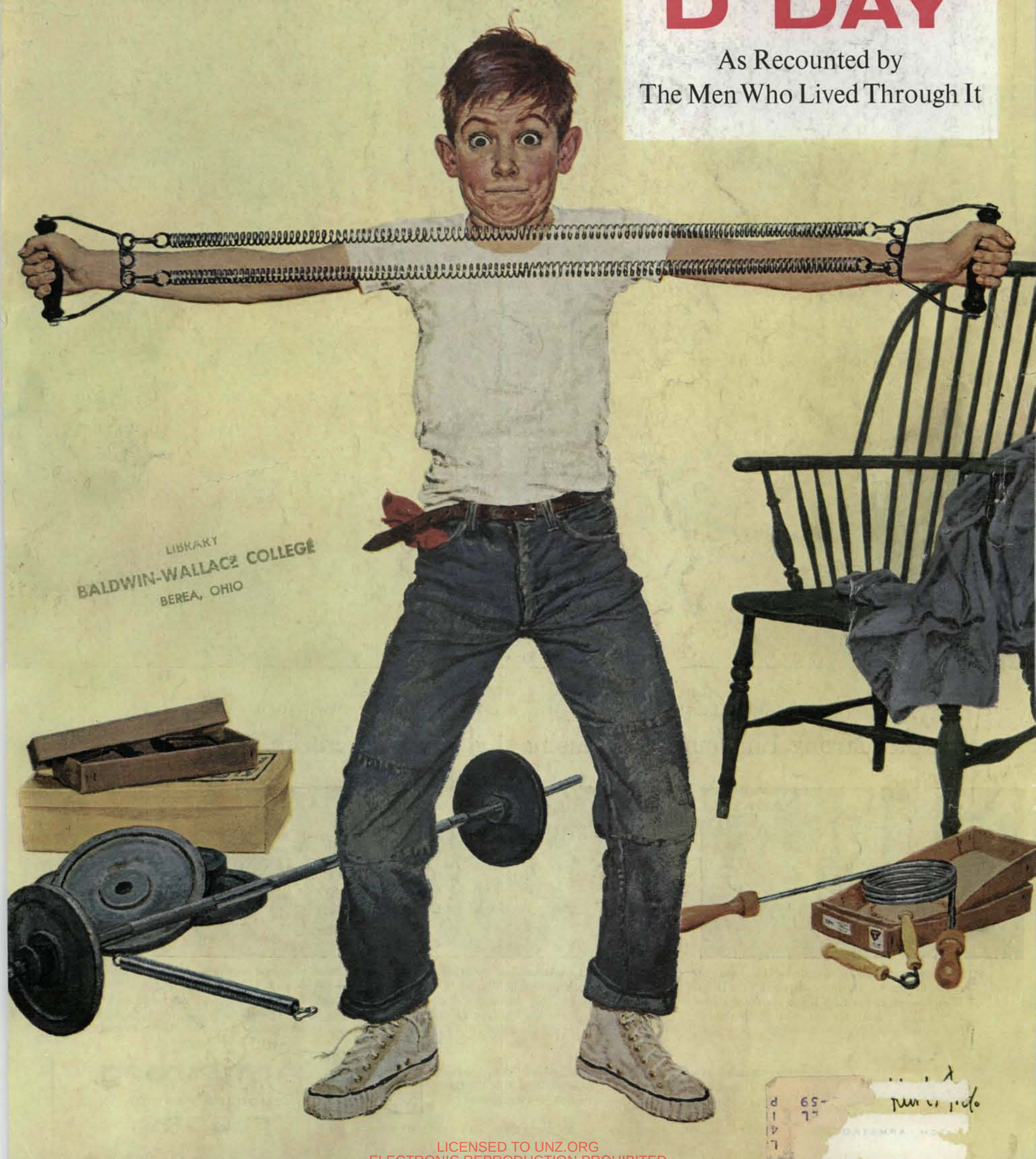
The Saturday Evening
POST
March 14, 1959 – 15¢

MAR 9 '59

THE MOST FATEFUL TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF OUR TIME:

D DAY

As Recounted by
The Men Who Lived Through It



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THE DALES GAVE TEEN-AGE SUSAN HER VERY OWN ROOM

the Armstrong Linoleum floor has no dirt-catching cracks, quiets footsteps

The moderate cost of Armstrong Linoleum, installed by experts, was a nice surprise for the Dales. They decided, rather than try to put down a floor themselves, to leave the job to professionals. For Susan's bedroom-bath, they chose Spatter Style 5030.

The experienced craftsman laid the six-foot-wide sheets of Armstrong Linoleum so skillfully, the floor's two seams are almost invisible. No dust-trapping cracks in this smooth surface. When Mr. Dale saw the flawless job, he was mighty glad a professional had put down the floor.

There's quiet downstairs even when Susan and her pals play upstairs. That's because Armstrong Cushion-Eze Underlayment was put down with the linoleum. A soft layer of foam quiets footsteps, reduces noise carried through the floor to rooms below.

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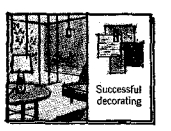

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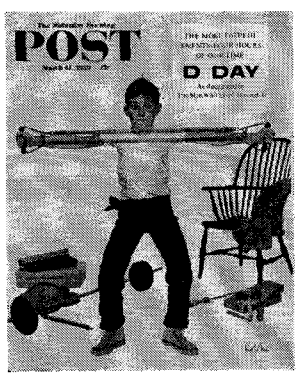

THE COVER

Every boy has a spell of yearning to resemble Hercules or Tarzan or some other bulging being. To accomplish this he yearns for fairly expensive gadgets, scorning his father's theory that a superb body can be built with a snow shovel or a spade. So there is Johnny in calisthenical agony; and how long will it take him to get fed up with the deal and switch to rocket building or something? Artist Kurt Ard purchased those awesome exercisers, but you needn't feel sorry for his model—the expanded springs were fastened to the studio walls and all the lad had to exercise was his face. Later Ard found the gadgets useful for various purposes, but not for exercising. He learned to pop those springs into the hands of visitors who talk about the big fish they caught.

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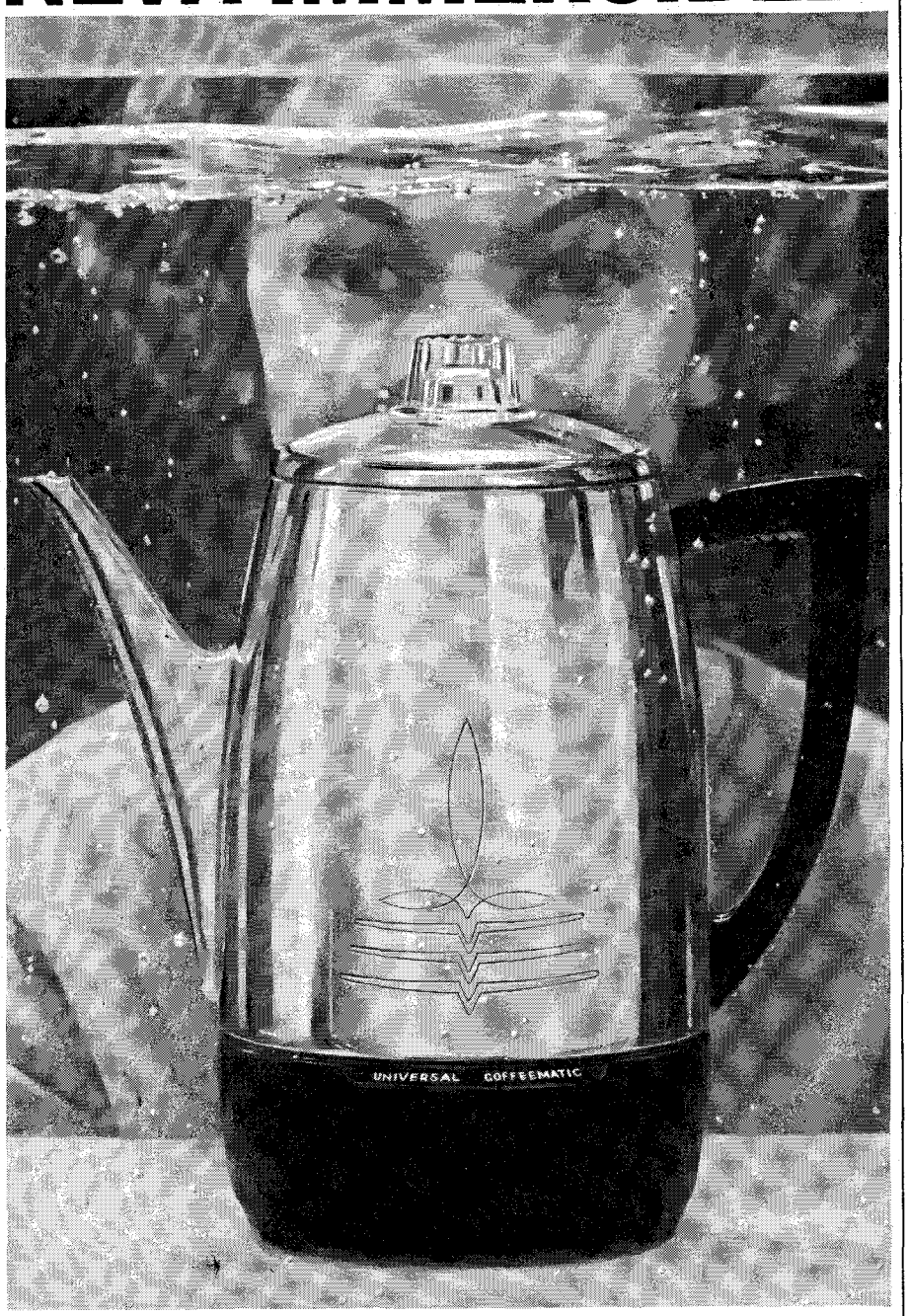

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Letters

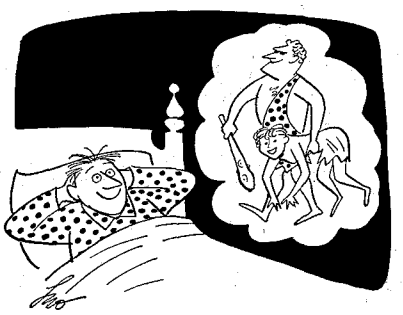
What Comes Naturally

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps the enclosed portions of recent stories will interest you:

From HEARTS ASTRAY by John F. Wallace, Jan. 10: " . . . it seemed quite natural to hold one of Amanda's hands as they walked on."

From THE BACHELOR COULDN'T SLEEP by Frederick Borg, Jan. 17: "He put his



arm around her slender waist. It seemed the natural thing to do."

From DYNAMITE DALTON by Pat Patterson, Jan. 24: "He took her hand to help her up the embankment, and, because it seemed the natural thing to do, he held it until they reached her mount."

Don't really know why I went to all this trouble . . . "It seemed the natural thing to do."

JAMES L. COGHLAN
Attorney at Law
Chicago, Ill.

Dutch Weapon

Dear Sirs:

I wish to express to you my great admiration for HOLLAND'S NEW WEAPON AGAINST THE SEA by Ernest O. Hauser [Feb. 7]. The Dutch Delta plan has received a considerable amount of attention in the press all over the world, but the extremely well-written, thoroughly documented and vividly illustrated report by Mr. Hauser is one of the most informative articles I have read on the subject.

J. H. VAN ROIJEN
Netherlands Ambassador
Washington, D.C.

How to Get Lost on Wall Street

Dear Sirs:

You are to be commended for your BEHIND THE STOCK-MARKET TURMOIL article by Harold H. Martin [Feb. 7]. Information such as this is badly needed.

J. FRANKLIN GREENLEE
Charleston, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:

The gathering of men and women each lunch hour to discuss God . . . is on the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets [not Wall and Broad].

It is easy enough to become confused, as both Broad and Nassau Streets begin at Wall, one running south, and the other running north. However, the gathering is usually in front of the Bankers Trust Company building at the corner of Wall and Nassau.

DANIEL FIRSTY
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Martin . . . states:

"There are in this country nearly 9,000,000 people who own shares" in stock companies. "Two thirds of them have incomes of less than $7500 a year, but their holdings, at current market values, total some $350,000,000,000."

Six million people earning less than $7500 a year with about $60,000 apiece invested in stocks?

Come again Mr. Martin—and with greater accuracy.

AMANDA BRUSH
Charleston, W. Va.

● *Author Martin's point—the wide distribution of shareownership—is a valid one, but his figures are astray. Individual shareholders own some $252,000,000,000 in stocks, the majority of which undoubtedly is held by people who earn more than $7500 a year.* —ED.

The Subscription Racket

Dear Sirs:

Please allow space for a young practicing attorney's rebuttal to the implications contained in reader F. R. Harper's letter to the editors, January 31. Reader Harper of Donna, Texas, in commenting on the article, BEWARE THE ADVANCE-FEE RACKET by John Kobler, December 20, asks: "Now who would expect a lawyer to object to someone else using his own pet advance-fee racket (called retainer fee in legal lingo)?". . . .

Many attorneys, including myself, charge a retainer in some instances—but not in all instances by any means, and I . . . hasten to inform reader Harper that I read his letter in a magazine that was obtained through an advance-fee subscription.

MACDOUGAL RICE
Attorney at Law
Arlington, Va.

Unpleasant?

Dear Sirs:

Who could read HUSBAND ON THE PROWL by Edwin A. Peeples [Feb. 7] without a feeling of disgust and revulsion? Such stories are not *fit* to be on one's reading table.

C. GUY SHOOP
Beloit, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Was quite pleased to see that the story was set in Point Pleasant. . . .

It's not a big town, and I'd like to thank you and Mr. Peeples for giving us here a nice surprise.

MRS. JOHN M. DEGEN
Point Pleasant, N.J.

Those Vivacious Belgian Barkeepers

Dear Sirs:

I was more than amused when reading THE RELUCTANT GAMBLER, a short story written by Jean Stafford and which appeared in your issue of October 4th, 1958.

It is very obvious that Mr. or Miss or Mrs. Stafford is entirely ignorant of what he or she is writing about. The stage for this story is laid in the casino of Knokke-Le Zoute, which—according [to] let's say *Mrs.* Stafford—is most sombre. For your information, this particular casino is the brightest, airiest and most beautifully

(Continued on Page 6)

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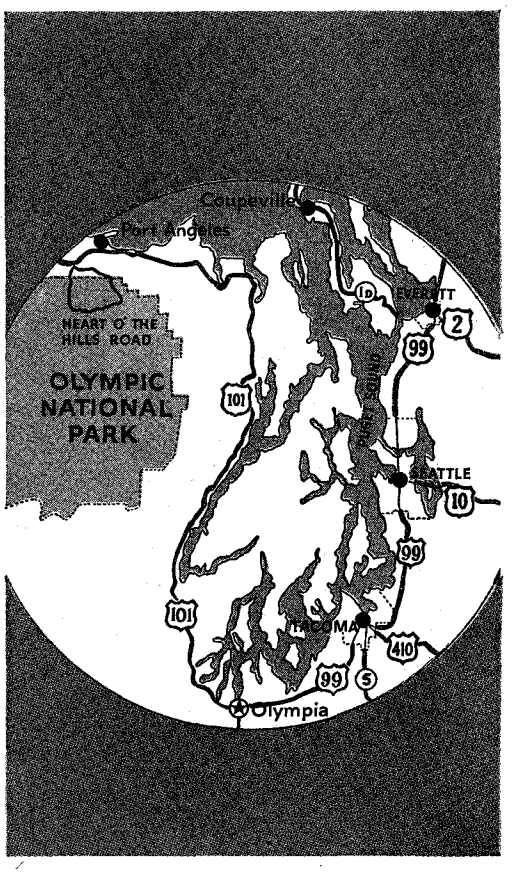


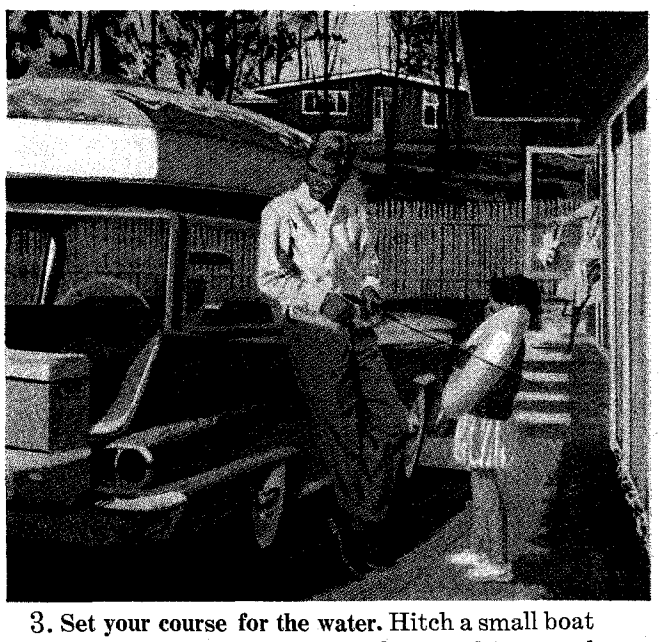
1. **Relive the Indian days by car.** They seem very near when you're next to these totem poles. And they *are*. Wherever you live, you'll find equally fascinating reminders within a few quick driving miles of home.

Your car makes any map a Magic Circle

The fun you'll find in this Totem Magic Circle is as many-faced and colorful as a totem pole itself. There's a Magic Circle just like it right around you. Start exploring it with your car—just for fun.

Published by *Ethyl Corporation*, New York 17, N. Y. to help you get more enjoyment out of your car. Ethyl Corporation manufactures antiknock compounds, used by oil companies everywhere to improve their gasolines and your driving pleasure.

2. **Give yourself a change of scenery.** In your Magic Circle, get away from it all on highways like the new Heart O' The Hills Road. Freshen your outlook with views like this sweep of the Olympics.



3. **Set your course for the water.** Hitch a small boat to your car. (It's the weekend way of life around Puget Sound.) Or simply head for a shore somewhere around you and let come what may. Scores of things worth exploring await you.

4. **Tour the out-of-the way shops.** Seattle's are full of delightful discoveries from all over the world. You'll find the match for them in your Magic Circle. Some day soon, set out by car and have a close-up look for yourself.

5. **Take a pencil and map out** your Magic Circle. Your car is your best investment in fun. Don't miss out on its endless happy returns. Start driving—start really *living*—next chance you get.

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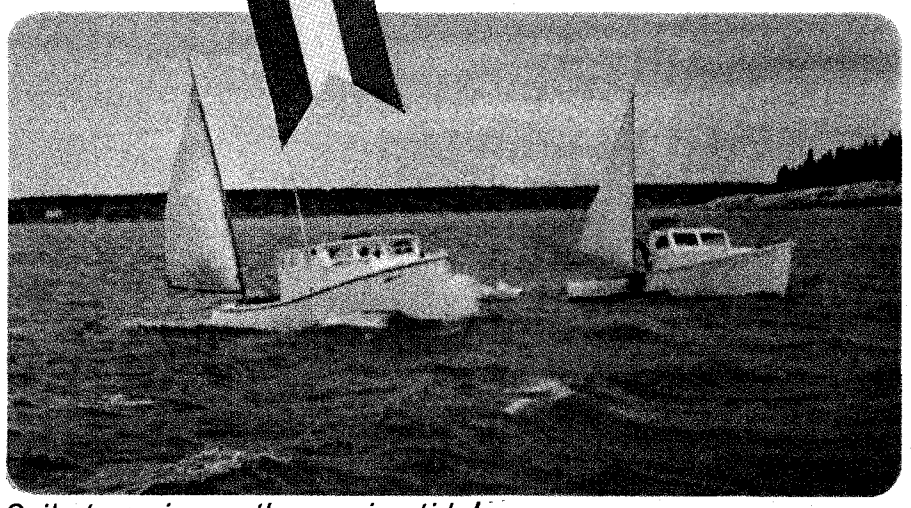
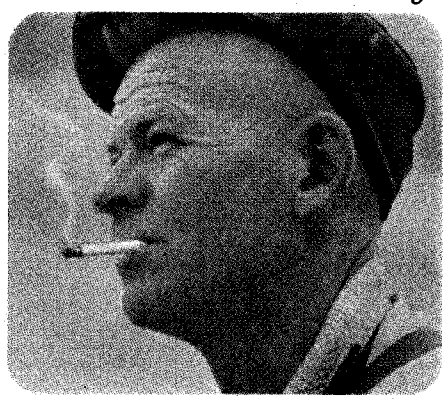
MEN OF AMERICA: LOBSTER FISHERMAN

Live-action shots—lobster fleet Boothbay Harbor, Maine

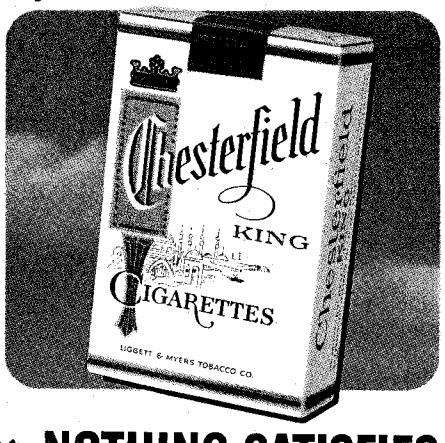


Sail at sunrise on the running tide!
Haul the traps in where the big ones hide!

With the lobster fleet you'll find a man . . .
Takes big pleasure when and where he can . . . Chesterfield King!



Top-tobacco filter action
Tops in friendly satisfaction!



***Join the men who know*—NOTHING SATISFIES LIKE THE BIG CLEAN TASTE OF TOP-TOBACCO**

CHESTERFIELD KING

©Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

decorated establishment of its kind in the whole of Europe—if not the world. Then again, the bar, according to Mrs. Stafford, was "not altogether clean, presided over by two phlegmatic Walloons." Now! Now! Mrs. Stafford, this is a statement which approaches (if it hasn't already reached) libel. The *Flemish* barmen employed in the scrupulously clean bar are most vivacious and far from phlegmatic.

Figuring amongst the Saturday-evening throng are two Scots in *kilts*. Has Mrs. Stafford *ever* visited a European casino? I very much doubt it. Surely anyone with the slightest knowledge of the procedure should know that no one so attired would be admitted.

"*Messieurs, mesdames, faites vos jeux!*" This is a phrase, Mrs. Stafford, that is *never* uttered. "*Mesdames*" are never mentioned.

"*Chemin de fer*" is *not* played in Le Zoute. The game is "baccara."

May I advise Mrs. Stafford that before commencing a short story she should at least get her facts correct.

L. B. ROTHWELL
Antwerp, Belgium

● *It's Miss Stafford. And she says that once upon a time she spent several evenings at the casino.* —*ED.*

Principals and Principles

Dear Sirs:

The cover of Feb. 7 issue [by Dick Sargent] almost made me seethe. Do not our school administrators have enough disciplinary problems without the encouragement of scorn and contempt for . . . school principals and teachers?

REV. C. R. DOVERSPIKE
Evangelical United Brethren Church
Marchand, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I have always been quite proud to place the Post on my reception-room tables. But the February 7 issue will not appear there, since children make up one half of my clientele.

W. D. BEADLING, *D.D.S.*
Scottdale, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

This cover seems to endorse disrespect for authority and to encourage the use of a double set of standards in our personal relationships.

E. D. JOHNSON
Little Rock, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

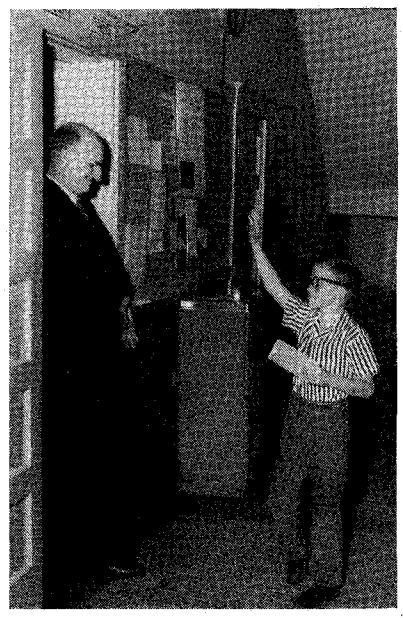
I have seen many school principals in my time, but none looked quite like this one. Which Post editor modeled for the painting?

CRAIG ELLIS
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

The principal looked so much like me that I could have been the fellow who posed as the model. [See below.]

HARRY SLOAN, *Principal*
Oswego High School
Oswego, Kans.



● *The boy in the picture, Carl Cooper, was borrowed by Mr. Sloan from an elementary school. Young Cooper is not a bad boy, we are told—but he "can find his way to his principal's office without using a map."* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Most impressive.

Please let me know where I can get an enlarged copy.

CHESTER R. HEERY, *Principal*
Kilgour School
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Have just finished laughing at the wonderful cover! How true it is.

R. D. BROWNFIELD, *Principal*
Woodford School
Barberton, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

If we now give youngsters the impression that this is "cute," they are apt to try for something a bit more exciting during their high-school years, say, a bomb scare or something!

MARTIN J. BANGERT
Indianapolis, Ind.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–Robert Carpenter. • 19–U. S. Coast Guard; U. S. Signal Corps. • 20–Camera Press; two from Wide World; Camera Press. • 21–U. S. Army; Tom Blau; map by Center Studio. • 22, 23–Harold von Schmidt. • 24, 25–Frank Ross. • 26–Bob Lavin. • 27–Two by Gus Pasquarella; Ed Babst. • 28–Wide World; United Press International; Wide World. 29–Frank Ross. • 30–Larry Fried; anonymous. • 31–Bernard D'Andrea. • 32, 33–Farrell Grehan. • 34, 35–Coby Whitmore. • 36–Two by Gus Pasquarella; Sid Avery. 37–Gus Pasquarella. • 38, 39–Peter Stevens. • 43–Sam Bates. • 66–Wide World; Daily Telegraph. • 100–Gene Lester. • 101–Tom Blau (Pix); anonymous; Pix.

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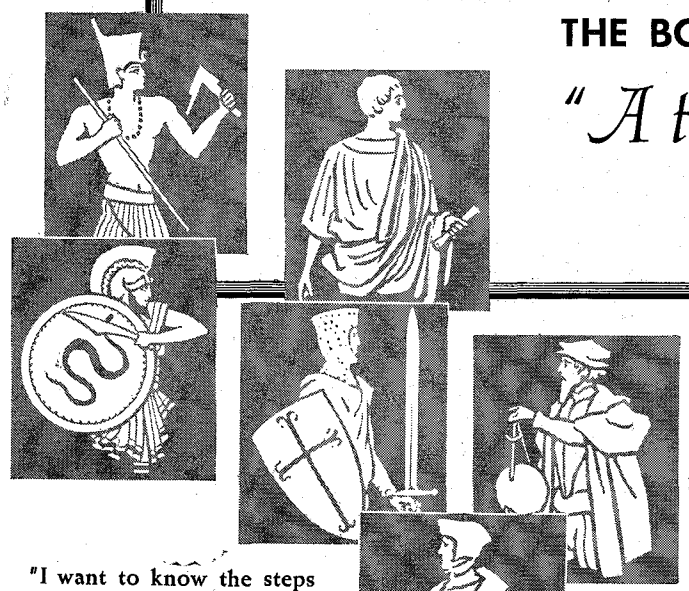
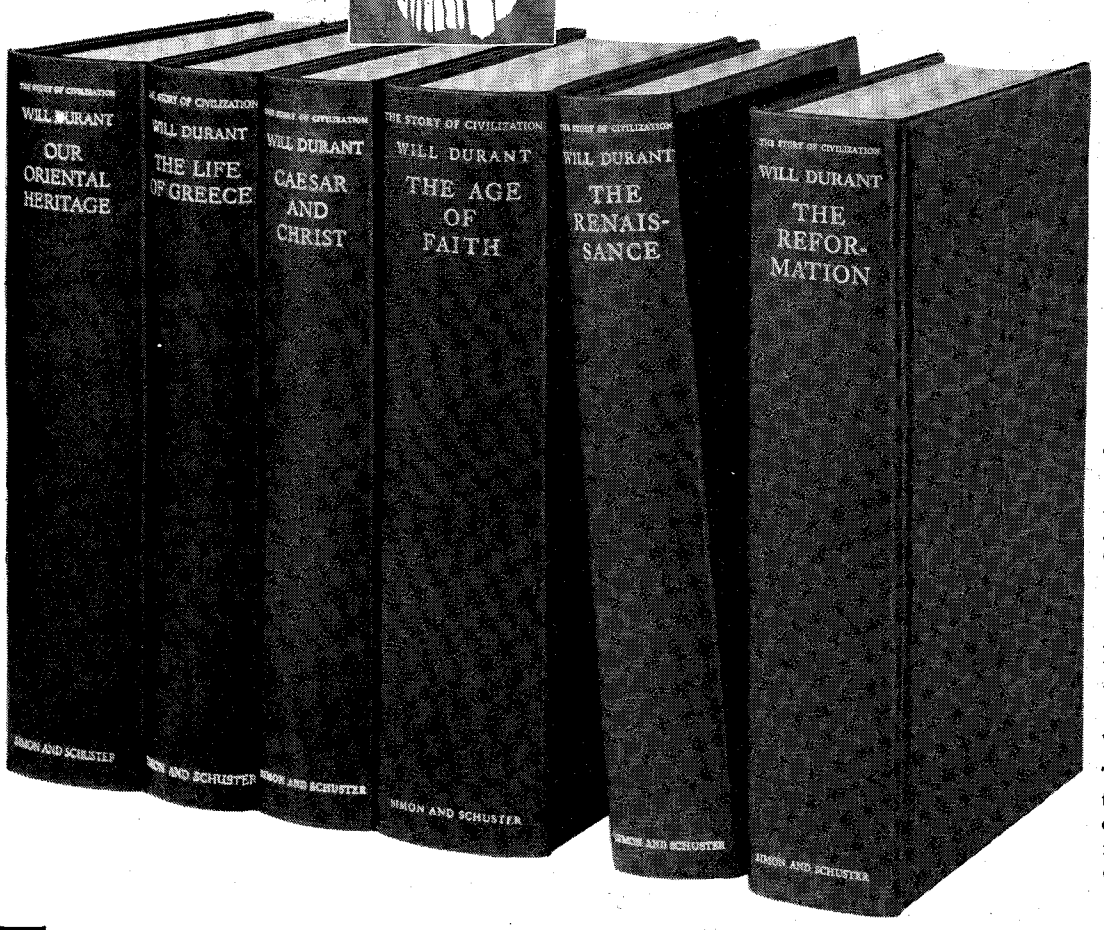


"I want to know the steps by which men passed from barbarism to civilization"
—VOLTAIRE

THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION

BY Will Durant



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✶ **The six-volume set** (which really represents "advanced" Book-Dividends) will be sent with the first book you purchase. The five other books can be chosen from at least 200 Selections and Alternates that will be made available during the next year.

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NOTE: This edition of the Durant set has been printed as part of the Club's usual spring promotional effort—enough to meet the expected demand. If the supply is exhausted, there will be an unavoidable delay in fulfilling orders—at least four months, since it takes that long to print and bind an edition of such a large set. If your order is received after the present edition is all spoken for, you will be notified and may then either cancel your membership *or defer it until a new edition can be printed.*

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Chevrolet Task-Force 59 Trucks

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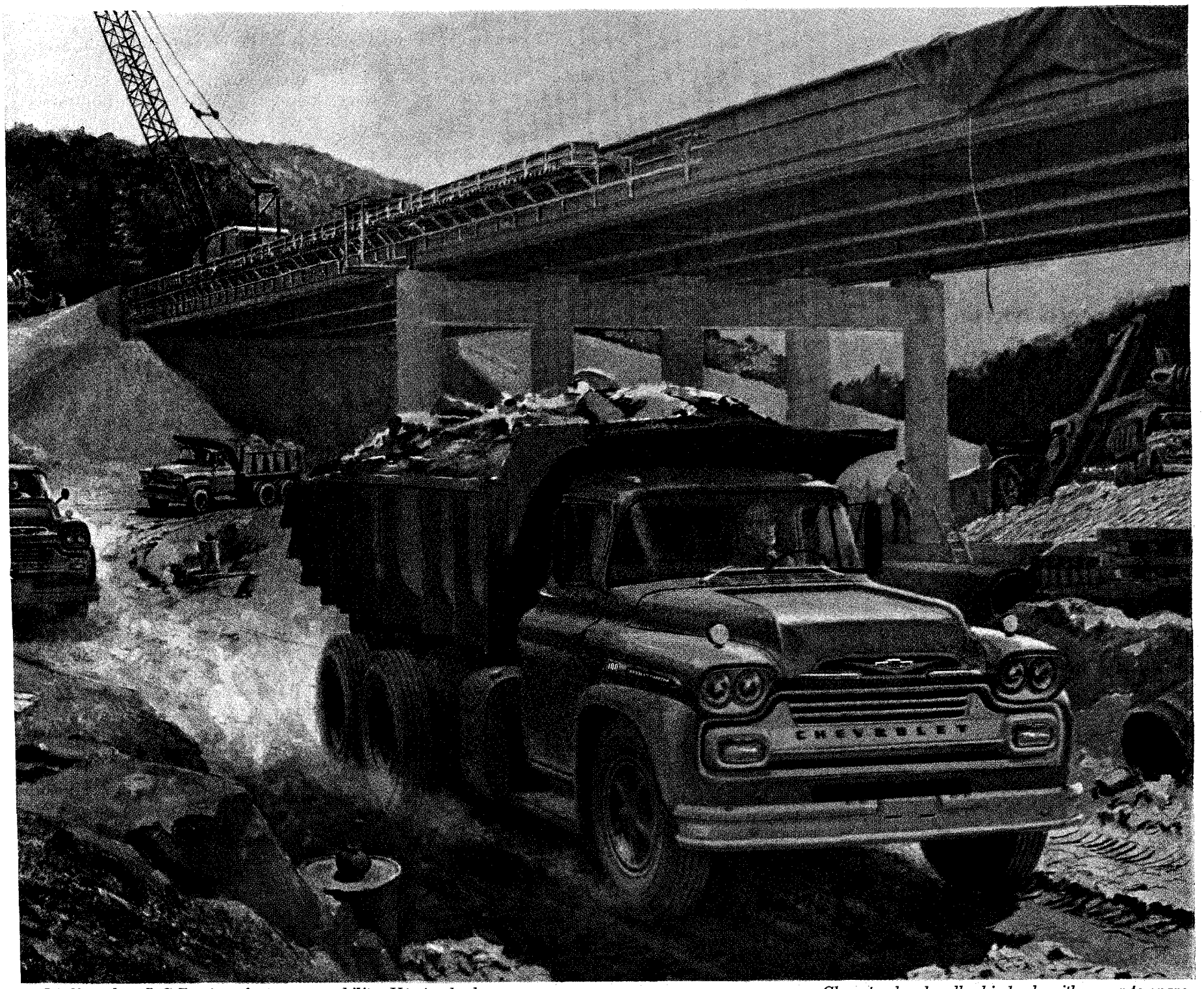

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Chevy tandem handles big loads with power to spare.

Get a bunch of Chevy trucks out in the boondocks on a job that won't sit still for breakdowns. Then you see how the real pros do it. How they heft high-piled loads and make it look easy. How they take steep grades and deep-rutted runs and keep coming back for more, hour after hour, day after day. Chevy's got tough-job experts – from 4-wheel-drive pickups to tandem axle heavy-weights. They're haulers that'll go the distance wherever you put them or whatever you put in them. Talk over your job needs with your Chevrolet dealer. He'll show you why *no job's too tough for a Chevrolet truck!*

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Editorials

We Must Do More to Attract Defecting Communists to Our Side

By ROBERT MORRIS

This country is being closely observed all over the world by people for whom it is often a matter of life or death to know whether we mean what our leaders say in speeches and public statements. Are we in earnest in our efforts to thwart the Red tyranny, which already controls virtually a billion people, or aren't we? The answer to this question is most urgently sought by would-be defectors from Communism both here and in the Soviet Empire itself.

We profess to hold out hope of freedom for enslaved mankind. But our concrete performances often discourage defectors from the Communist hegemony from coming to our side. The Soviet purges in the late 1930's caused defections that led to the exposure of Communist chicanery and aided the free world. Many of those who defected, such as Gen. Alexander Barmine, now are valuable citizens.

Recently, however, the stream of important defectors has ceased. When Soviet secret police chief Beria was executed, we failed to lure away any of his top lieutenants, and they were executed or otherwise purged. Today we are faced with the probable deposition of Gen. Ivan Serov. Many of his assistants, knowing what happened to Beria's men, many of them posted in the free world, including this country, would be ready targets for offers of asylum. From them we could learn many of the mysteries of the Kremlin.

Actually, we are beginning to experience a new trend. Some defectors, after being with us and not made welcome, are returning to the Soviets. Stories of others who tried to defect and were repelled are shocking indeed.

The last open and important defector from the Soviet system was Col. Yuri Rastovorov, who came out while serving the N.K.V.D. in Japan in 1954. Thousands of other important Soviet and satellite leaders would gladly come here and be free, with a little encouragement by us. Past defectors—Rastovorov, Ege, Gouzenko, Bogelepov—have implored us to do more to encourage others. But whenever the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee urged legislation to make it easier for Communists to come to our side, it has been rebuffed.

Even here in the United States, we have succeeded in silencing defectors by our performance. Indeed, it sometimes appears that we are kinder to the hard-core Soviet agent who refuses to co-operate than to defectors who want to help us. Thus, when Mark Zborowski, the anthropologist, testified before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee in 1956, it was apparent that not only had he been a secret Soviet agent of importance but also was determined to tell us nothing whatever about the underground that he served. Nevertheless, after that performance he was hired by Harvard University and continued in academic circles, until his recent conviction for perjury. Meanwhile, defectors who had spoken out were encountering resistance when seeking employment or advancement. One defecting Russian scientist, who witnessed the launching of the Soviet missile program, was able to get no job better than washing dishes in a restaurant!

The experience of the Hungarian escapees who demonstrated in various cities against Anastas Mikoyan was hardly calculated to win anybody to our side. Some of the Hungarians were arrested for disorderly conduct and given suspended sentences. Others have been called in by immigration and probation officials and forced to give names and addresses of their relatives and friends in Hungary. This is described as "routine" but it is a cruel punishment for a refugee from a Communist country because such information in Soviet hands can mean death or deportation to Siberia. The poor escapees must have had mixed feelings when they learned that a Soviet official, caught redhanded as a shoplifter, went scot-free!

David Greenglass and Harry Gold, who co-operated for eight years with the FBI, the Department of Justice and the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, and who told us much of what we know about Soviet espionage in atomic matters, remain in jail. Fuchs and May, far more important than Gold or Greenglass, have been, or soon will be, released from British jails. Will this contrast tempt a disenchanted Communist to come to our side?

It is not enough to talk in the abstract about "freedom." If we are going to win the political tug of war with the Soviets—and because of the destructiveness of modern weapons that is the only kind of war anyone can win—we must encourage defectors from Communism here and abroad.

Editors' note—Judge Morris was chief counsel to the Senate's Subcommittee on Internal Security during some of its most important probes of Communist activities, including the investigation of the Institute of Pacific Relations. He is the author of a book, No Wonder We Are Losing (Bookmailer).

There is No Need to Tolerate Our Chronic Accident-Prone Drivers

The old custom of letting accident-prone drivers pay a fine and then go right out on the road again is getting short shrift in an increasing number of American cities. Backed by the National Safety Council and the American Bar Association, many communities are setting up driver-improvement schools to which traffic offenders are assigned by the courts. In some cities a "graduation" certificate from a driver-improvement school is accepted by the courts in lieu of a fine or jail sentence. In others, the driver just doesn't get his license back until he completes the course. The results have been salutary.

A recent survey of 1200 cities by the National Safety Council showed that 129 of them have established schools for adult drivers and that thirty-seven have set up special schools for pedestrians. Some schools are financed by the local police departments. Others are financed, at least in part, by insurance companies, safety councils and other civic organizations. At least one state is chipping in. Most of the schools are operated by the police.

As might be expected, the schools have already discovered that too many drivers don't know the rudiments of operating a modern automobile under modern conditions. Some of the experienced drivers showed an astonishing ignorance of traffic laws and ordinances. Others didn't even know how to hold on to the steering wheel properly. Still others habitually coasted on downgrades, overran crosswalks at stop signs, shifted gears while turning, and failed to make any signals whatsoever, including those required by law.

The discovery that not only violators but also a large percentage of all drivers need instruction has led many driver-improvement schools to soft-pedal the punishment angle. Volunteers now outnumber violators two to one in many driver classes, and some schools have dropped the term "violator" altogether in the belief that the students are thereby made more receptive to the instruction.

In some cities, traffic clinics have been established also to work on the difficulties of the real problem drivers. Oakland, California, for instance, operates both a driver-improvement school and a traffic clinic. First to third offenders are sent to the school, while fourth offenders are sent to the clinic, where they are given intensive physical and psychological tests to determine the root of their troubles.

An outstanding example of what can be achieved by a driver-improvement school is seen in Chicago, where a school was set up in May, 1956. In the first eighteen months of operation, more than 5000 persons, including 1500 traffic offenders, have attended. Only one has since appeared in traffic court.

With 68,000,000 motor vehicles on the road, and with the annual highway death toll standing at about 38,000, this nation can no longer afford to suspend a violator's license for thirty or sixty days and then let him go back on the road as dangerous as he was before.

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Why every family should have a family doctor...

EVERY family should select and become acquainted with a doctor *before* illness strikes. Yet, many families wait until sickness or emergency requires a last-minute decision about the doctor they will call.

A family doctor, usually a general practitioner or an internist, can care for about 85 percent of the illnesses your family is likely to have. Further, if you should need specialized care, the family doctor can arrange it.

Perhaps the best way to select your doctor is through your local medical society or community hospital. They will give you the names of several physicians—and you may choose one of them with assurance that you will be in good hands.

Then, call the doctor you have chosen. Go to see him for a friendly talk—about fees, night calls, the hospitals he's associated with, and whatever else is on your mind.

Then ask yourself these questions: did you like him . . . feel at ease with him . . . would you trust him during those critical situations which illness often creates?

These questions are important, for without mutual friendship and understanding, a warm doctor-patient relationship can never exist.

What are the advantages of having a regular doctor? For one thing, he will get to know you and your family intimately—your "medical history," your response to certain drugs, your normal blood pressure, your emotional reaction to illness, and other facts which may be very helpful whether your trouble is minor or serious.

He can also give you the benefits of *preventive* medicine. For example, if you have young children, he will want to see them at intervals to check their growth and development—and to keep their protection against communicable diseases up to date.

For others in your family, he can be a health counselor. For instance, if you're bothered at times by seemingly trivial complaints—indigestion, headache, nervousness, or fatigue—you might hesitate to go to a doctor whom you do not know. But with a family doctor, you'd feel free to talk over any condition that upsets you now and then.

Select and become acquainted with a doctor now. Keep his name, address, telephone number and office hours posted in a spot known to everyone in your family.

Remember, the *continuing* supervision of a family doctor can help your children grow up strong and well—and help you live a long and healthy life.

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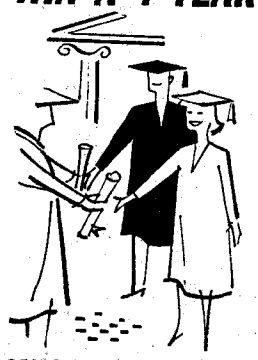
You can win the Cameo Curtains "Windows to Happiness" Contest

WIN A 4-YEAR COLLEGE EDUCATION!

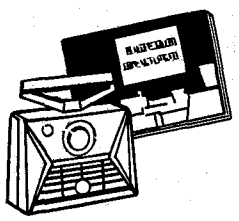


This is your chance to send some lucky girl or boy to the college or university of their choice with 4 years of tuition paid in advance by Cameo Curtains. What a wonderful gift for your son, daughter or relative. *College graduates earn a lifetime average of $125,000 more than high school graduates!* This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity—and *you* can make it happen!

WIN A 35-DAY EUROPEAN VACATION FOR TWO!

The first-prize winner may choose to take a dream cruise to Europe, all expenses paid. You and any relative or friend you select will take a Cook's tour of Paris, Rome, London, Amsterdam, Venice, Brussels and many other fabulous cities of the Old World you've dreamed about. You'll visit seven countries in all—after a marvelous trip on the Queen Mary or Queen Elizabeth.

1000 OTHER VALUABLE PRIZES!



- **50 famous EMERSON transistor portable radios**
- **300 Gift Certificates each worth $10 towards the purchase of any Cameo Curtain or Drapery product.**
- **50 sets of bone-handle English cutlery**
- **600 fully illustrated, 627-page American Household Encyclopedias**

FREE – Cameo's Famous Decorator Booklet, "The Easy Way To Wonderful Windows," will be sent to every contest entrant and each and every entry blank will be acknowledged in writing.

IT'S FUN AND IT'S SIMPLE TO ENTER CAMEO'S "WINDOWS TO HAPPINESS" CONTEST

There's nothing to buy! No box tops to send in! Just pick up an entry blank at the curtain and drapery department of your favorite store, fill it in and mail it to Cameo, Box 45-C, Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y.

Cameo's "Windows to Happiness" Contest will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, and winners will be announced approximately 30 days after the close of the contest. All winners will be notified in writing. Contest Runs March 15 to May 15, 1959. Contest subject to all Federal, state and local regulations.

The best dressed windows wear

CAMEO®

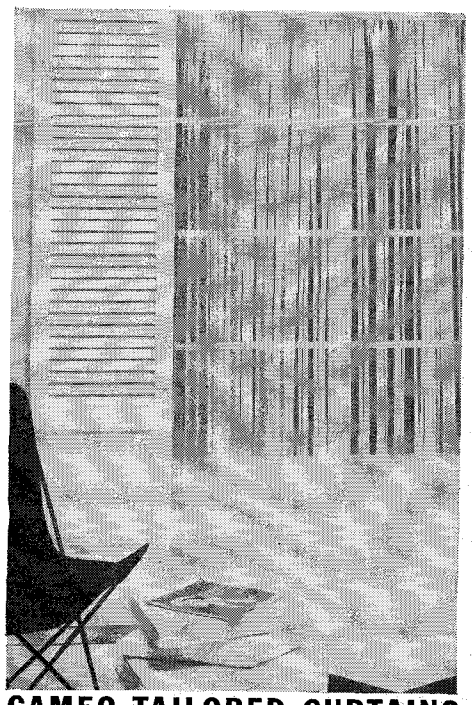
CURTAINS AND DRAPERIES

Cameo Curtains, Inc., 260 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

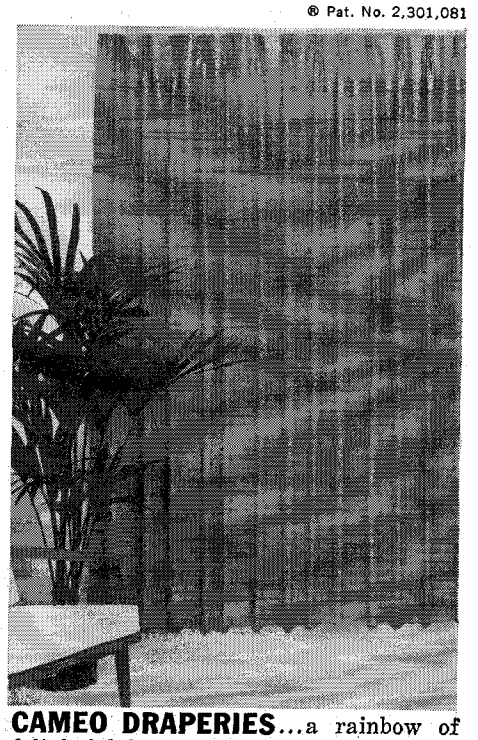
EXTRA BONUS PRIZE $1000 FABULOUS WARDROBE. SEE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK FOR DETAILS.

CAMEO SHIR-BACK® CURTAINS the easy way to happy windows..."Just pull the tape for a perfect drape" and, presto, any size window is framed in carefree loveliness. No tie-backs to lose or bunch up. Best of all, Cameo Shir-Back Curtains require little or no care! Matching ruffled tiers. Both in the no-iron Cameo-Pak or Decor Wrap.

® Pat. No. 2,301,081



CAMEO TAILORED CURTAINS Workfree tailored curtains by Cameo soften any room with simple beauty and elegance. They hang without ironing right from the bandbox fresh Cameo-Pak.



CAMEO DRAPERIES...a rainbow of delightful decorator colors in luxury, fade-proof Cameo draperies. There are sizes galore to choose from all custom-made at ready-made prices. At your favorite store.

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Next to rubbing noses, the friendliest greeting under the midnight sun is rubbing glasses filled with mellow-perfect Four Roses.

There are other full-strength whiskies, true. But none so flavor-rich and flawlessly smooth. That's why Four Roses is the easiest-tasting, easiest-liking whiskey known to man!

So mush right down to your favorite tavern or store and ask for Four Roses. Relax—and enjoy the flavor that founded a society.

FOUR ROSES — *No other full-strength whiskey is so smooth!*

86 proof. Same great quality. New popular price.

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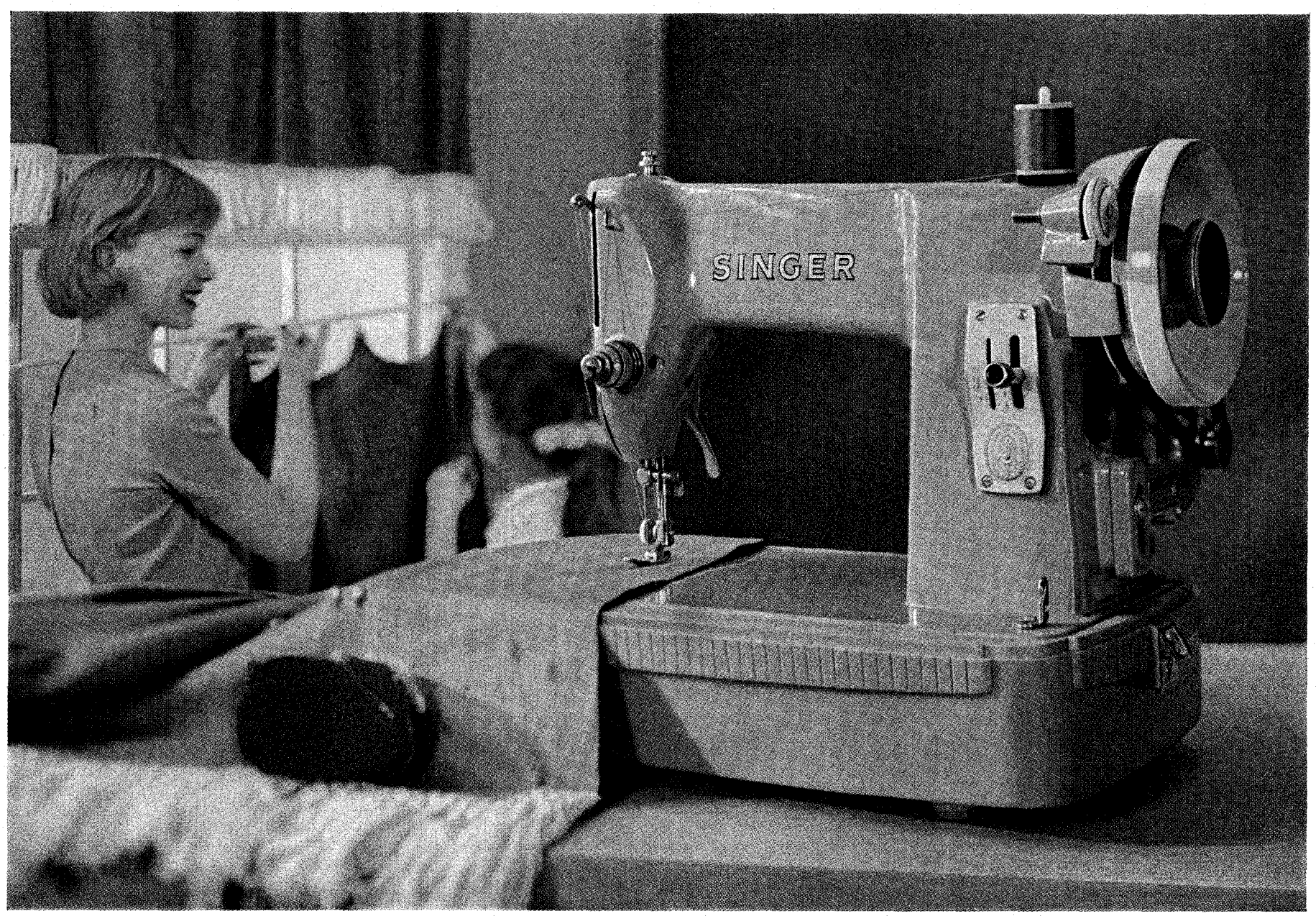
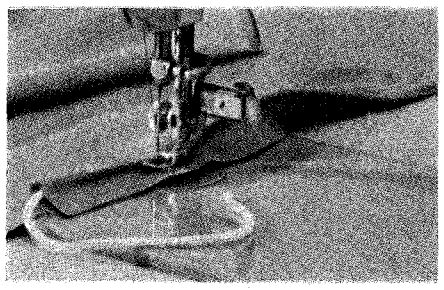
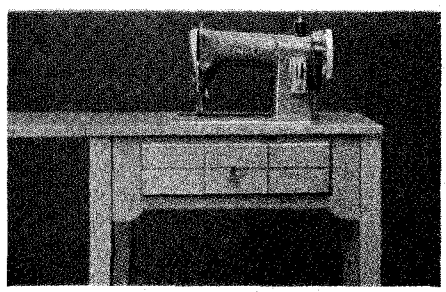
New for young homemakers

The Young Budget **SINGER**

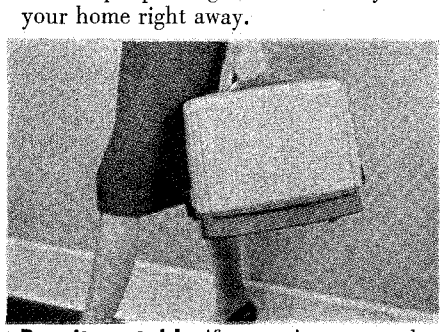




Versatile . . . even lets you do cording by machine! Easy to use, too. You can whip up things for the family and your home right away.



Variety of cabinets for the Young-Budget SINGER. Blonde or walnut finish . . . some double as desks . . . dressing tables. Attractively priced, too.



Buy it portable if space is your problem. Handsome, matching-green carrying case takes up no more room than an overnight case. Lightweight, too.

Portable Model

$119.50

$12.00 delivers it to your home. Balance as little as $1.25 a week with the SINGER Budget Plan.

Built to meet the sewing needs of young families . . . priced to fit the young budget!

Here in one sleek, new SINGER* Sewing Machine are all the features young homemakers want most:

- Features you'd expect to find in more expensive machines
- Easy to use—simplified threading—top round bobbin
- Sleek, new design—new, soft green color
- Sews beautifully backward and forward
- Dependable and rugged as only a SINGER can be

And, its sleek, little price even includes the famous SINGER Sewing Course. See it. Sew on it. The machine designed specially for young homemakers—the Young-Budget SINGER.

SINGER offers a machine for every purse and purpose. See the new SPARTAN* Portable only $69.50

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The fastest way to get there is to **FLY**...

the finest way to fly is by

DOUGLAS

the most respected name in aviation

That's why more people and more airlines fly **DOUGLAS** "DC" airliners than all others combined!

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For the man who knows a good piece of work when he sees one—engineering that everybody respects; styling that stands out and stands up. You get the good things first from Chrysler Corporation.

Cars that can do *what they look like they can do*

Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more.
The quality Cars of The *Forward* Look
from Chrysler Corporation . . . A drive will bring
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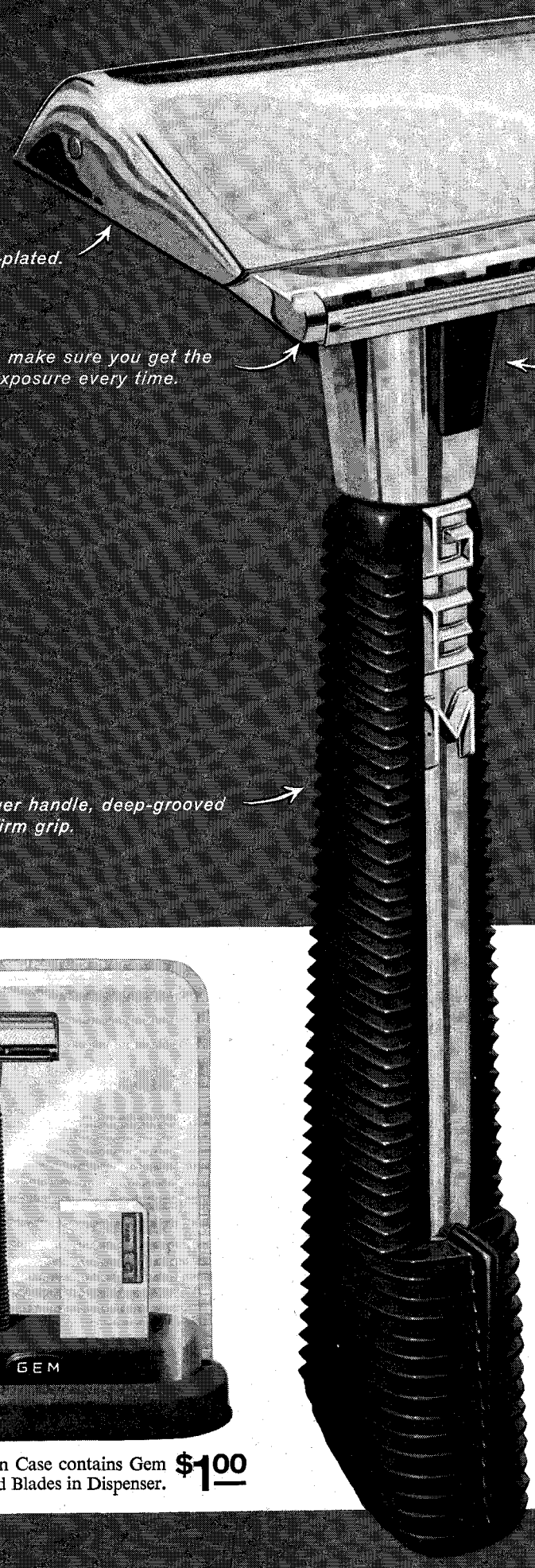
NEW GEM *PUSH-BUTTON* RAZOR MAKES ANY TOUGH BEARD A PUSHOVER



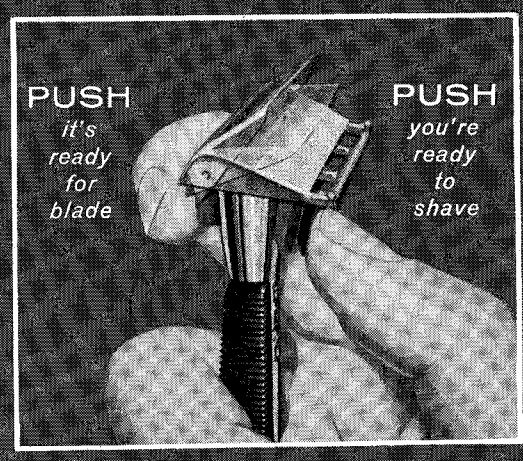
Built-in shaving angle designed for tough beards.

24-carat gold-plated.

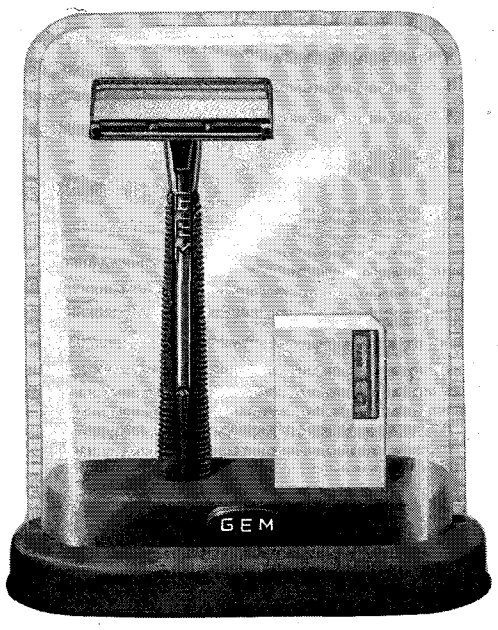
Horizontal grooves on lather bar set up tough whiskers for closer shaving.

Blade guards make sure you get the right blade exposure every time.

Push-Button automatically positions blade at correct shaving angle with precise blade exposure.



Longer handle, deep-grooved for firm grip.



Handsome Presentation Case contains Gem Push-Button Razor and Blades in Dispenser. **$1.00**

There's never been a razor like the new Gem Push-Button. And there's no tougher team for tough beards than this new razor plus an extra-heavy, extra-sharp Gem Blade. Shaves with more ease and authority than any paper-thin blade or any electric shaver. Put your tough beard next to the new Gem Push-Button Razor. Gem's guarantee: NO "5 o'clock shadow."

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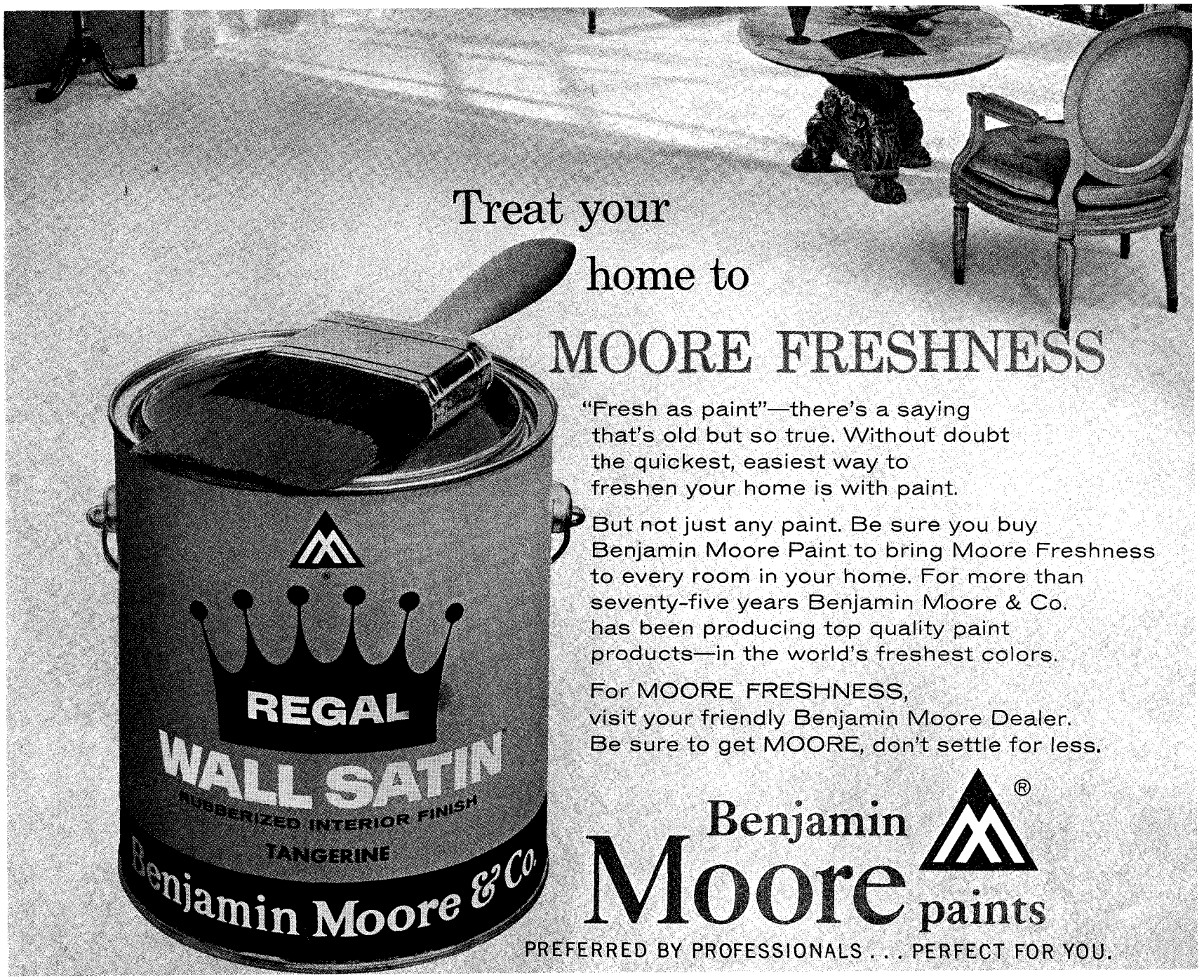
Treat your
home to
MOORE FRESHNESS
"Fresh as paint"—there's a saying
that's old but so true. Without doubt
the quickest, easiest way to
freshen your home is with paint.
But not just any paint. Be sure you buy
Benjamin Moore Paint to bring Moore Freshness
to every room in your home. For more than
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For MOORE FRESHNESS,
visit your friendly Benjamin Moore Dealer.
Be sure to get MOORE, don't settle for less.
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paints
PREFERRED BY PROFESSIONALS . . . PERFECT FOR YOU.

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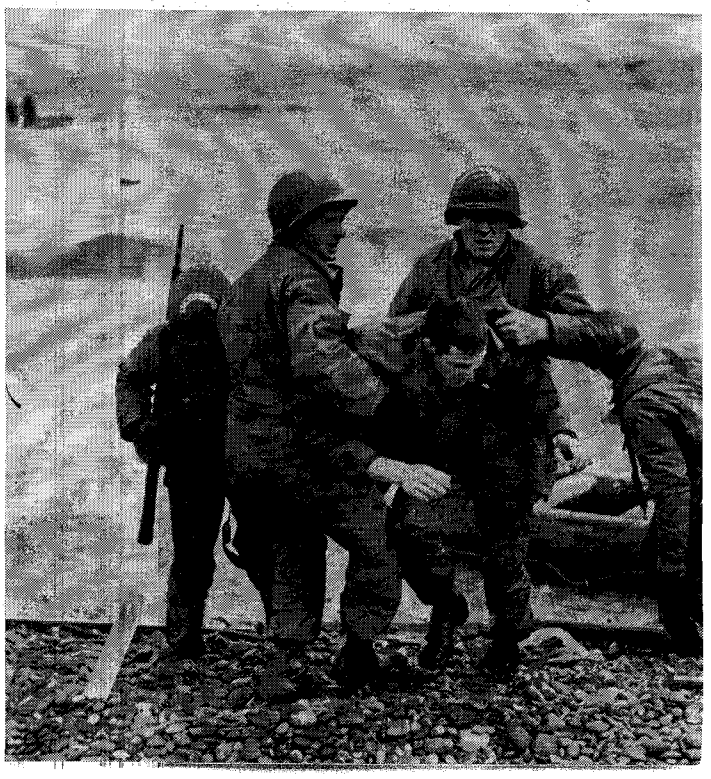
H Hour at Omaha Beach: American infantrymen leap into the surf from their L.C.T. and struggle toward the French shore. In this sector the German guns, well dug in high over the beach, stalled the assault for seven hours. One U.S. battalion suffered 30 per cent casualties in half an hour.

D DAY

By DAVID HOWARTH

A distinguished writer reconstructs the greatest military operation in history—the Normandy invasion—as seen by the men who took part in it fifteen years ago.

U.S. soldiers pull a wounded comrade from a life raft. His landing craft, like many others, was sunk by the combination of roughening seas and heavy German fire.



PART ONE

All over the south of England, on the night of June 5, 1944, people awoke and went outside to listen. They had become used to noisy nights. The noise had changed through the past four years, from the distinctive beat of German bombers and the din of air raids, to the sound of British bombers outward bound at dusk and homeward bound at dawn. But people who heard the noise on the fifth of June remember it as different from anything that had ever been heard before. As they listened that night, with increasing excitement and pride, they knew that the greatest fleet of aircraft they had ever heard—the greatest fleet that anyone had ever heard—was passing overhead from north to south.

Some exclaimed, "This is it!" Many heard the sound with such deep emotion that they did not try to speak. It was the invasion, as everybody knew or guessed; and the invasion, if it succeeded, would redeem the defeat of Dunkirk and justify the British refusal to admit defeat. It would be a reward for the four years' grinding labor by which they had

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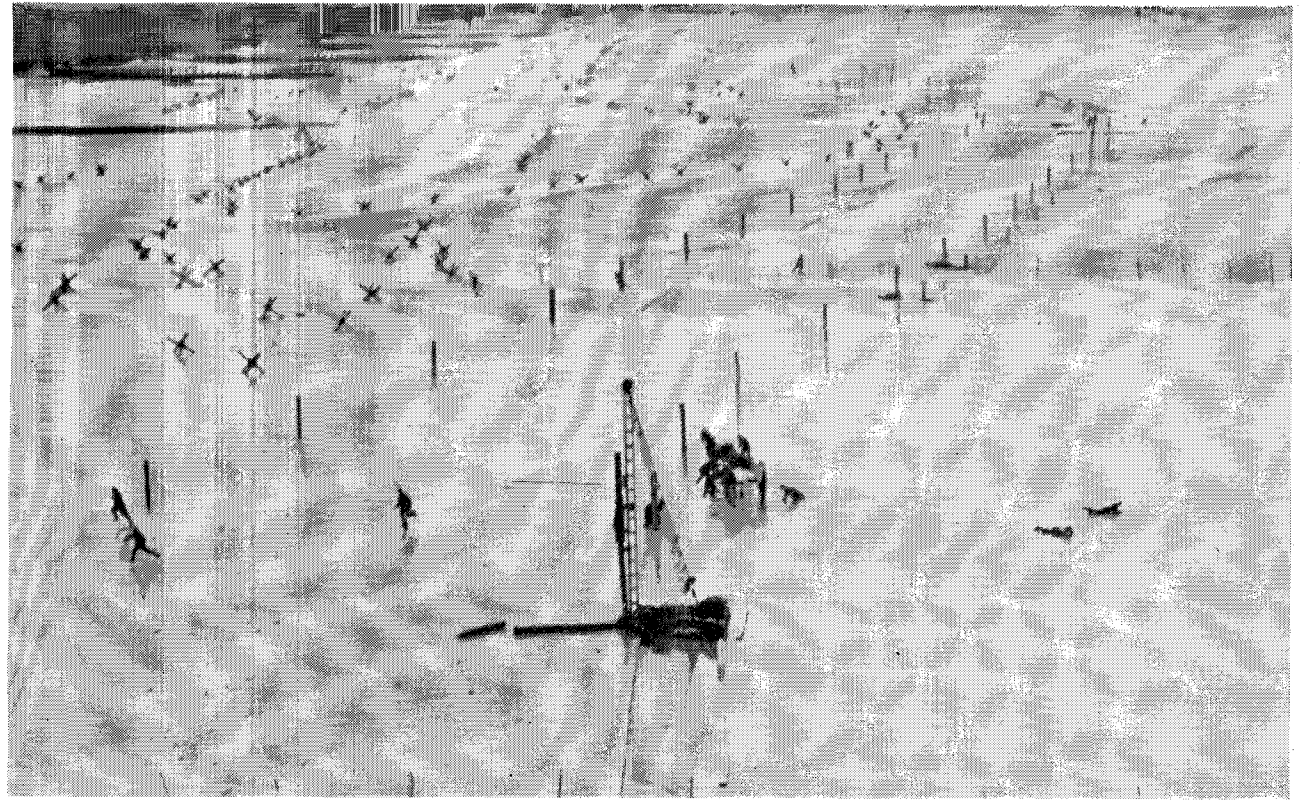
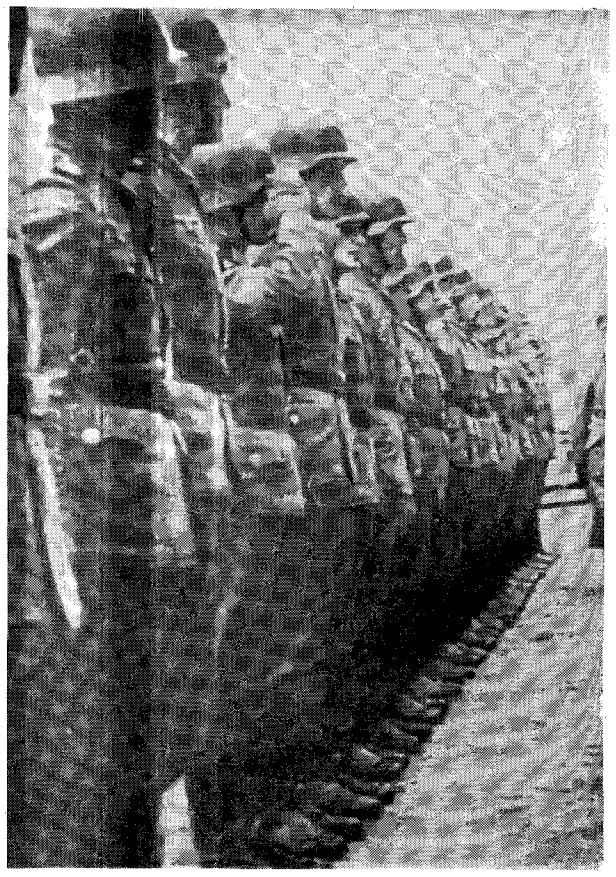
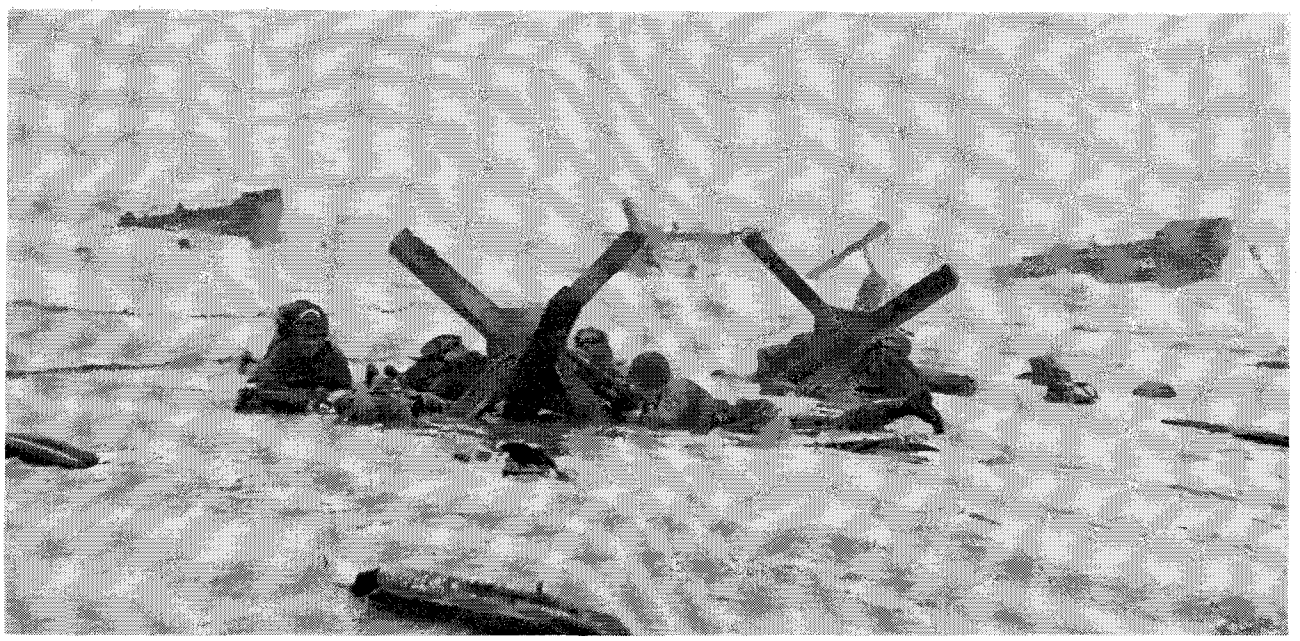




An R.A.F. plane took this picture (above) of German defenders erecting obstacles on a Normandy beach as they scattered from the pilot's line of fire. Below, on D Day, U.S. amphibious engineers assigned to blast a path through the traps were pinned down by enemy bullets. After the tide came in, the submerged obstacles wrecked many boats.



Invasion craft at Southampton before D Day. The 5333-vessel armada jammed ports in southern England.

dragged themselves up from the depths of 1940 to a state of national strength. And if it succeeded it would mean the beginning of the end of the sorrow, boredom, pain and frustration in which they had lived so long.

That was to be its significance if it succeeded. What if it failed? People could not bring themselves to imagine what would happen if it failed. But they knew that failure would be a military disaster which at best would take years to retrieve, and in the back of their minds they doubted their ability, exhausted by war as they were, to survive such a disappointment and build everything up anew.

They went to sleep that night, if they slept at all, knowing the day would bring news of a battle which would influence all their lives forever more. On the whole, they were thankful the time had come to put everything to the test. Of course, they thought anxiously of the thousands of their own people who were on their way to battle, and of the Americans, whom many of them had met for the first time in the past few months.

The next morning the main news in the papers and on the radio was still of the fall of Rome, which had been announced the day before. Nothing was said of events nearer home. But just after nine o'clock the bare announcement came: "Under the command of General Eisenhower, Allied naval forces, supported by strong air forces, began landing Allied armies this morning on the coast of France." Within a few minutes this news was repeated all round the world.

My purpose here is to give an impression of what happened in the English Channel and on the coast of France that morning, between the time when the aircraft were heard over England and the time when the news was released. To make the impression clear, one must start with a summary of eighteen months of concentrated thought and work which preceded the invasion and of the reasoning which decided when and where it should be made.

The idea of an invasion of the continent from England could be said to have started at Dunkirk in 1940, when British soldiers were

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Field Marshal Rommel, head of Nazi coastal defense, with troops. He predicted the Allies would land in Normandy; his superiors disagreed.

On the eve of the invasion Supreme Commander Eisenhower paid a surprise visit to paratroopers of the U.S. 101st Airborne Division. One top officer told Ike they would be slaughtered.

retreating across the beach to escape from the German Army. At that time it seemed a very distant project. Britain was preoccupied with improvising its own defense that year. Even so, the organization called Combined Operations had already been founded, and was studying the technique of landing on hostile coasts.

When Russia and America joined Britain in the war, the prospect of invasion became less distant; and in January, 1943, Churchill and Roosevelt, meeting at Casablanca, agreed to appoint a joint staff to make a definite plan. The head of this staff was Lt. Gen. F. E. Morgan of Britain, who was appointed Chief of Staff to the Supreme Allied Commander—COSSAC for short—although the supreme commander himself had not yet been chosen.

For six months in 1943, COSSAC studied the coasts of Europe and the Allied and German forces which might be joined in the battle and the complicated details of the project. It was in that period, a year before the invasion, that the question of where to land in Europe was decided.

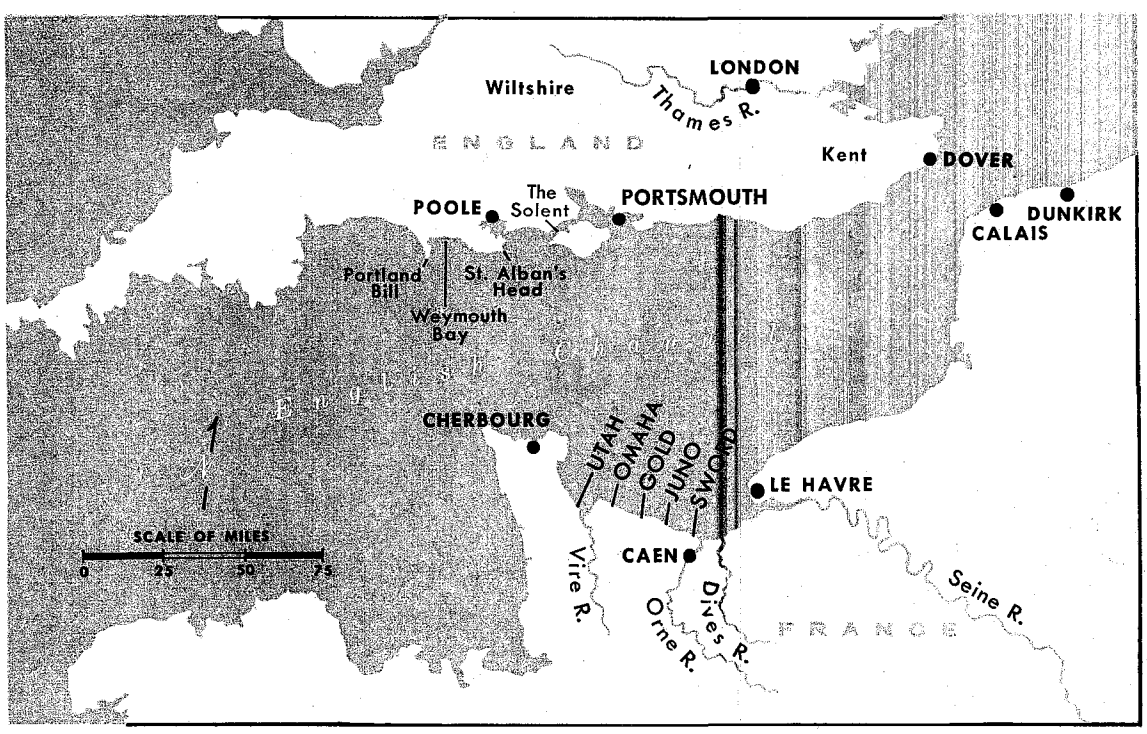
Many considerations were weighed—beaches suitable for landing and country suitable for deploying an army behind the beaches, weather and tides, the distances from bases for short-range fighter aircraft and from foreign ports which could be captured to help support the army, and, of course, the German defense. Of the whole coast of Europe from Norway to the Bay of Biscay, military logic narrowed the choice to two places—the district of Calais or the coast of Normandy between Cherbourg and Le Havre.

There was room for opinion. Normandy is much farther than Calais from English ports, but that made little difference. The invasion fleet would be so large that all the ports from the Thames to the Bristol Channel would be needed to load it, so most of the ships would have a long crossing wherever the landing was made. The Americans favored Calais—although it was the most strongly defended part of the coast—because it offered a more direct route to Germany. The British favored Normandy, because its defenses were weaker and because it could be cut off from the rest of Europe by bombing the bridges over the Seine and Loire.

In the end, the COSSAC staff agreed to recommend Normandy, and their plan was approved by Churchill, Roosevelt and the Combined Chiefs of Staff at the conference in Quebec in August, 1943. In Quebec it was also agreed that the supreme commander should be American and that his deputy and his three commanders in chief should be British, and May of 1944 was fixed as the target date.

It was not till December, after some months of hesitation, that Roosevelt appointed General Eisenhower, (Continued on Page 62)

British coastguardman Percy Wallace as he appears today. From St. Alban's Head (see map below) he viewed the largest fleet the world has ever seen.



Scene of the vast invasion drama. Landing forces struck at sixty miles of beach between the Dives River and the east side of the Cherbourg peninsula. To the east an air-sea force made a diversionary feint at Calais.

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Comanche Captives

By WILL COOK

Women and children the Comanches did not kill were taken to camp and made slaves.

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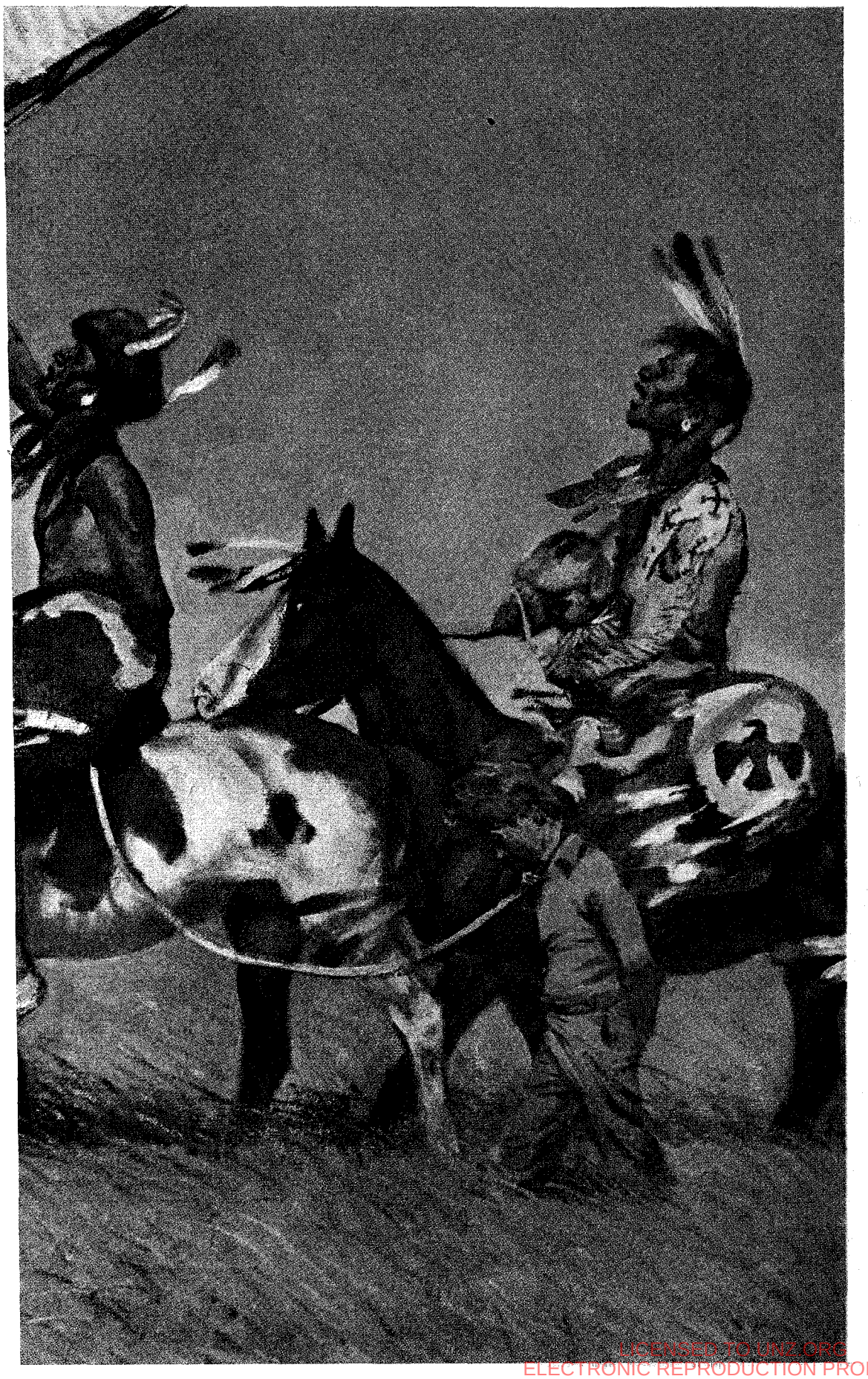
Only one man could rescue the victims. But he set a high price for the job.

FIRST OF SEVEN PARTS

Illustrated by Harold von Schmidt



Since his election as sheriff of Oldham County, Texas, Guthrie McCabe set his hour of rising for eight and rarely varied it. Some people considered this lazy and swore that when election time came around they would throw their vote to a more industrious man. McCabe lived in the hotel, second floor, third door on the right, facing Tascosa's wind-brushed street. Each morning he would stand there for a time, looking at his town, his adobe-mud town with its eternal dust and eternal wind to shift it about, and a near-constant sun to keep everything beneath it properly roasted.

Beyond, southward, stretched Texas with its bigness and rivers, and the Llano Estacado, the Staked Plains, the flat, lifeless scar of land with moaning winds and scant water; a place where a man could lose himself, or find himself, if that were his purpose.

This was Guthrie McCabe's country—his because he wore a badge and ruled it with his rules, invented as necessity arose and thrown away or broken if expedience dictated.

After his look came a careful shave, the knotting of his tie, the buckling on of his big pistol and finally his badge, his authority for all to see. McCabe was a big man, even for Texas, who liked her sons tall and hard. Without his boots he stood six-foot-one. With them he was much taller, for he was just vain enough to wear the two-inch Mexican "spikes," undercut so much that he seemed to walk ateeter on his insteps. His face was like a cocoa bean, a brown that went deeper than a surface tan. The eternal wind had eroded lines around his eyes, which had nothing to do with his thirty-four years; there was no mark of worry or care on his face. He had brown hair and a full mustache, curled at the ends. Sideburns came to the hinges of his jaw and were trimmed daily to blade sharpness.

Although his job demanded only occasional riding, Guthrie McCabe was never without his spurs, full Mexican rowels, four inches in diameter.

He took his breakfasts in the hotel dining room at eight-thirty, and the Mexican waiter knew exactly what to bring, for Guthrie McCabe's habits were definitely established in Tascosa. He never hurried at the table and, afterward, he put a match to a short Mexican cigar. While he took this brief pleasure one morning, he saw a small cavalry patrol pace the length of the street, then pass on to dismount at the stable near the street's end.

The hotel clerk came through the dining room, gathered McCabe's dishes and took them into the kitchen. He dumped them aclatter into the sink, then paused at McCabe's table on the way back.

"Wonder what the cavalry wants this time?" the clerk said.

McCabe lifted his glance briefly. "Go down the street and ask the lieutenant, and when you find out, come back and tell me."

"Too hot," the clerk said. "You ever see such heat? Ain't it ever going to rain?"

"In September?" McCabe scraped back his chair, laid a quarter on the table, then walked out through the lobby.

A glittering sun bounced adazzle from the tawny street and turned the adobe walls of the buildings to gold. McCabe watched the cavalry detail farther down. The officer in charge detached himself and walked back toward the hotel, saber in hand to keep it from flogging his leg. He was a young man, twenty-six or -seven, and already hardened by a tour of frontier duty. His hair was blond, ragged beneath his battered campaign hat, and the solitary 1st lieutenant's bars sewn into his shoulder boxes were faded and frayed by innumerable launderings.

When he stopped at the porch edge, he took off his hat and grinned. "What is it, McCabe? Ninety in the shade?" The lieutenant needed a shave, and dust lay heavy in the creases of his clothing. "Trade you jobs."

"Army pay is poor," McCabe said. "How's Fort Elliott?"

"Dull, hot and dusty," the lieutenant said. He swiveled his head around and looked up and down the (Continued on Page 44)

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Coal, water, barges — three major reasons for the boom in the Ohio River Valley. Above, 20,000,000 pounds of coal start through the Emsworth Dam lock near Pittsburgh.

River-Boat Revival on the Ohio

By JAMES A. MAXWELL

Once again cargo-laden barges are busily plying this historic river. But the towboatmen of yesteryear would blink at the feats of their modern counterparts.

Cash Spears, 1959-style river-boat captain. He has a clean job on a dirty load. His air-conditioned towboat Ovec can thread this 105-foot-wide string of barges through 110-foot locks without scraping either side.

We encountered the first puffs of fog on the Ohio River about nine o'clock in the evening. An hour later we seemed to be suspended eerily in space, and the windows of the pilothouse of the towboat Ovec looked as though they were covered with an opaque, light-gray paint. Visibility was literally zero.

Cash (for Cassius) Spears, our amiable, talkative captain, was obviously not perturbed by the weather. He didn't even reduce speed. On his right, the pale-green light of the radar screen gave a clear, accurate picture of about two miles of the river and shore line. Even skiffs, tied up to the banks, could be seen. In the middle of the screen was the miniature image of our boat and its tow of coal-laden barges stretching out ahead of us about 1000

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Bargemen on the Ovec take a coffee break from their hard, dangerous tasks. They work 12 hours per day, every day in the week, sometimes 3 months at a stretch.

Serious business: Noontime chow on a typical towboat is enormous, plain and delicious, prepared by two motherly, middle-aged women for the 17-man crew.

Photographs by Frank Ross

feet. Our total length was greater than the flight deck of the Navy's largest aircraft carrier. On the captain's left was the U. S. Corps of Engineers' channel guide which shows the course of the river. A dotted line indicates the deep-water passage.

After a while a bridge near a curve in the river came onto the radar screen, its span and supports alternately coming into sharp relief and fading as the green line revolved clockwise on the dial. For the first time I became slightly nervous. Our tow was headed directly for one of the piers, but the captain, happily recounting some unlikely river tale, was making no effort to change our bearing.

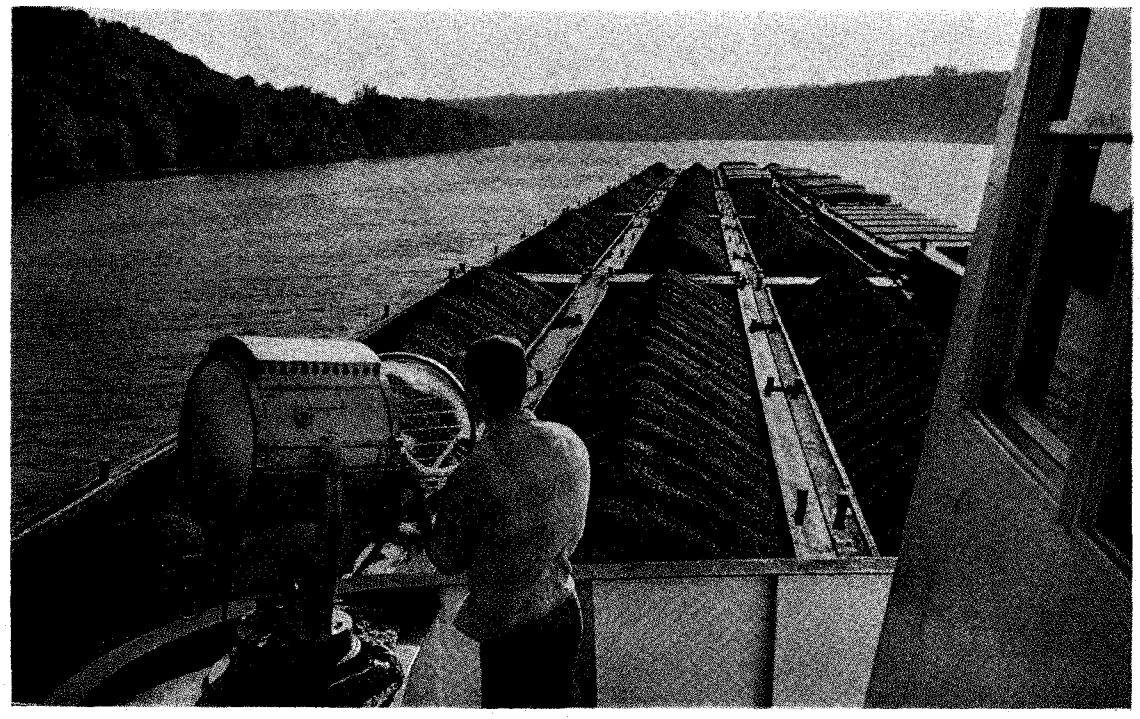
My alarm mounted as the distance between the bridge and the leading barges continued to narrow. I know enough about tows to realize that they can't be turned as abruptly as a ship and I suddenly had the slightly sick feeling that there was no longer time to avert a crash. Watching the developing scene on the electronic screen gave the situation a curious, dreamlike quality—simultaneously unreal and urgently immediate.

Then, without the captain's moving the controls, the entire unit of boat and tow seemed to go into a slow skid to the right. A moment later we were lined up directly with the center of the longest span. We passed under the bridge with a wide margin of space on either side.

"I thought you might have a little trouble getting through," I said somewhat shakily as the captain paused in the story he was telling.

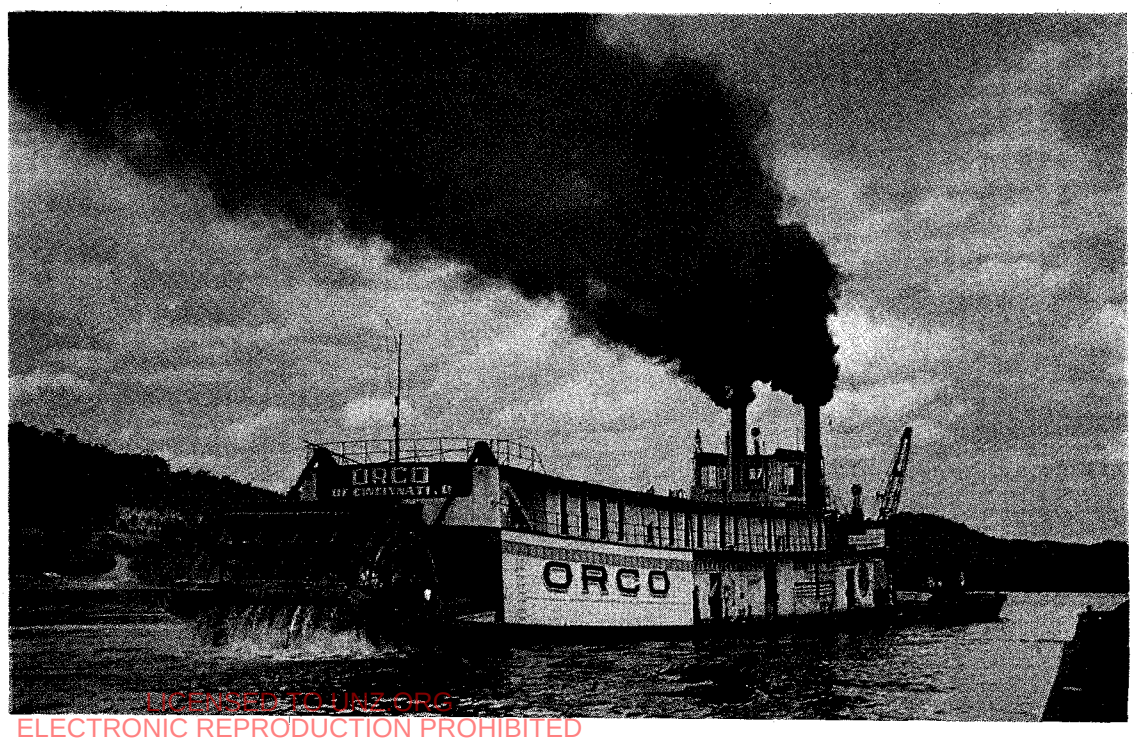
For a moment he looked puzzled and then he understood what I was referring to. "You have to work with current and let it do part of your job," he said. "A tow is tied together pretty well, but it'd break up if you tried to steer it like a boat. You got to ease it around. You can't fight the river with barges 'cause it'll beat you every time."

Despite a seeming anachronism, the ancient river skills mastered by men like Cash Spears are not only a cornerstone of the Ohio Valley's greatest (Continued on Page 59)



The ancient river skill of working with the current is used to help this 1200-foot tow around tight bends in the Ohio. Modern diesel-powered towboats have added innovations like ship-to-shore telephones, radar and searchlights.

A number of steam-driven stern-wheelers help preserve some of the nineteenth-century flavor of the Ohio. Steamboaters contemptuously say of newfangled towboats, "They don't have a decent whistle, only a bleating horn."



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PANIC ON FLIGHT NINE

By HAROLD LAMB

While the storm raged, three passengers played out a strange drama.

There wasn't a sign of trouble that drowsy afternoon, at four o'clock Central Standard Time by my watch. Our Flight Nine, a DC-7, was rolling up the great plains, nonstop from Washington to Los Angeles, flying at 18,000 feet—according to our captain, who had come back to pass the time of day with the passengers and had reached the lounge where the windows give observation and the four of us sat. His name on the board was Eric Schmidt, and gray showed in his close-clipped hair. He told us that, to avoid weather over the mountains ahead, we'd detoured south over Tulsa.

I merely reflected how perfectly modern man had conquered the sky, where the ancient gods had been supposed to rule over the cloud level. My work consisted of teaching what happened in those dawn ages known commonly as ancient history. In our pressurized cabin we passengers were as safe and temporarily idle as in a city waiting room. Even the shapely young stewardesses, Miss Pike and Miss Stauber, had removed their serving slip-ons after clearing away the luncheon impedimenta, to take a break with us three men in the lounge seats.

Then the boy came in from the tourist- or economy-class compartment and began to look over the magazines in their holders. Probably he was not entitled to the privilege of the lounge, because Miss Pike said, "I will bring you a magazine."

The boy looked at her, gracefully curled up after shedding her shoes, dealing five cards at a time across a magazine holder to the tall passenger with the initials MG embroidered on his custom-made silk shirt. "Don't trouble," he said flatly. "I'll pick my own."

Miss Pike had a red glint in her flawless gold hair, and she (Continued on Page 54)

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I Woke Up Helpless

By MAURICE STOKES
with Harry T. Paxton

From his hospital bed the Cincinnati Royals' courageous star tells of the determined battle he is waging to overcome the basketball injury that left him totally paralyzed.

One day last year I woke up for a few minutes from the longest sleep of my life. I opened my eyes and saw three people near my bed. I recognized my sister, my father and my old friend, Ed Fleming, of the Minneapolis Lakers, who played basketball with me at Westinghouse High in Pittsburgh and then in the pro league. I started to say hello—and found I couldn't talk. I couldn't even move.

I have to admit it was a shock to wake up and find myself in such a helpless condition. Not being able to move was the worst. It was almost like being buried alive. As I lay there looking up at those people, unable to communicate with them in any way, I had the feeling that I was cut off from the world. Tears started coming to my eyes.

I knew I was in a hospital. I could remember collapsing on a plane trip and being brought to the hospital and being worked on by the doctors. After that there was a blank. I came out of it briefly from time to time—this first occasion was only three days after my collapse—but for weeks I was seldom more than semiconscious. The doctors thought I might have encephalitis—or sleeping sickness, as some people call it.

Well, when I first began to revive, I may have felt a little depressed at times, but I stopped being sorry for myself long ago. Today I have so much to be grateful for. I'm not cut off from people any more. I have many old friends and new ones who have been helping me. My mind was (Continued on Page 75)

At Christ Hospital, Cincinnati, Stokes is exercised daily in a hydrotherapy machine called a Hubbard tank.

About Maurice Stokes

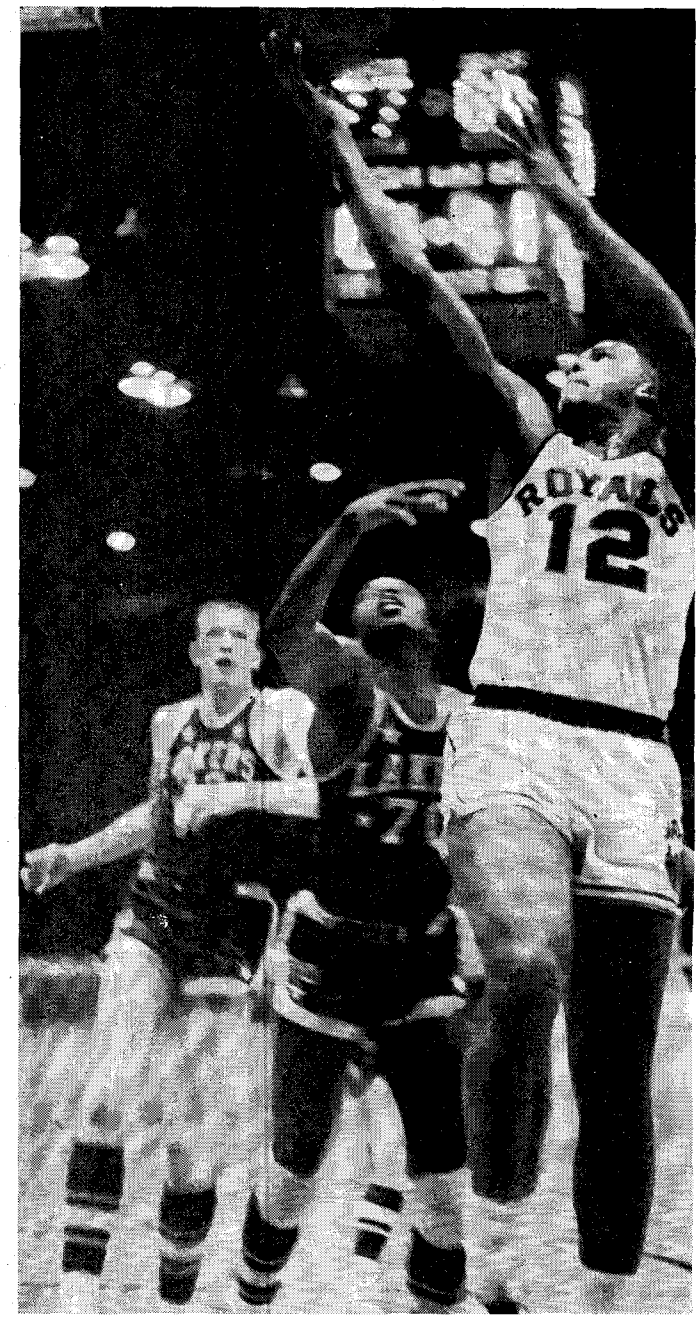
A year ago this week sports fans were stunned to read that big Maurice Stokes, one of the stars of the National Basketball Association, had collapsed mysteriously from what was thought to be a brain infection. For a long time thereafter, news bulletins conveyed the impression that Stokes might never regain consciousness.

But he did come out of his coma. Since then Stokes has been determinedly fighting his way back from a state of total paralysis. It is as remarkable a performance as any he ever gave in basketball, where he was an all-round standout.

As a senior at St. Francis College, of Loretto, Pennsylvania, Stokes was chosen the most valuable player in the 1955 National Invitation Tournament. He was N.B.A. rookie of the year the next season with the Rochester Royals—now the Cincinnati Royals. Stokes made the N.B.A. all-star squad every year he was in the league. In his last season he was not only among the top fifteen scorers in average points per game (16.9) but also second in rebounds (18.1) and third in assists (6.4).

THE EDITORS

Stokes, who lost his speech, spells out words to his sister Claurice by moving his head as she recites the alphabet.



December, 1957: Maurice (No. 12) in action against Minneapolis, three months before he was stricken.

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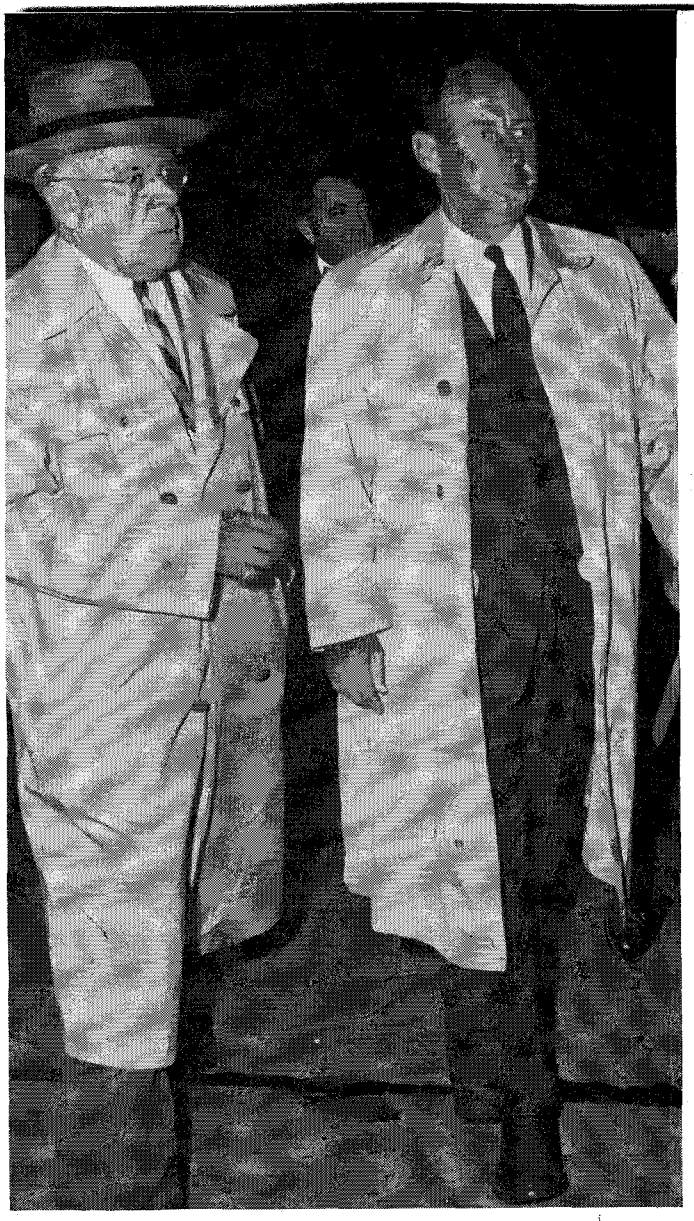
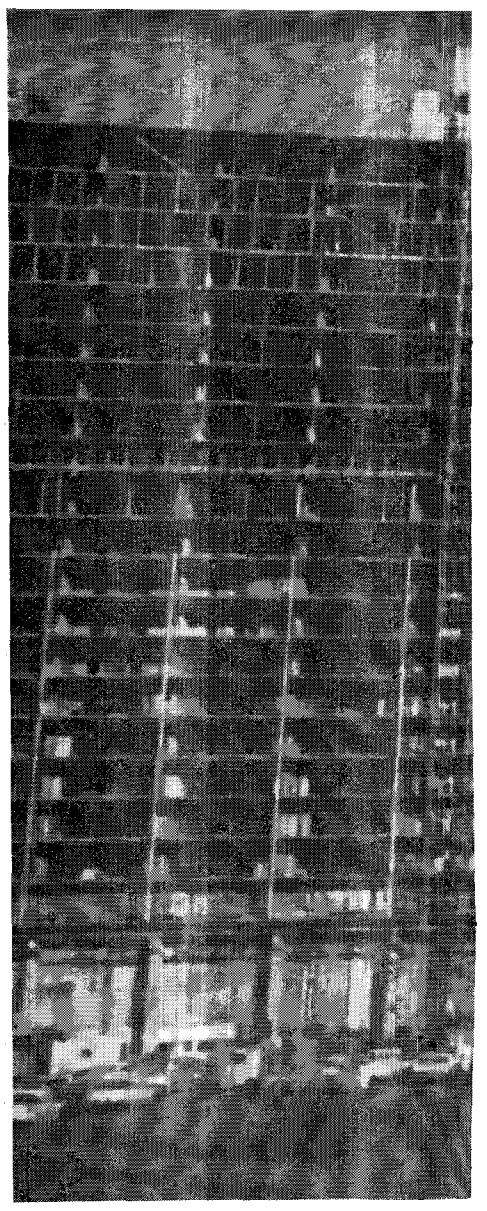


Lawrence has twice used his political power to help Stevenson win the Presidential nomination. He still calls Adlai "the greatest statesman in either party."



THE DEMOCRATS' TOUGH OLD PRO

By EARL and ANNE SELBY

As Pennsylvania's new governor, 69-year-old David Lawrence has survived half a century of political rough-and-tumble. Here's how he wields such enormous power in his own party.

A man who has just been elected governor of a state as large as Pennsylvania can be expected to show elation, at least in private. But David Leo Lawrence, the governor-elect of Pennsylvania, wasted no time on celebration the morning after his election last fall.

Just before three A.M., a photographer asked him for "one more" victory picture. A thin edge of frost showed in Lawrence's pale-blue eyes. "Come back in four years," he said. "Then we'll see how many victory pictures you'll be taking."

Lawrence, probably the toughest old professional in the Democratic Party, has little use for pointless ritual or gestures of public sentiment. On that early November morning last year, he was thinking not of yesterday's victory but of battles yet to be fought as governor. He had got in by a winning margin of only 76,000 votes—a tough fight. And the next four years might be tougher.

The photographers found Lawrence where he has always been found on election nights for the last twenty-five years, sitting in the same cramped county headquarters, at the same battered desk. He was coldly composed, a stocky, lion-headed figure wearing a dark-gray suit and the politician's blue-for-television shirt. He had put on these clothes at eight A.M. the day before. Nineteen hours later the suit

January, 1959: Lawrence with his wife, Alice, at his inaugural ball. They have two daughters and a son; two other boys died in an automobile accident.

William Green (right), controversial Philadelphia congressman, became one of Lawrence's most powerful backers.

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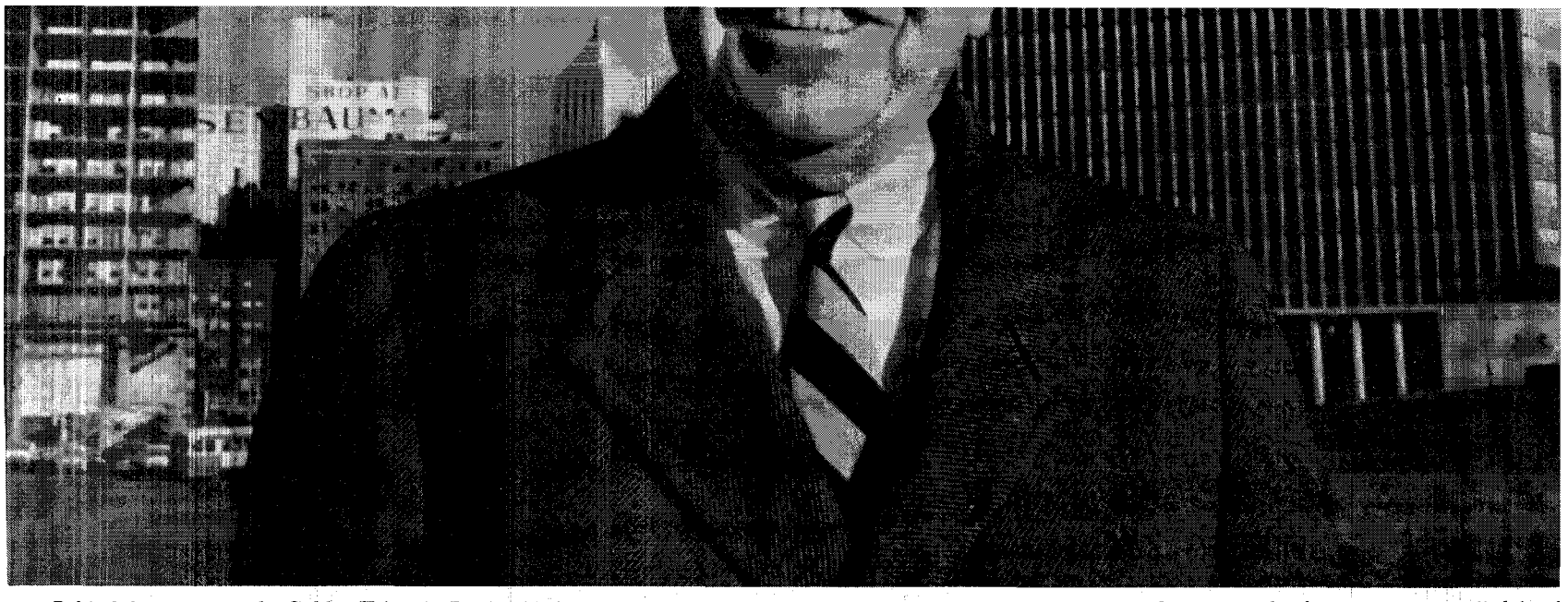
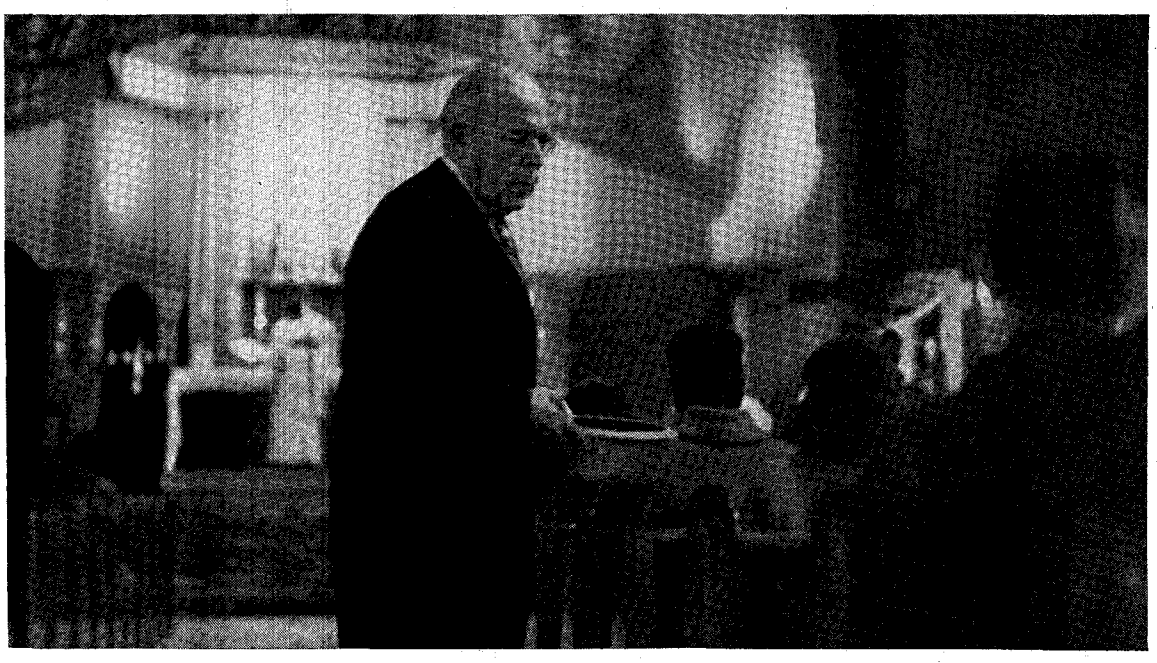


Behind the governor, the Golden Triangle. During his four terms as mayor, Pittsburgh emerged as "perhaps the nation's finest example of postwar recovery," claim tl

was unrumpled, the shirt showed no signs of wilt, and his thinning white hair lay in perfect order. If there was a film of sweat on his forehead, the television lights were to blame, not inner tension. But the characteristic Lawrence gesture—rhythmic finger drumming on the desk top, punctuated with slaps on the wood—was sharp and clear. Those who knew him recognized it as a sign. Lawrence, in the habit of a lifetime, was keeping his own counsel while he assessed what lay ahead.

David Lawrence has survived fifty-four years in the sometimes brutal arena of politics. He knows it at every level, from work in the wards to the closed-door meetings where Presidential nominees are chosen. And experience has taught him the futility of blinking at the truth. Lawrence himself is author of the statement that "in Pennsylvania we've been lax as hell. We've let our coal industries run down. We've sat by while our natural resources faded out. We've let other states raid us for our factories and plants. We've let slums challenge the very existence of some of our areas. Almost everywhere you look you can see the problems that face the governor of Pennsylvania."

Problems, of course, are not found only in Pennsylvania. Around the nation there are other governors of big states who also face hard decisions—a (Continued on Page 78)



Lawrence, Pennsylvania's first Roman Catholic governor, is a lifelong member of St. Mary's Church in Pittsburgh.

He likes to end his 12- to 14-hour day wit
bath and massage at a local Y.M.C.A.
rence, "Politics is a seven-day-a-week op

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Arthur (center) coaching actress Janice Rule and film star Farley Granger before a celebrity dance contest on the Murray TV show. The couple won with a Charleston.

Before his appearance on the program, confident Groucho Marx offered to teach Kathryn the tango.

MY HUSBAND, ARTHUR MURRAY

By KATHRYN MURRAY, as told to Betty Hannah Hoffman

The People on Our TV Show

Kathryn tells about some amusing (and occasionally difficult) incidents with famous guest stars, including Tallulah Bankhead and ballet dancer Sono Osato. She also describes the Murrays' troubles with Judy Holliday's mother.

Conclusion

When we had been on the air about three years, Arthur became very ambitious and hired two of the best and highest-paid writers in television. Mort Green and George Foster had worked with such top comics as Fred Allen and Milton Berle. They would surely make a comedienne of me, Arthur thought, so he signed them to write a series of six vignettes to be called The Private Wife of Arthur Murray.

The Foster and Green sketches might have been very funny in the hands of a trained actress, but I lacked the technical skill to put them across. Arthur was unhappy because the lines were tough, hard-boiled comedy. I do best, he feels, in sentimental skits. Moreover, he couldn't get used to paying $1500 and up for a sketch consisting of three or four typewritten pages, particularly when our ratings began to drop slightly.

One day Arthur arbitrarily dropped a full page from a skit. This didn't suit Mort Green. "Nobody cuts our sketches but us," he told Arthur. Arthur was forced to put the page back.

The bickering got worse. Arthur said he wouldn't pay for unsatisfactory scripts; Foster and Green said they'd hold him to their play-or-pay contract. They finally sued him for $3000—or was it $4000? I've forgotten the exact amount, but (Continued on Page 100)

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The Trial of Netsek

By ROBERT MURPHY

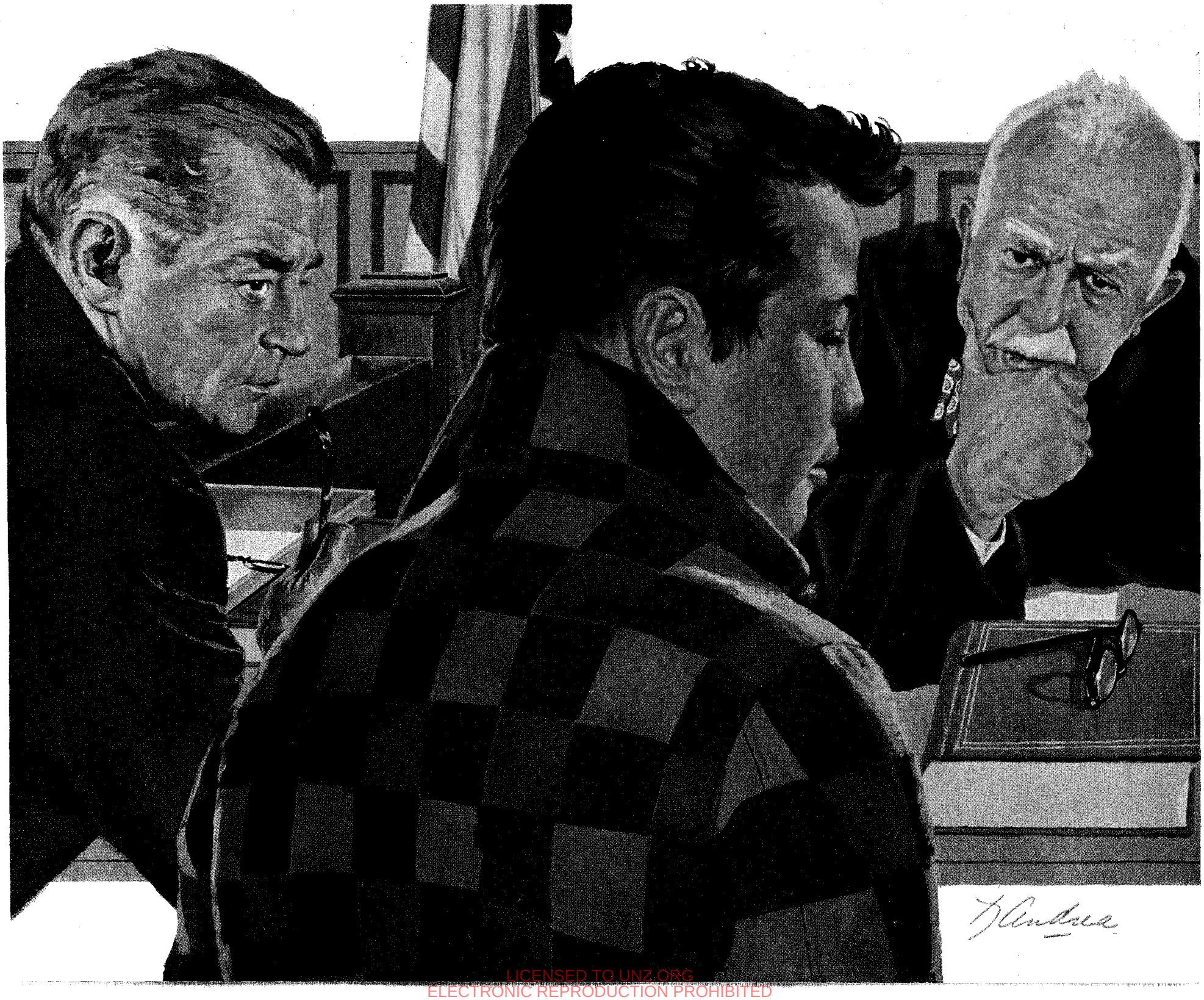
Because he had followed the ancient custom of his people, these strangers were accusing him of murder.

Netsek, whose name had been changed by the white men from Netsektoktiuk for some mysterious reason of their own when they had brought him to this place, sat quietly and listened to these same white men. After five days they were still talking about the simple matter of someone leaving his father out on the ice to die, although the old man had wished it and arranged it for himself. Most of the talk had been directed at one among them who wore a long black robe which didn't fit him and sat high above the rest behind a sort of raised counter, although he had nothing on it to trade.

The entire affair, including the long airplane ride with the policeman, Enders, had puzzled Netsek, who had finally decided that they had brought him here to advise the black-robed man, whom they called Yourhonor. He didn't comprehend that The Seniors' Society, a collection of stateside busybodies with good political connections run by a rich and idle woman named Clara Muggeridge, had managed to stir up a murder case and have it brought down for trial from the northern district where Netsek lived to a city in the south. He, Netsek, was a great hunter, looked up to by the other Eskimos, and Yourhonor—who must have been such a one in his time because of the way the others deferred to him—was old, confused and in need of comfort and advice.

Netsek had arrived at his conclusions because many people had taken pictures of him and Enders, who liked him, had shown him many enormous headlines in the newspapers and tried to explain everything to him. Somewhere between Enders' translations and Netsek's understanding of life, however, confusion had been compounded. What he got out of it wasn't related to (Continued on Page 82)

"Netsek," the judge said, "did you find it hard to leave your father upon the ice?"



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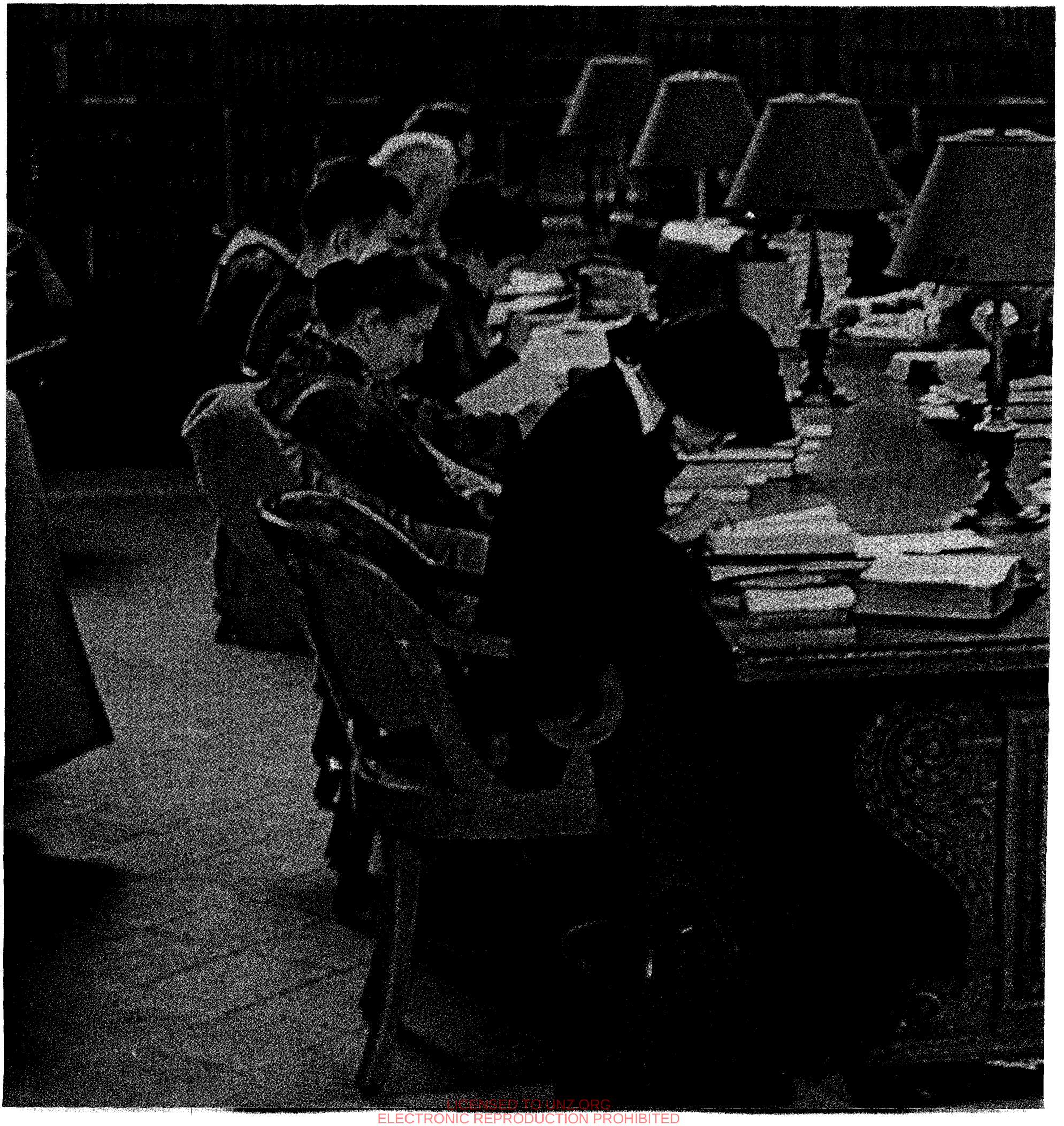
The Face of AMERICA

Quiet, Please



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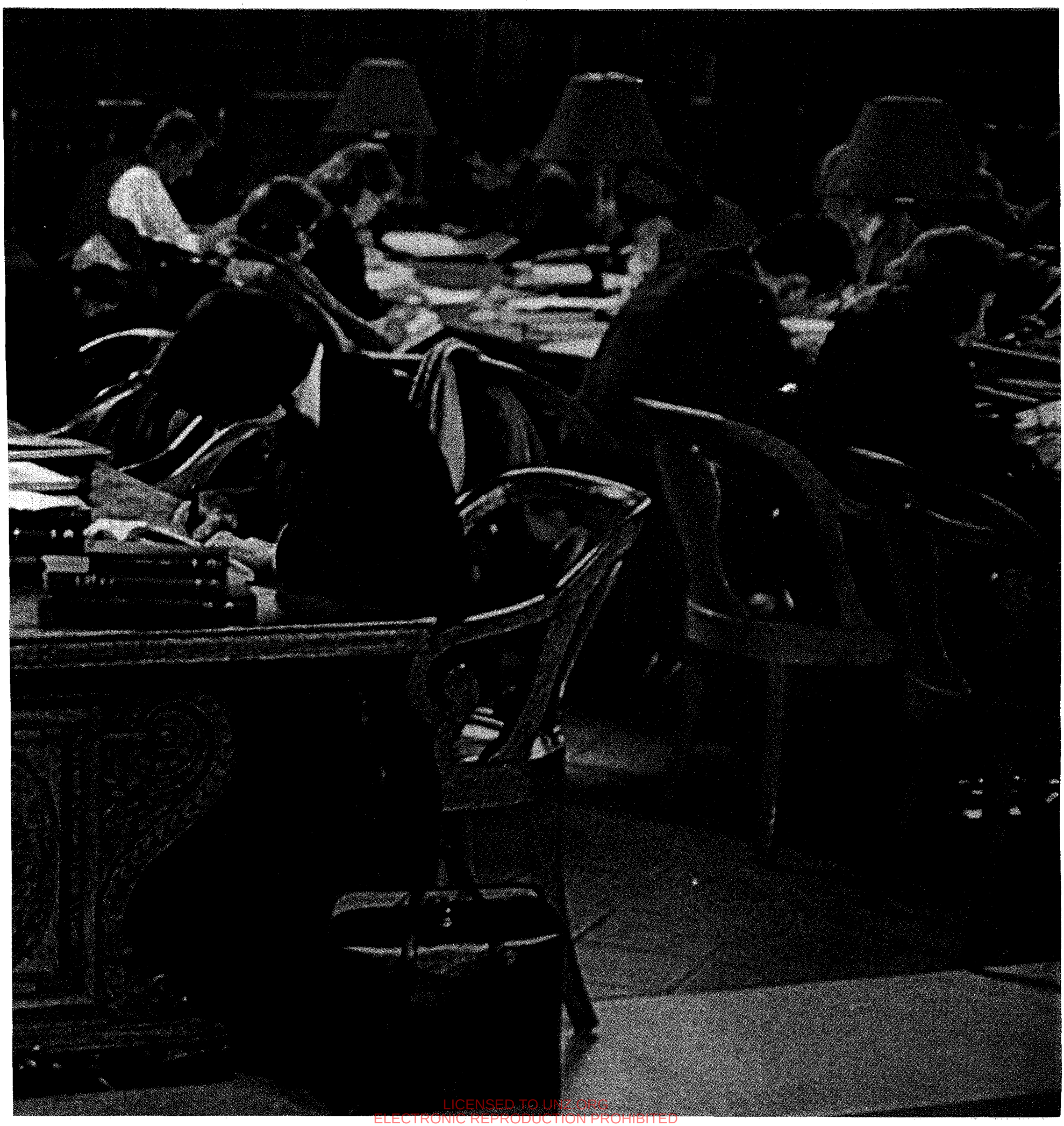
Outside, Manhattan hums in the nervous orbit of its daily rounds. Inside, grave and silent scholars pursue the explanations of life, the mysteries of science and the philosophies of man.

Here a student may nibble eternally on an inconsumable larder of knowledge, like a mouse at a mountain of cheese, though a passer-by may come in who simply likes to read. Stone lions guard the gates of this building at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, warning such frivolous idlers as may enter to wear, at least, an air of earnest purpose. For here they join the company of the literate, where intellectualism is a joy and not a joke. Sister Michael Mary, for example, and her companion, Sister Anna Mercedes (foreground), are intellectuals. They are teachers at Cathedral High School who are working for advanced degrees. Among their benefactors, along with kings, saints and martyrs, are included three millionaires named Lenox, Astor and Tilden, whose legacies were merged in 1895 to form the nucleus of the New York Public Library. The result has been the United States' largest municipal public-library system, consisting of 6,397,973 volumes and pamphlets.

● Photograph by Farrell Grehan



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The House.

Fran dreamed of a house with sunlight.

One Woman's Dream

When a wife wants something her husband can't afford, they both may wind up brokenhearted.

By WILLIAM HEUMAN

"Nine thousand, five hundred," Eddie Bowden said. "Nine million, five hundred. What's the difference, Fran? We got two hundred bucks in the bank, an' that's it. Those real-estate guys out on Long Island wouldn't even sniff at us."

"We can see the house, anyway," Fran pleaded. "It's only about forty-five minutes out, Eddie, and you said last week that you'd like to take a drive one of these days."

"When we come home," Eddie told her, "we'll feel about eighteen times worse than when we went. You know how it is, lookin' at these new houses. We did it before, when we first got married."

"I'd like to go," Fran persisted.

"So O.K.," Eddie grinned, and he put his arm across her shoulder as they sat at the kitchen table in their three-room flat in Brooklyn this fine spring Saturday morning. "So we'll go," he said. "What about the baby? You want to call up my sister?"

"We'll take her along," Fran said quickly, remembering that the last time they'd left the baby with her sister-in-law, Agnes had not been overpleased. Agnes had three children of her own, and she had Uncle Herman, Eddie's bachelor uncle, living with them. "The baby can sleep in the back," Fran said. "I'll bring a bottle, and I'll make sandwiches, and we can have lunch along the road somewhere. That way it won't cost anything except for gas."

"We can put what we save," Eddie laughed, "toward the ninety-five hundred."

Fran looked at him. "Please don't laugh, Eddie," she said. "Please don't laugh."

"You know what I mean," Eddie apologized. "I'd like to live out on the island, too, but you know how it is."

Fran knew how it was. They were Brooklyn people. Their parents and their relatives were Brooklyn people, born and raised in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge, but so many people were moving out to Long Island these days, buying little homes, paying them off, having grass and trees around them, seeing the sky. It didn't seem wrong at least to hope.

"I'd better have a look at that right rear tire," Eddie said, getting up from the table. "We don't want to have no flats while we're out lookin' at that mansion."

"It's not a mansion," Fran said. "It's the lowest-priced new house I could find in the paper."

"You know what I mean," Eddie said again, and he went down to the street where they parked the car all night at the curb because paying garage rent was out of the question.

(Continued on Page 90)

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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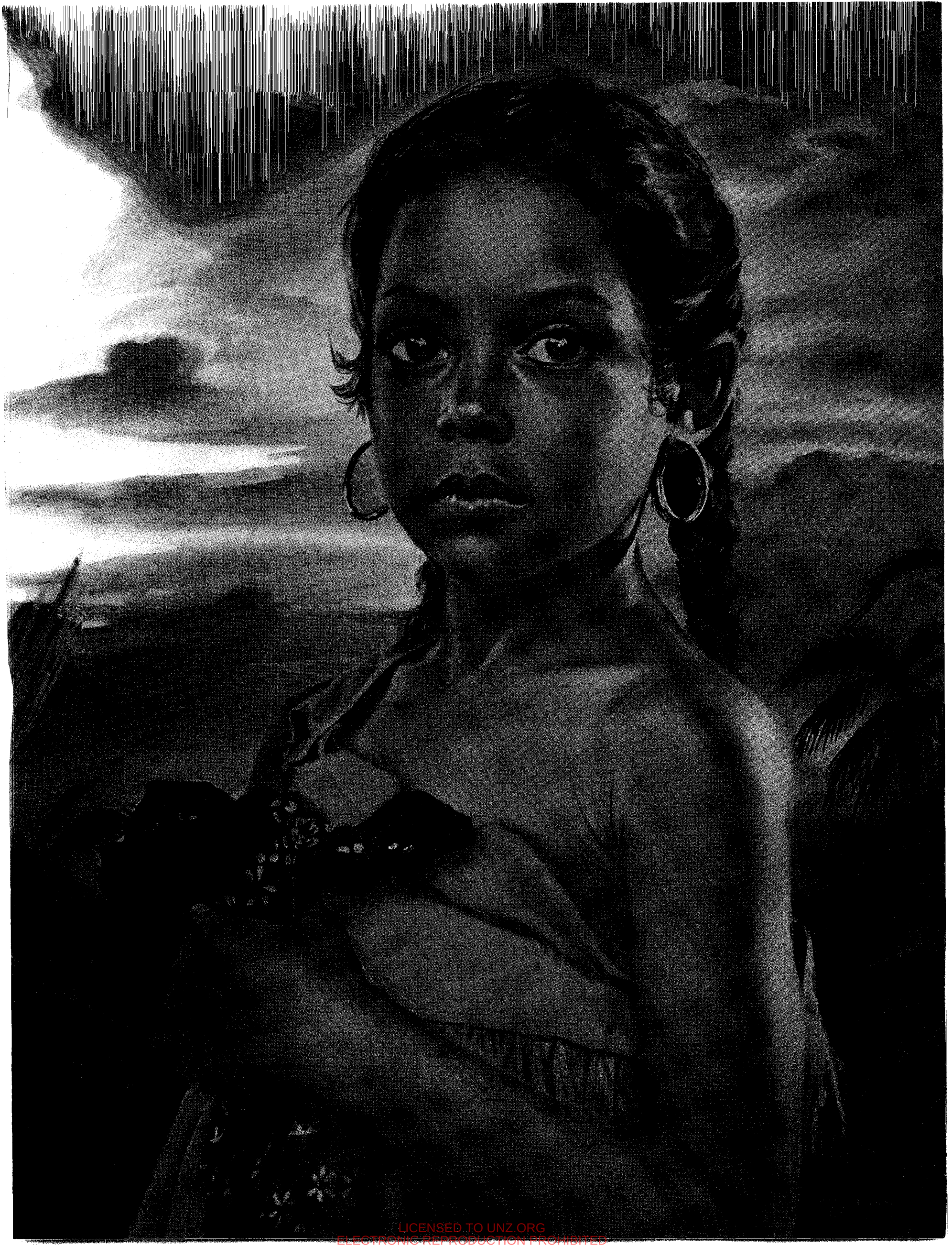

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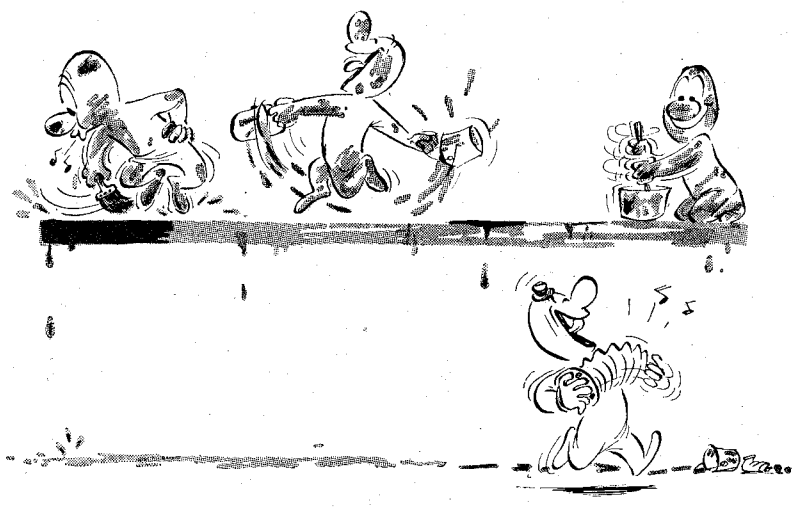
Post Scripts



There's a Gentleman at Every Dance

He helps my wife into her chair,
He *rumbas* with her every set,
He compliments her on her hair,
He even lights her cigarette;

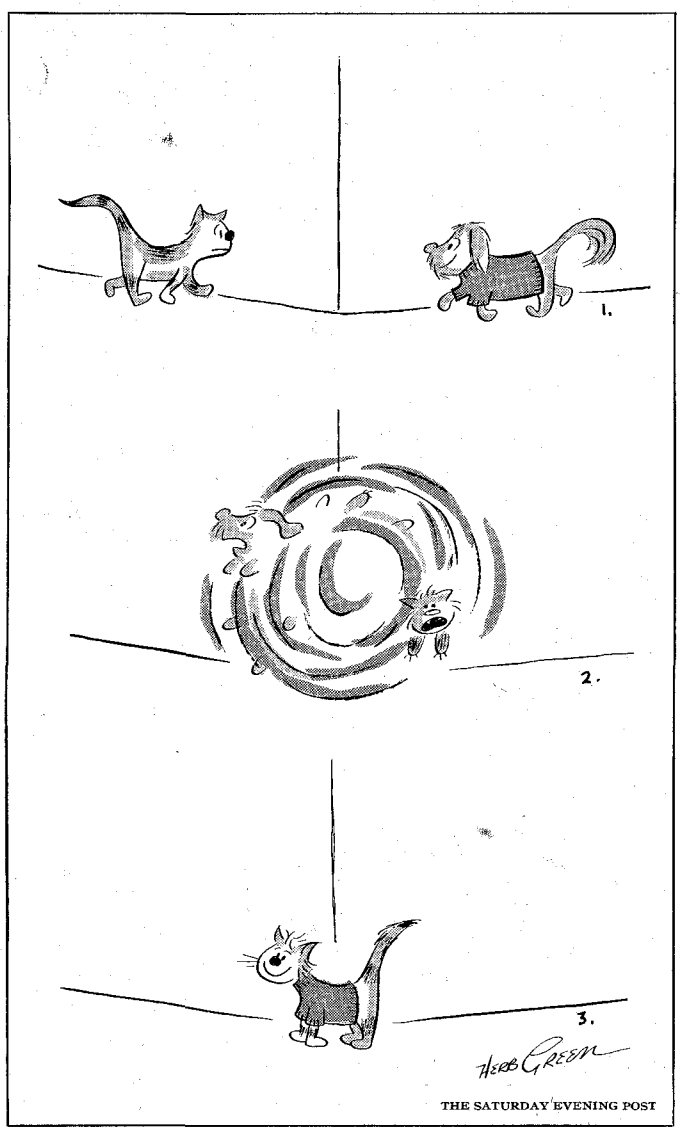
He shows my unaccustomed *frau*
Most every courtesy there is,
But I'll get even with him. How?
I'll go and do the same to his.

LOYD ROSENFIELD

Brief Beef

The brand-new cars are longer, but
I tender this complaint:
The parking spaces, I observe,
Ain't.

RICHARD HOLLOWAY



Beaver Banter

Scientists say if animals, birds and insects could talk we'd be amazed at the human characteristics they'd display—*News Item.*

I found a beaver colony up in the North Woods.

"Some dam," I said to the nearest beaver, who had just about gnawed through a tall tree.

"It's no Boulder," he said, looking up from his work, "but it will hold."

I got out my pad and pencil. "I'd like to interview you, if you don't mind," I said.

"I do mind," he retorted. "I'm busy, boy. We're behind schedule."

"I'll only take a minute," I said. "How long is that dam?"

"About eight hundred feet long," he said, gnawing hard.

"I don't suppose you know how many cubic yards of mud went into it."

"No, I don't," he said, spitting out a mouthful of wood chips. "And I'm not going to sit down and figure it out. Maybe if you came back ——"

"Do you use your tail for a trowel?"

"No. I use my tail as a tail. I carry the mud in my forepaws."

"As I understand it, you build your home under the logs."

"Yes. It's a split-level arrangement," he said. "We live upstairs above water level. Downstairs, under the water, we keep our food."

"What sort of food?"

"Bark, boy. Nothing like a little hemlock bark for your digestion." He went back to gnawing. The tree began to sway.

"Is it true that beavers always cut trees so they fall toward the pond?" I asked. I was standing safely on the land side of the tree.

"What's that?" the beaver asked.

Just then the tree cracked and started to fall. I had just time to dive into a thicket.

"Next question!" he said. I thought I heard him chuckling.

"Getting back to tails," I said. "Beavers use their tails to warn other beavers in case of trouble. Is that true?"

"Yes," said the beaver, sliding into the water. "We thump our tails on the water as a warning. You can hear it for miles."

Apparently, I'd gotten all I could out of him, so I tipped my hat and started walking across the dam. "I'll talk with some of your fellow workers," I said. But I'd hardly gotten a few feet away when I heard a loud thwack on the water. Instantly every beaver within earshot dived out of sight. Apparently nobody likes reporters!

JACK BROWNELL

Can't You be Just a Little Less Explicit?

"I am sure you will like that suit, sir. It is decidedly flattering for a man of your build."

"Your physical examination reveals no significant organic defects. As a matter of fact, you are in surprisingly good shape, considering your habits and way of life."

"After checking your credit reports, we are happy to say that we can grant the loan. We will, of course, need about fifty per cent more security than is usually required."

"Oh, come on, Jack, don't just sit there all evening. I'm dying to dance with you. This is a real dreamy number, and anyway I simply detest being the only woman left at the table."

"Come in, kids. Have you met my family? This is my mother, my little sister, Linda, and (psst! pull in your stomach) my father."

"Meet Charley, our new bartender; just started this morning . . . . Charley, this is Mr. Hall and Mr. Swezey."

"How do you do, Mr. Hall . . . . Hiya, Jack."

JACK SWEZEY

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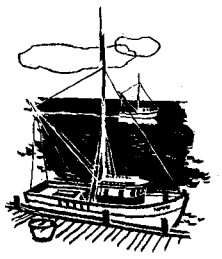
Who'd expect to find shrimp soup like this north of New Orleans?

Now every home in America can enjoy this Gulf specialty for just 20¢ a bowl



You don't have to be from New Orleans to know that the delicate flavor of shrimp is a fleeting thing. How much this succulent seafood appeals to your palate depends, first of all, on how fast it came from the shore to your table.

Now, in a savory Cream of Shrimp Soup, Campbell's brings you all the flavor and aroma of shore-fresh shrimp, no matter how far you live from the seacoast. This is how it's done:

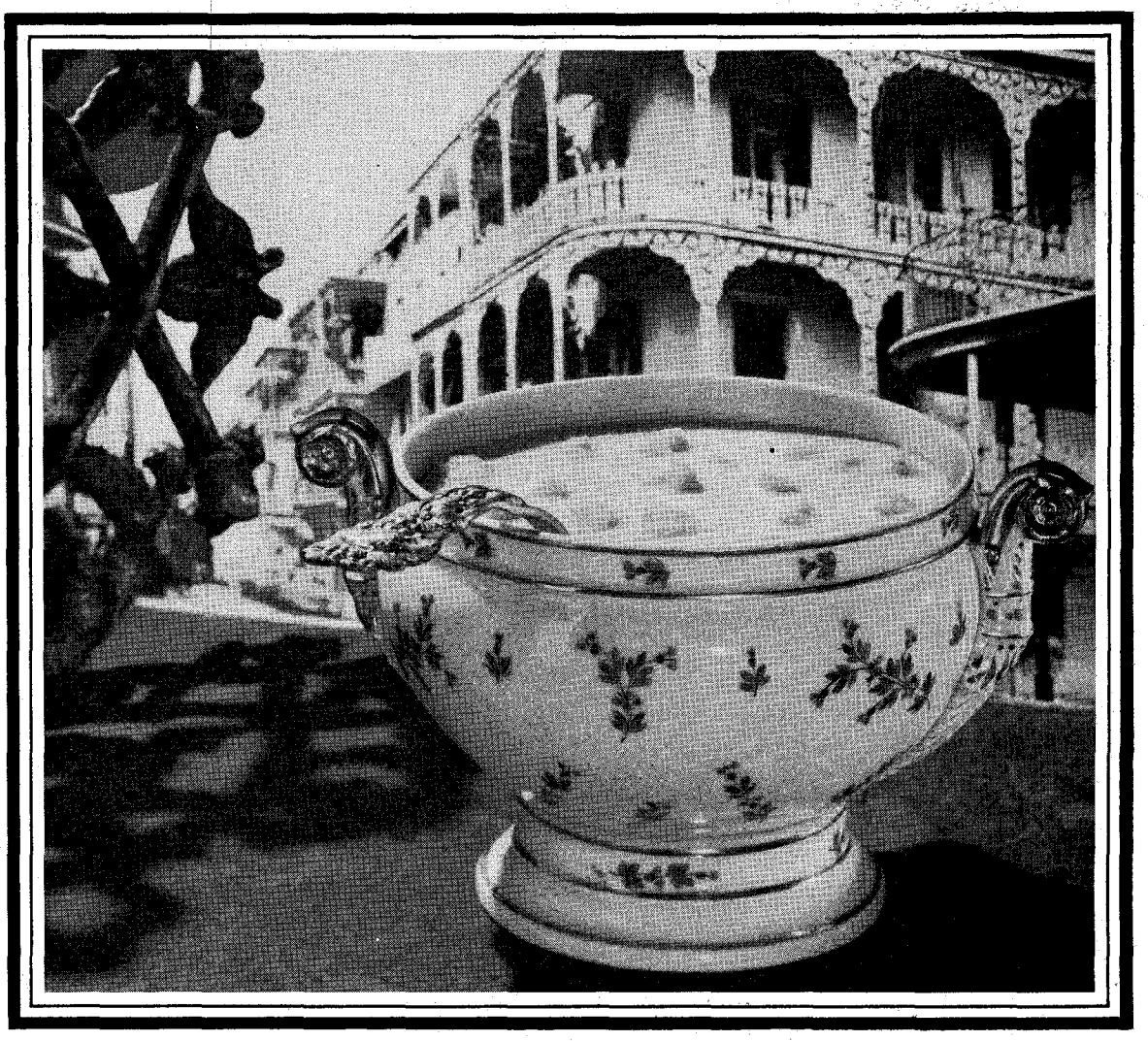
Best of the Catch

To begin with, Campbell's uses choice shrimp—pink, plump, and palatable. These meaty little morsels impart their goodness to the soup, while staying firm and flavorful right up to the moment you spoon them out of the bowl.

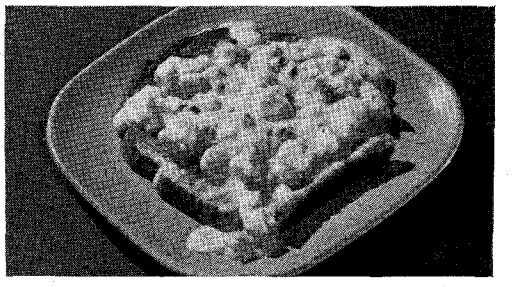
We simmer them long and slow in milk, rich cream, and seasonings. Then, to capture the inimitable flavor of freshly-caught shrimp, we whisk the soup to the freezer. (It just couldn't be done any other way.)

A Rare Food Value

A fine New Orleans restaurant would bill you close to $1 for soup like this. Most folks would pay it gladly. Yet Campbell's Frozen Cream of Shrimp Soup costs only about 20¢ a bowl. Why not pick up a can or two next time you pass your grocer's freezer? See if it isn't every bit as good as we say.



Fresh Cream of Shrimp Soup, once an exclusive shore delicacy, now frozen by Campbell's to be enjoyed anywhere, anytime.



Seafood Royale. In saucepan, combine 1 can Cream of Shrimp Soup and ½ cup light cream. Heat till soup thaws; stir now and then. Add 2 cups cut-up cooked seafood (lobster, shrimp, white fish), 1 tbsp. chopped parsley, 1 tsp. lemon juice; heat. Serve on toast. Serves 3-4.

Shrimp Dip. Thaw 1 can Cream of Shrimp Soup completely just before using. Gradually blend with a 3-oz. pkg. softened cream cheese, 1 tsp. lemon juice, dash garlic powder and paprika; beat till smooth with spoon or rotary beater. Chill. Makes about 1½ cups.

Cream of Potato • Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef • Clam Chowder (New England Style) • Oyster Stew • Green Pea with Ham

CREAM of SHRIMP SOUP

FROZEN by Campbell's

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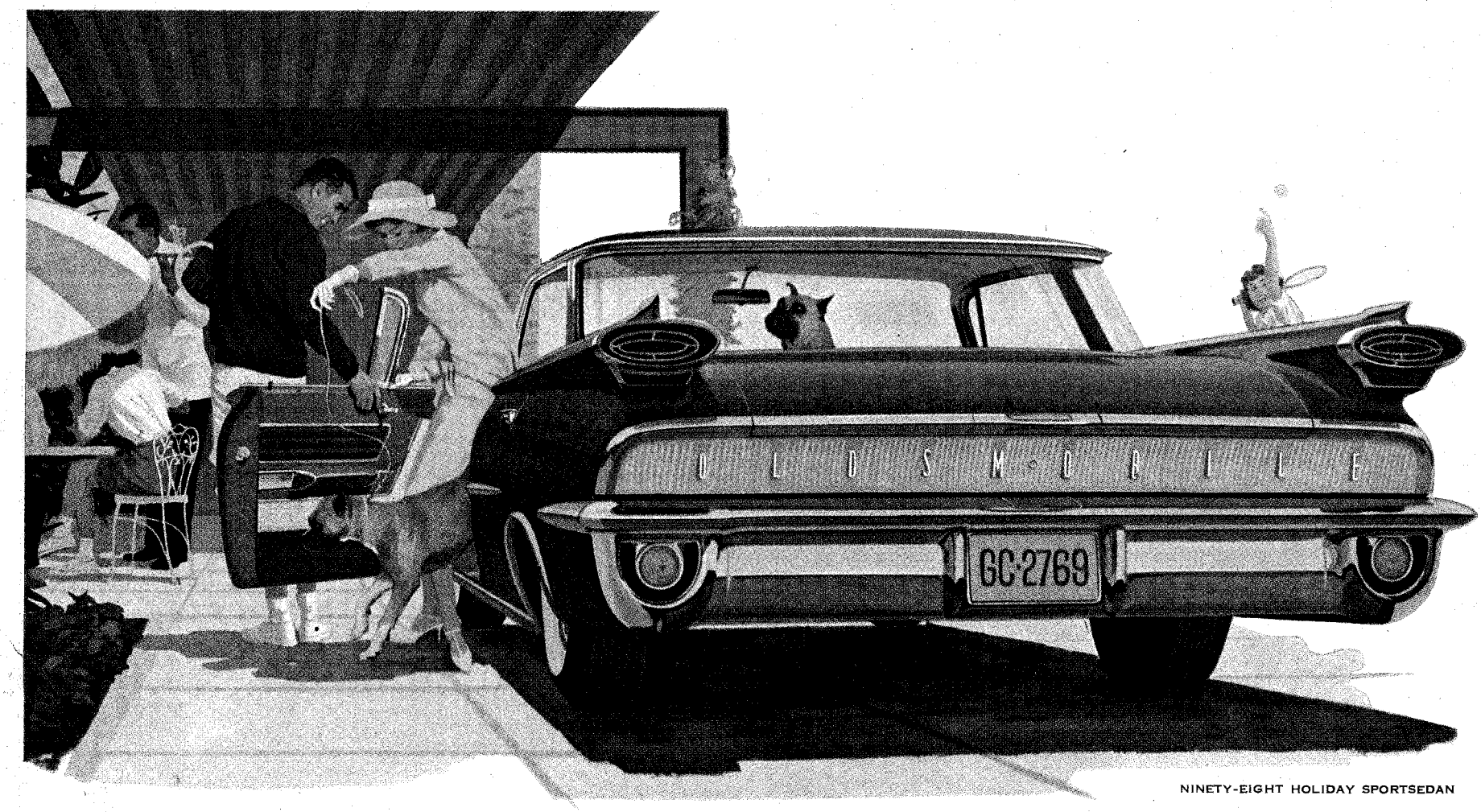

NINETY-EIGHT HOLIDAY SPORTSEDAN

Make a date with the leader . . . Oldsmobile for '59. Its trim, modern style is an open invitation to get out and go. Off and away with a Rocket Engine that's alert and eager. Riding smooth and so secure. Steering was never easier—stopping never surer! It's a wonderful feeling . . . a quality feeling . . . *That Olds Feeling!* And it should (and easily can) be yours. First port of call, your local quality dealer's to take *your* turn at the wheel. OLDSMOBILE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

OLDSMOBILE

SUPER 88 HOLIDAY SCENICOUPE

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The Cardiff Giant Affair

What did the hidden money mean—besides trouble?

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Orrin Applegate, a young attorney, could hardly believe that the rich and beautiful Madam Cissy Janeway was capable of any wrongdoing. Yet Orrin knew that Madam's strange butler, Oscar, had once been a knife thrower in a disreputable medicine show. Furthermore, Orrin believed Oscar responsible for the mysterious murders of two members of the troupe, Gideon Weeks and the "Duke." And the lawyer was amazed by the close physical resemblance between Madam and the deceased Weeks. The rest of Syracuse was too distracted by the sensational discovery of a stone figure—said to be the petrified body of a Biblical giant—to share Orrin's suspicions.

As Orrin's client, Madam presented him with a safe, but she refused to give him the combination. Then Lossie Fox, Orrin's best friend, accidentally discovered how to unlock the strongbox. Inside it the couple found a vast fortune. Orrin knew that this money had been borrowed from local banks, all of which had unquestioningly accepted as collateral several sealed envelopes. These supposedly contained stock certificates, endorsed by Madam's "benefactor," the millionaire Daniel Drew.

VII

Lossie and I stared at each other blankly. Here was the reason someone had been entering my office in my absence—to put money in this safe! And here was the reason why Madam Janeway had not furnished me with the combination. Here in my office, in a safe which everybody but Madam and me thought was my property, was secreted an enormous sum of money.

"I think," Lossie said faintly, "it would be a very stupid idea for me to return that card with the combination on it to Madam Janeway, to let her know that you or I had seen it."

"It could," I agreed, "be very unwise indeed."

"Why," she wanted to know, "would she hide all this in your safe instead of keeping it in her own?"

"Why should she keep it in anybody's safe?" I asked. "Why not deposit it in a bank?"

"Shut that safe door," Lossie said. "It frightens me to look at so much money."

I closed the door and twisted the knob. Lossie walked around the desk and took possession of my chair as if it were her right. She was curt and peremptory. "Memorize the combination," she said firmly, "and destroy the cards."

My memory is excellent. I committed to it the letters and figures that made up the combination, and then tore the cards—the original and the copy Lossie had made of it—to small bits and put them in my coat pocket.

Lossie voiced a thought that had come to trouble me. "This," she said, perched like a precocious little girl in my big chair, "is a decidedly gimcrack, not to say grotesque, way for a client to treat her attorney!"

"So it seems to me," I agreed.

"Maybe," she said, looking very wise, "Madam has got 'attorney' mixed up with 'cat's-paw.'"

"How could I be a cat's-paw? What for?"

"Just for instance," Lossie asked, "what did you just do for Madam in Albany?"

I hesitated before answering, debating in my mind the propriety of disclosing a client's business to anyone. But the whole matter of my relations with Madam Janeway had arrived at a point where self-preservation demanded that I have some advice as to how to conduct myself. Maybe Lossie was not old enough or wise enough to be a suitable counselor, but she was smart as a steel trap and her advice might be better than some older person's.

"Why," I said, "I went to borrow some money for her."

"Madam is very rich. Why should she borrow money? Has she borrowed money from other people?"

"From Banker Watts and Banker Willis and others."

"Then, Orrin, maybe all this money in your safe has been borrowed."

"Possibly," I said.

"And hidden away in your safe. It is hidden."

"You could say so," I agreed.

"Even you are not supposed to know it is here."

"It is very puzzling," I said.

"It is very incredulous!" Lossie said. "I mean incredible—I mean unaccountable—unless ——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless something is going on that is just terribly artful and fishy and slippery. And maybe we had better stop being just agnostic about Madam Janeway and become downright atheist."

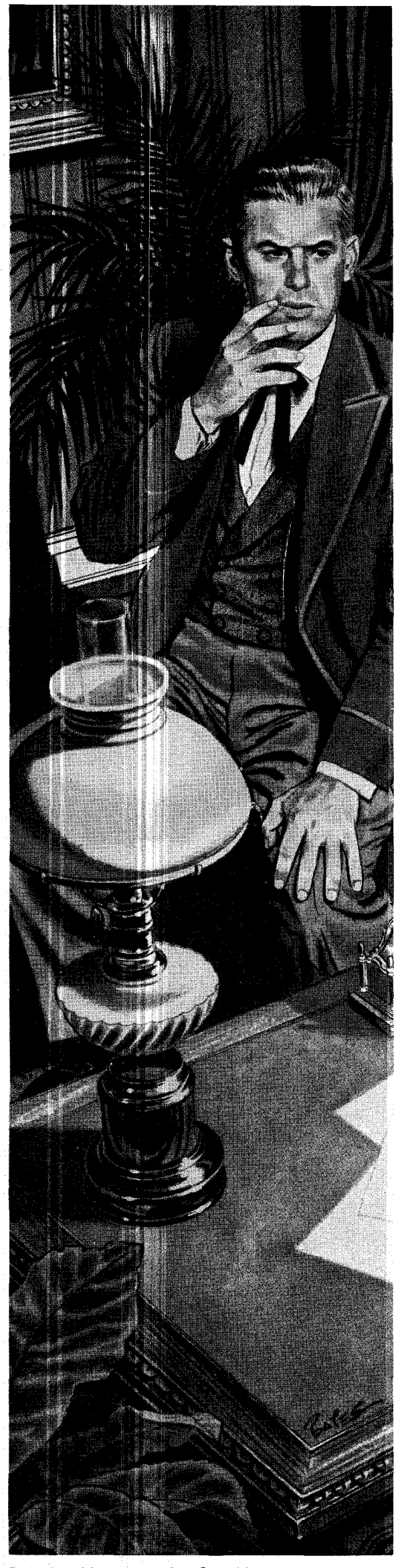
"Oscar," I said.

She brushed Oscar off for the moment. "Just let's suppose," she said, "that this money is like contraband and illicit and with a bar sinister on it. And if it comes to some kind of a pinch, Madam denies she knows anything about it. And it is found in your safe. What then, Mr. Orrin?"

"I do not like to think about it," I said dolefully.

"In all the city," Lossie said, "in all the state and maybe in all the

(Continued on Page 68)



I tried to blurt it out, but I could not make myself say the words.

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Comanche Captives (Continued from Page 23)

street. "You don't have it much better." He twisted his yellow neckerchief around and wiped sweat from his face. The dust in the cloth left muddy streaks from temple to neck.

"You want a bath?" McCabe asked.

The lieutenant's manner brightened. "At any price." Then he let his pleasure fade. "No, it wouldn't look right, Guthrie. I mean, me showing up shaved and bathed while my men stayed itching dirty." He put his hat back on and pulled the sweatband down to his eyebrows. "What kind of a mood you in this morning, Guthrie?"

McCabe shrugged. "Jim, does it really matter much?" He squinted at Jim Gary. "Did you ride all the way here to see me?"

"Partly," Jim Gary said. "Can I buy you a drink, Guthrie? I've been thinking of a beer all the way in from Spindly Creek."

"Nothing in town but hot slop," McCabe said. "Not fit to drink."

"The men will appreciate it anyway," Gary said. He frogged his saber high, then stripped off his gauntlets. Sweat had soaked through the leather and darkened the backs of the fingers. "The colonel wants you to come to Fort Elliott, Guthrie." He did not look at McCabe when he said it, but after it was said, Gary raised his eyes to study him.

McCabe said, "Can't that man take no for an answer?"

"Doesn't seem like it, does it?" Gary smiled. "We'll leave tonight and travel while it's cooler."

"If I go." Then McCabe looked down the street at the waiting detail. "Well, now," he said. "You brought some help, huh?"

"If you think I'll need it," Gary said. "Sorry, Guthrie, but the invitation is official."

McCabe remained thoughtfully silent for a moment, then laughed. "Gary, it's going to be a long ride for nothing, but I might as well go and get it over with for good."

"Thought you'd see it that way. You'll have supper with me? Good." He slapped McCabe across the stomach with his gloves, then walked down the street to his waiting troopers.

McCabe spent the day idling around town, and in the evening he went to the stable and saw that his horse was saddled, his gear properly stowed. Then he walked back to Tascosa's main street and found Gary in a small Mexican restaurant. Sergeant O'Reilly and Corporal Buskin were there, at a table near the door, and when Gary saw McCabe, he pushed back a chair so McCabe could sit down.

"You know O'Reilly and Buskin," Gary said.

"How are you?" McCabe asked absently, not expecting an answer. He sat down. "Too late for me to order something?"

"No," Gary said, and signaled the cook, who had a plate ready. The two enlisted men were through eating and murmured their excuses before leaving. The cook brought a plate of chili beans and *tortillas*, and McCabe began to eat.

Gary studied him for a moment, then said, "Are you going to turn the old man down again?"

"In person this time," McCabe said.

"Why?"

"Because this is Army business. Let the Army handle it."

"It's been my observation," Gary said, "that the Comanches, particularly Iron Hand, would rather do business with a civilian than a soldier. Every time he sees dirty-shirt blue he remembers a lot of his dead friends." He reached into his pocket for a key-winder watch, glanced at it, then leaned back in his chair. "We'll leave in thirty minutes. That suit you?"

"I'm easily satisfied."

Gary frowned. "Are you, Guthrie?"

McCabe looked at him. "What's that supposed to mean?"

By rising, Gary ducked the question. He was standing on the sidewalk, enjoying his cigar, when McCabe came out of the restaurant. O'Reilly was putting the detail together down the street, inspecting it, finding fault, seeing that all flaws were corrected.

"Is the Army going to put the Comanches on reservation?" Guthrie McCabe asked.

Gary turned and looked at him. "No, I haven't heard anything about it. Why?"

"They ought to. Indians ruin a country. They make people nervous by just being around. The counties south of here could be full of ranches and farms if the Comanches were on reservation. Jim, people just won't believe that an Indian is peaceful, treaty or not."

"You figure it that way?"

"I figure what's best for Guthrie McCabe." He looked at O'Reilly and found him standing at the head of the waiting detail. One of the troopers had gone to the stable for McCabe's horse; he ducked under the hitch rail and stepped into the saddle. "You coming, Jim?"

"Sure," Gary said and mounted; the cavalry detail formed a small group. Gary gave the hand signal that turned them and they left Tascosa, taking the road east, McCabe and Gary in the lead.

Twilight gave the plain a purple immensity, and the grasses nodded to the day's last breeze. Even though the sun died, heat radiated from the ground as though some fire had been banked there, and the wind dwindled to a hot, feeble breath.

The column stopped every two hours and dismounted on the hour to walk the horses. Canteens came out, with a popping of corks and gurgling; there was no other sound, and the slightest noise seemed magnified for a moment before it was lost in the vastness.

There was little talk until they reached Squaw Creek, when Lieutenant Gary ordered a twenty-minute stopover to refill the canteens and water the animals. Guthrie McCabe lit a cigar and squatted by the creek. The heat was dying off, leaving perspiration salty on his skin, leaving him unpleasantly gamy. Around him swirled the aroma of cut-plug chewing tobacco and the strong skunk odor of bodies unbathed for three weeks.

When the men were at ease and Gary was satisfied as to their comfort, he came over to McCabe and hunkered down.

"You fuss too much," McCabe said.

Jim Gary grinned. "I'd argue that point with you."

in your own BMW Isetta 300 automobile...

in Dash's Big "Wanderlust" Contest

FIRST PRIZE — a $15,000 trip around the world for two and a brand-new BMW Isetta 300 car, or the car and $15,000 cash!

24 SECOND PRIZES — each — a brand-new BMW Isetta 300 automobile!

Just finish this easy Dash jingle!

"THEY USED TO CALL ME ROVER,"
SAYS SPOT, NOW LIVING IN CLOVER.
WITH ARMOUR DASH AND LOVE EACH DAY

(Last line should rhyme with "day" like "WHO WOULD WANT TO WANDER AWAY?")

Imagine! The dream of a lifetime come true! Wander any place in the world you like on a $15,000 budget — France, Italy, Africa, South America, India — choose your own destination, set your pace like a millionaire! And to make your trip complete — a brand-new BMW Isetta 300, the wonderful family fun car! Just complete the last line of the Dash jingle and send it in with two Dash labels.

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES:

1. Print or write plainly the last line for the above jingle on an entry blank that can either be obtained at your dealer's or prepared by yourself. It should rhyme with "day." Be sure to include your name and address.

2. Contestants may submit as many entries as they wish, but each must be accompanied by your dealer's name and two Dash labels.

3. All entries should be mailed to Dash Wanderlust Contest, P.O. Box 830, New York 46, New York.

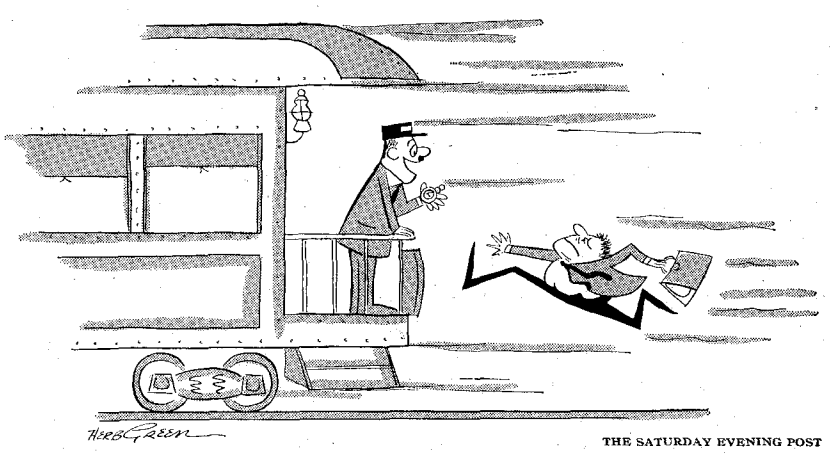
4. Entries will be judged on originality, uniqueness and aptness of thought by Bruce, Richards Corporation. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Judges' decision final. No entries returned, no correspondence entered into. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Armour and Company.

5. Armour and Company reserves the right to disqualify any entry which was not personally composed by contestant or members of his household. (This right reserved to disqualify entries prepared by professional "ghost" writers, schools and contest writing services.)

6. Residents of continental United States may enter except employees of Armour and Company, its subsidiaries, its advertising agencies, the Bruce, Richards Corporation, and their families. Contest subject to all Federal and State regulations. Winners will be notified by mail.

7. List of winners will be mailed to anyone sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope approximately 8 weeks after close of contest.

8. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 30, 1959, and received not later than May 7, 1959.



"Do you realize, young man, that you did that last mile in four minutes flat?"

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"It's my opinion. But every man shoes a horse differently, Jim."

"True. You know, when I was at the academy, a colonel gave us a lecture on leadership, and he never said a word. He just cut a ten-foot length of rope and laid it on the floor. Then he took the hind end and tried to push it. When that didn't work, he walked around to the other end and pulled it. That's the way I want to handle men, Guthrie."

"I'm a pusher," McCabe said. "And up to now I've had no trouble making a man go."

"But the idea is to get him to go and like it." Gary laughed. "You don't care whether a man likes it or not, so what am I talking about? Let me have one of your good cigars."

"You ever try buying your own?" McCabe handed him one.

"Not on a lieutenant's pay. I've got two younger sisters to support."

"I didn't know that."

"Well, I don't talk much about it," Gary said. "My father was in the Army too, you know. A sergeant major in B Company." He paused to light his cigar. "Killed on the Rosebud. I was ten years old at the time. Cora and Alice were in pigtails."

McCabe said, "I had no idea you had it that tough."

"Not tough," Gary contradicted. "Just not easy, that's all. Relatives raised us—my mother's folks—on a farm in Iowa. They died six years ago in an accident. We sold the farm; it gave Cora and Alice enough money to buy a place in an Iowa town and leave a little in the bank. Since then I've been keeping twenty dollars for myself and sending sixty a month home." He chuckled. "Now you know why I don't buy nickel cigars."

"One of these days," Guthrie McCabe said, "they'll up and marry and you'll never hear from them again. Then you'll wish you'd kept some of that money for your own pocket."

"No, I wouldn't wish that. You have to do for your kin. They'll get married one of these days, and then I can quit sending them money, but it's nice to know that they never really wanted for anything, or had to take in washings to make a living."

McCabe sat in silence for a time, then he said, "Jim, why is it that all the good men are fools?"

"Meaning me?"

"Sure. You have to look out for yourself."

"That's a philosophy you get from being alone," Gary said.

"Alone?" McCabe laughed. "Jim, I've got eleven brothers and sisters—somewhere. You didn't know that, did you? Well, I never talk about it. They don't know I'm alive and I don't know where they are." He fingered ash off the end of his cigar. "The old man was all prod and talk. When we moved across the country in 'Sixty-four, things got tough, mouths became hard to feed. He started kicking the boys out a hundred miles from St. Joseph. The oldest was the first to go. Ma did a lot of crying over that, but a few hundred miles and six sons later she got used to it. He put me out of the wagon not more than twenty miles from here. Ma never even looked around when they pulled away. There was a place on the prairie; I could see it, so I went there." He sighed. "A man takes what's easiest, Jim, so I took Anson Miles' cussedness for ten years. You took the Army."

Jim Gary shook his head. "There's a difference, Guthrie. I like the Army. It's what I want. What do you want?"

The tall Texan thought for a moment, then said, "I want to walk down the main street of any town in Texas and have people smile and tip their hats to me."

Gary raised his head suddenly and peered through the gloom at this man, cocked his ears to the voice, for he had never heard it before nor suspected the drive behind this man's bland manner. "And when I speak I want other men to stop talking and listen to what I have to say, and when I'm through talking, I want them to jump and do what I want done." He swung his head around and looked at Jim Gary. "Maybe that's too blunt for you, or too big for you to understand."

Jim Gary searched his mind for an answer and found none. "Time to get going," he said and stood up, brushing dust off the seat of his pants.

Gary signaled for the men to mount up, and they moved in the face of the soft easterly breeze that was freshening. At midnight the cavalry stopped for an hour's rest, and the troopers immediately stretched out for a quick nap. Jim Gary came in off the temporary picket line and sagged wearily beside McCabe. He folded his gauntlets and put them on top of his hat, making a pillow of the whole thing.

"How long," Gary asked, "since you've been out to Anson Miles' place?"

"A year. Maybe longer."

"His wife asked about you the last time I stopped there." He looked at McCabe. "If a man was full of meanness and wanted to hurt a man, the easiest way to do it would be to take his wife away from him."

McCabe looked at him steadily. "You sure that's what you wanted to say, Jim?"

"No," Gary said after a pause. "It's none of my business. Sorry."

"Hate to see a man break one of his own rules," McCabe said, "and you've always been set on minding your own

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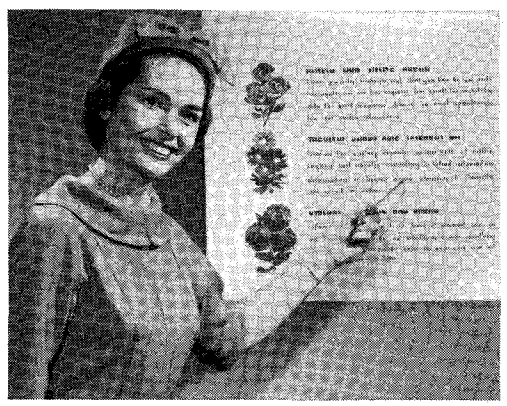

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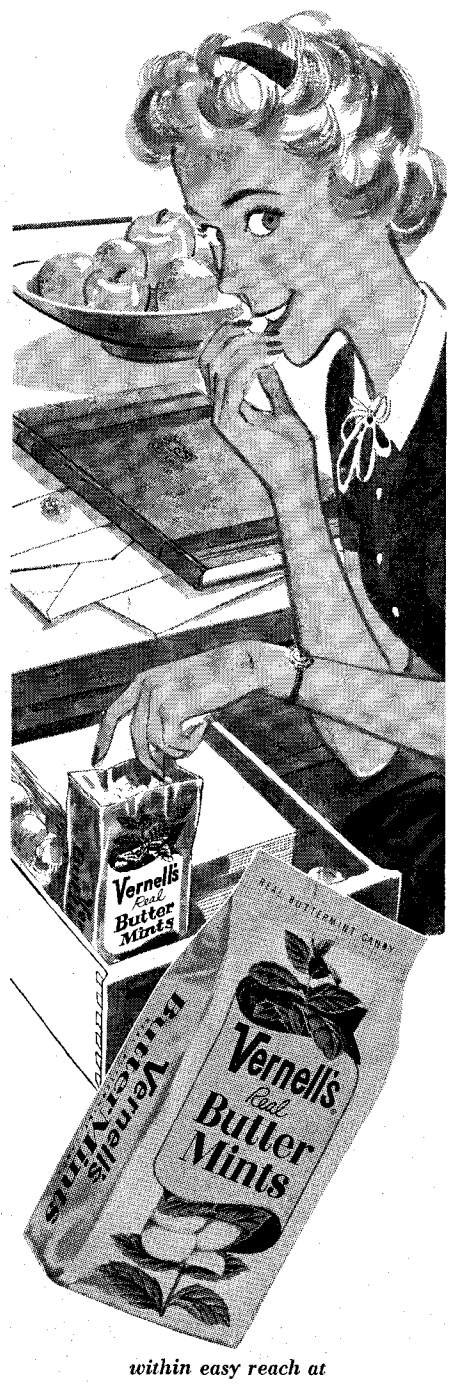

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business. Now me, I mind everybody's business. I've lived twenty-three years in this part of the country. Know it like a book, every whoop and hollow from here to the Rio Pecos. Know most of the Indians, too; over half of them by sight. I don't think there's been a white captive taken, killed off, traded, died or married that I don't know about. Jim, I'm personally acquainted with every rancher, every badman, cow thief, gunslinger, preacher, widow and virgin in this part of Texas. Twenty-three years I've stood the damned heat and the dust and a lot of trouble to know all these things, so when anyone wants anything from me, including your colonel, he has to pay for it. If that sounds tough, then just remember that every man has something to sell, and I never give anything away for free."

"You going to tell the colonel that?"

"Sure. How much is he offering for this job?"

Gary shook his head. "He didn't say. How high is your price?"

"A thousand dollars for every one I bring back," McCabe said. "Then, and only then will I take the job."

Jim Gary thought about this, then said, "The Comanches and Kiowas have had nearly twenty-five years of war in which to take women and children. Since they're the only Indians who keep slaves, it's natural to think that a lot of them would still be alive. Guthrie, you ought to see the camp outside the post. I'll bet there's thirty families there, all hollering for the Army to bring back the lost, strayed or stolen. Your price is a little high, seems to me."

"It's the value I place on my services," McCabe said. "You're free to get someone else to go into Comanche country, Jim."

"There isn't anybody who knows what you know."

"Then don't quibble about the price. Look, Jim, I got kicked off a wagon and landed here broke. Anson Miles gave me a handout, and that's the way it's been, one handout after another until I got smart and began listening and learning and nosing around. Folks began to learn that if you wanted to know a thing, ask the McCabe kid."

"You're a hard, practical man," Gary said. "Suppose the colonel goes your price and you bring back twenty or thirty captives. What are you going to do with the money?"

"Buy something," McCabe said vaguely. "Something I've wanted for a long time." He laughed. "You ever hear the saying that money can't buy happiness? It's true, but it'll certainly make misery more comfortable."

Sergeant O'Reilly came around, and Jim Gary got to his feet. Corporal Buskin was having the mounts brought in from the picket line and the detail formed quickly. The talk between Gary and McCabe seemed ended, yet the silence was unsettled, like the quiet after an argument when both parties expect to resume it more feverishly.

Through the cool of night and the gauze grayness of early dawn they pushed on, while in the east, a streak of light marked the horizon, and then the first orange rays of the sun washed across the flats.

In the distance, a little over a mile, Anson Miles' house was plainly visible, a high, three-storied salt-box house with ridiculous gables and scrimshaw work, a thirteen-room monument to bad taste and misspent money sitting alone and weathered on a barren plain.

"A big house for one man and one woman," Gary said softly. "When I get his age, I want people around me."

"He's got hired hands," McCabe said. He looked sharply at Gary. "Do you think I owe him anything? I worked double for everything he gave me."

"Don't we all?" Gary said.

When they were several hundred yards away, a dog charged toward them, yapping and showing his teeth. One of the troopers took his carbine by the barrel and cracked the animal solidly across the rump as he dodged about; surprised and somewhat pained, the dog tucked its tail between its legs and scooted for the shelter of the house.

Anson Miles hobbled out of the house as McCabe and the cavalry dismounted before the broad porch. Miles was a man in his early sixties, unshaven, unwashed, foul of temper and manner now that he was permanently lamed. His wife came to the doorway; a much younger woman, she could easily have passed for his daughter.

"Which of you buggers hit my dog?" Miles wanted to know. He was a small man, with a small man's tendency toward belligerence; he acted as though he were being put upon continually. Miles' face was not unhandsome, yet he wore the pinched expression so common among people who nurse dissatisfaction with living.

"Could we have some water?" Jim Gary asked, keeping his voice pleasant. He looked past Miles, then swept off his hat. "The heat bothering you, Mrs. Miles?"

"I pay it no mind. It vexes Anson, though."

"I'll live through it," Miles snapped. He flung an arm toward the creek near the barns. "It's nigh dry now. You might as well finish it."

"You'll get rain in another month," Gary said. He dismounted and motioned for Sergeant O'Reilly to take the detail on.

"You said that the last time you was here," Miles said. Then he looked at McCabe. "I don't see much of you any more."

"My own business keeps me busy," McCabe said.

The cavalry was near the big barn, and Miles heard the barn door open. "Damn them soldiers! If they're in my feed bin again ——" He stomped off the porch and darted around the house.

Gary slapped his gloves against his thigh and said, "I'd better look into this. Can I take care of your horse, Guthrie?"

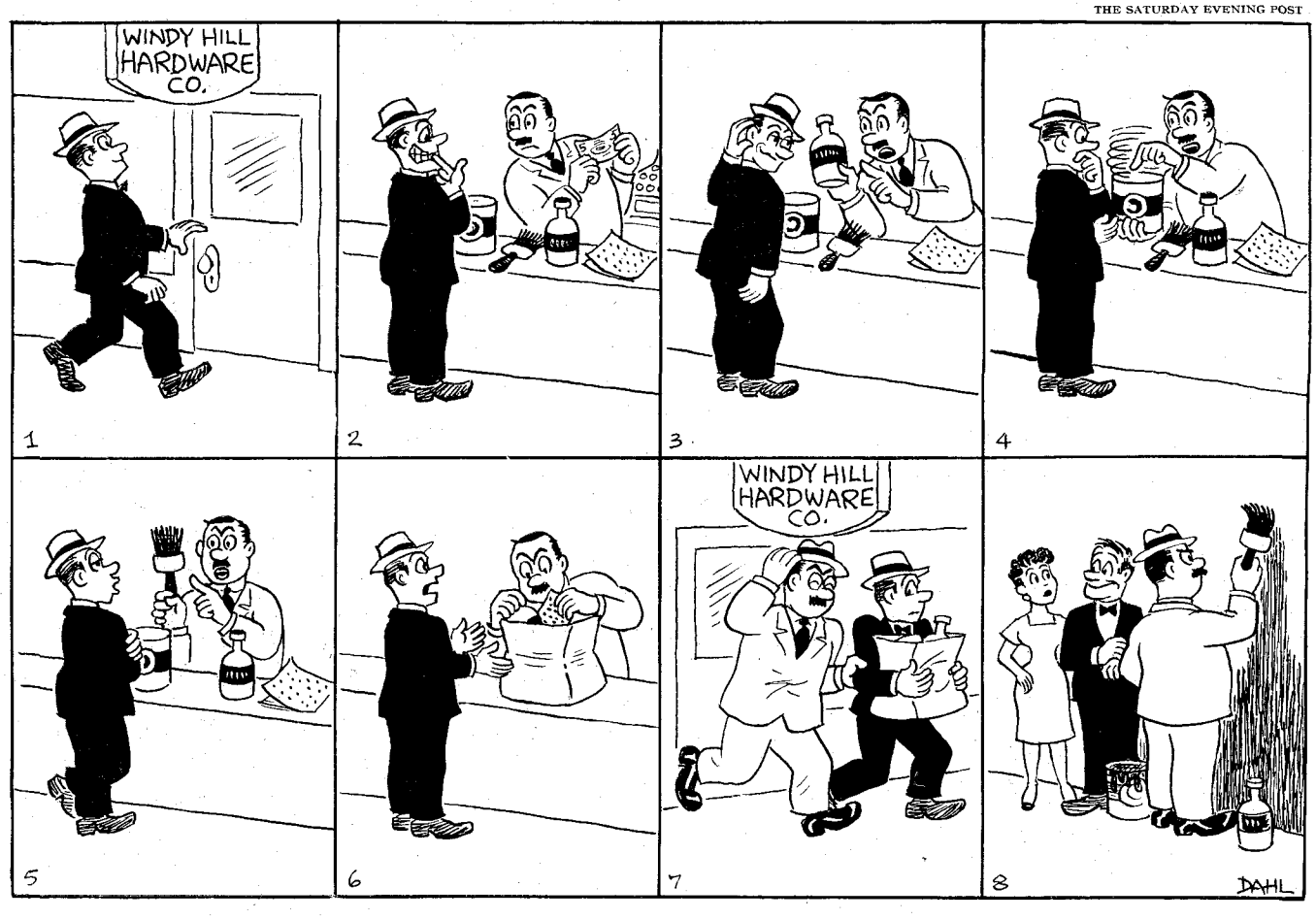
"Thank you," McCabe said. As soon as Gary left, he stepped out of the bake-oven heat and into the shade of the porch. When he looked at Carrie Miles, he let his glance soften. She was a shapely woman in her late twenties. Her hair was dark and long, and she liked to wear combs in it to bind it tightly, holding it away from her neck.

(*Continued on Page 48*)

THE GREENWOODS

By Dahl

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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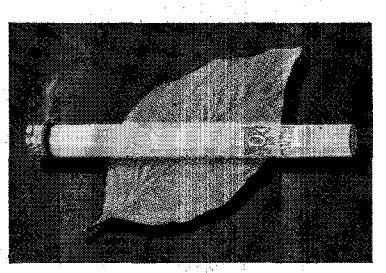

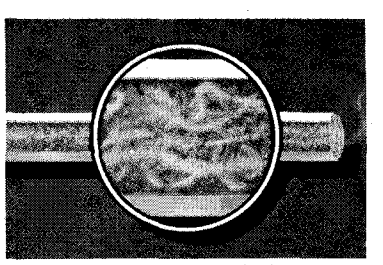

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(*Continued from Page 46*) "I'd like to ask you in," she said. "But you know how Anson feels about you."

"It's all right."

"No, it's not all right." She paused a moment. "I don't get to see anyone out here."

McCabe spoke softly. "Then I should stop by more often."

This pleased her; a flush came into her cheeks. She patted her hair, then smoothed her plain dress. "He doesn't take me to town any more. I guess he thinks I'd run away if he did."

"Do you think of that?" McCabe smiled. "You don't have any money; you wouldn't get any farther than Tascosa. And if he came to town after you and dragged you home, the shame of it would kill you."

"One of these days," she said softly, "the need will be bigger than the shame."

"Find a man. Then you won't have to wait. A man would answer for you, Carrie." He saw Gary approaching and moved to the edge of the porch.

"I'm ready," Gary said.

"All right. In a minute." McCabe waited, and finally Gary walked away again. When he was out of earshot, McCabe said, "I expect Anson goes into town on Saturday and comes back the next Monday?"

"Yes, but only once a month. It'll be three weeks now before he goes again."

McCabe did not look at her, but off in the distance. "Be something to look forward to, won't it? Likely my stay at Fort Elliott won't be long. I ought to be passing through here about then."

Gary was already mounted and shooting impatient glances toward the porch; McCabe walked across the interval to the barn and stepped into the saddle. Miles said nothing, and after thanking him again for the water, Gary turned out, heading the detail.

Fort Elliott lay to the east, a five-hour ride, and Gary took care not to march too rapidly in the heat. They raised the fort before noon, and O'Reilly dismissed the detail and tended the horses while McCabe went to headquarters with Jim Gary. There was not much activity on the post; the heat was oppressive, and only the detail men who had duty moved about. McCabe was surprised at the number of civilians. They clustered about the sutler's place, men, women, some children; they seemed to be waiting for time to pass.

Gary took McCabe's arm and ushered him into the front office. An orderly saluted, then knocked on Colonel Frazer's door. There was a murmur of talk, then the orderly stepped back so they could enter.

McKay Frazer was a man grown old in the service. His hair was shot with gray and he wore a full mustache, the ends upsweeping grandly. His eyes were matching agates sheltered in deep sockets and screened by gray bushy eyebrows.

"Sit down, McCabe." He opened a box of cigars and offered one to each of them. "I'll try to make the long ride worth while." Frazer struck a match on the underside of his desk, then leaned forward so both men could take a light. "Did you see the civilian camp near the south gate?"

"No," McCabe said. "But there were quite a few on the post."

"They come in for supplies," Colonel Frazer said. "It's good business for the sutler, but hell on the commanding officer." He tipped back his chair. "Most of those people have been out here before, McCabe. Some as far back as twenty years ago. And they all lost a part of their families to the raiding Comanches. Now that there's peace, they want to find the lost ones. They think it's an Army job to return them."

"It is," McCabe said.

McKay Frazer frowned. "We both know that it's a job the Army can't do. Not without trouble, and Washington won't stand for that."

"Send the civilians home then."

"No. They write letters, and Congressmen put pressure on the generals and it all comes back to me." Frazer sighed. "We'll solve it right here, McCabe—at Fort Elliott. I need you, and I'll pay you chief scout's wages."

McCabe glanced at Gary, who was studying the stitching in his gloves, and then looked at Frazer and smiled. "My price was a little higher, colonel."

"All right. Perhaps I can stretch the point a little."

"About a thousand dollars a head for every captive I return?"

Blood mounted angrily in Frazer's face; it was a moment before he could speak. "McCabe, this is not a business venture, but a Christian service." He put his cigar into a glass dish. "Shall we consider your remark a bad joke, McCabe?"

"Consider it my lowest offer," McCabe said flatly. He leaned forward. "Colonel, if you take troops south into Comanche country, they'll think it's a violation of the treaty and you'll have war again. You need a civilian, one who knows them and can come and go without losing his hair. Now, I set the price. You either meet it or not."

"The general would never allow me to spend that kind of money, and you know it!"

"You pay me chief scout's wages then. I'll make up the balance from the civilians." He studied Frazer's anger, then laughed. "Colonel, don't let your temper get the best of you now. I'll admit my price is steep, but the service is big. I look at it this way—you need me badly, colonel, or you wouldn't have offered this to me twice."

Frazer got up and turned his back to McCabe as though he could no longer bear to look at him; he stared out the window at the shimmering parade ground. "It's a pity," he said, "that we are forced to do business with those who disgust us the most. These civilians know that Lieutenant Gary went to fetch a man; rumor got out and spread rapidly because it was something they wanted to believe, that you were a messiah come to deliver them." He spun around on his heel and stared at McCabe. "That, too, is a pity, that they'd put trust in a man like ——" He closed his mouth with a snap. "We'll keep this impersonal. Better that way. And as soon as the job is done, I can throw you off the post with a clear conscience." He waved his hand. "Find him suitable quarters, Gary. I don't mean in the guardhouse, although the thought delights me."

"A pleasure to do business with you," McCabe said and followed Gary outside.

"I didn't think you'd do it," Gary said. "That's the truth, Guthrie. I thought you'd back down the last minute."

"I don't back down," McCabe said as they crossed the parade toward the officers' picket quarters. "You share the colonel's opinion?"

"Maybe. I've never had a chance to make a lot of money, so I can't say what I'd do."

The quarters were no worse, no better than any occupied by the junior officers on the post. A small room, one cot, two chairs, a dresser, a desk and a closet, nothing more. McCabe looked around, then shrugged. "It's not the Palace Hotel in Denver, is it?"

"No. I'll have an orderly bring your blankets later. Do you want to see the civilian camp?"

"Why not?" McCabe said. He smiled. "Jim, tears won't shake my price."

Better eating with that

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"Tears?" He looked questioningly at him. "Guthrie, you've got it all wrong. They stopped crying a long time ago."

"Then why the fuss to get their kin back? We both know that after three or four years a captive is free to leave when he wants to. Don't these people know that?"

Gary nodded. "They know it, but I guess they still had to come back. Some people have to do the right thing no matter what it costs them." He stepped onto the porch and walked toward the side gate, McCabe following him. "I'd keep out of Colonel Frazer's way if I were you," Gary said. "He's got five months to go before retirement, and if it weren't for preserving a good record, he'd throw the book at you."

"He wants a record, and I want money," McCabe said. "Show me the difference, Jim."

"Can't, because I want a few things myself. Not big things though. I guess you'd say that I think small; it's a failing of mine."

The guard at the water gate brought his carbine to present arms, then passed Gary and McCabe through. The civilian camp was backed up to the creek, occupying the entire cottonwood grove. Tents, lean-to shelters, wagons, all crowded together in disorder.

"How long have they been here?" McCabe asked.

"Some since the last rain, nearly four months ago."

"They ought to go home," McCabe said. "The country was too tough for them before, and it hasn't changed much." He stopped as a man walked toward them.

"That's Wringle. He's something of a leader here," Gary said. "Hello there, Mr. Wringle." He shook hands while Wringle studied Guthrie McCabe.

"Is this the man we've waited for?" Wringle had a deep voice, and words rumbled in his chest. His clothes were blue overalls and a brown shirt, a little frayed.

"This is Guthrie McCabe," Jim Gary said. "He may take you into the country south of here."

"What's this?" McCabe asked. "Man, I go alone or not at all."

"Well, I was supposed to explain that to you, Guthrie. I guess it slipped my mind. The colonel wants the grove cleared out, so he thought it would be all right if they all went south with you. There's good land there and ——"

McCabe took Gary by the arm and pulled him around to face him. "You knew this in Tascosa?"

"Like I said, it slipped my mind."

"It did like hell! Jim, if I'd have known this, I wouldn't have ridden with you."

"I know it. So I kept quiet about it." He made an appeal with his hands. "Is this asking too much? It'll save you considerable riding back and forth. Last month I took a patrol south. There's a spring and timber about forty miles from here. They could camp there while you did your looking."

McCabe frowned. "I'll have to think about this." He turned his head and looked at the camp as though studying it, gauging the poverty of it, or its wealth.

"We've come a long way," Wringle said, "and suffered many years of disappointment to be turned down now on a man's whim."

"Friend, my whim decides whether Iron Hand's Comanches give up their prisoners or not," McCabe said.

"That's right, Mr. Wringle," Gary said. "Mr. McCabe knows Iron Hand and can do business with him when no one else can."

Wringle thought about this for a moment, then said, "Seems funny to me that one man could be so friendly with ——"

"I used to sell whisky to him," McCabe said and watched the disapproval rise in Wringle's eyes. "You don't like that, Wringle?"

"Didn't say that." He looked at Gary. "It ain't for me to sit in judgment of a man—not when getting my boy back depends on him. You see, I lost my wife and boy about twelve years ago on the way to El Paso. The heart sort of goes out of a man when that happens." He shrugged his beefy shoulders. "All I want is my boy back. Don't care how it's done or who does it."

"I didn't think you did," McCabe said. "Tell your people I'll drop over later tonight. We'll talk about this."

Wringle frowned, then asked, "What's there to talk about? You either go or you don't."

"You don't have the notion that I'll go for nothing, do you?" He took Gary by the arm. "Let's go get a drink." Gary opened his mouth to say something, then thought better of it and followed McCabe back to the water gate. As they stepped inside, Guthrie asked, "That sutler's whisky any good?"

"No, but I've got a decent bottle in my dresser drawer," Gary said.

"It'd better be full," McCabe said and cut across the parade.

In his room, Gary set up the glasses and poured. When McCabe had his drink, Gary said, "Guthrie, you don't give a damn whether people like you or not, do you?"

"No. Should I?"

"It's a natural thing for a man to want. Are you going to take them south?"

McCabe shrugged. "After tonight I'll know." He drank his whisky and set the glass down. "After tonight I'll know if they have any money or not."

"Comes back to that, does it?" Gary sat down on the edge of his bunk. "You want a lot of money. Can a man ask why?"

For a moment it seemed that McCabe was not going to answer. Then he said, "Anson Miles owes nine years of back taxes on his place. I want to buy it."

"That eyesore?"

"All in the point of view," McCabe said. "You ever been inside the place? Well, the hall opens into a big room with the ceiling three stories high, with carved beams and four chandeliers hanging from gold chains. There are tapestries on the walls and polished marble floors. He built it for his first wife nearly thirty years ago. Then the war broke him. She died and he shut up the house, all except two rooms near the front." McCabe looked steadily at Jim Gary. "When I get that place, I'm going to light all the lamps and

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By Curtis Heath

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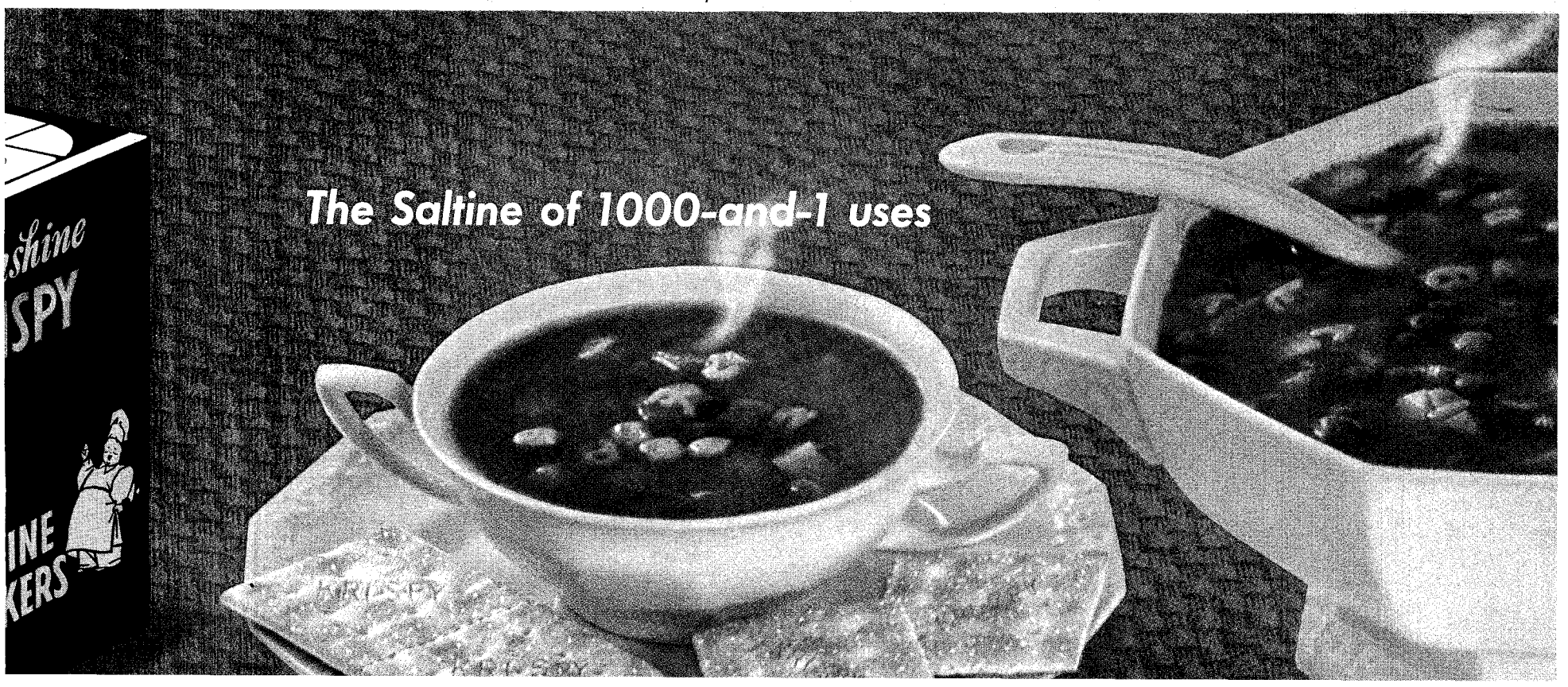

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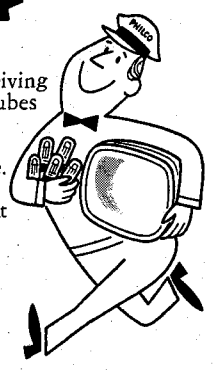

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open the doors and hire an orchestra and invite everyone just to see what it's like alive instead of a tomb." He poured from the bottle again. "All the time I lived there, I couldn't touch anything. It was like living in a castle and yet never being allowed off the floor. Does that make sense to you, Jim? To want something just because you want it?" He laughed uneasily. "Maybe after I get it I'll find that I never wanted it at all."

"That was my thought," Gary said. "I don't think it'll pay you back for all the years you lived under Anson's foot."

"Might be that way. It just might be."

"Then it was for nothing."

"No," McCabe said. "I'll put a match to the place and have the biggest bonfire in Texas." He raised his glass. "This is good whisky, Jim. It sort of evens it out for the cigars."

"That's a funny thing to say."

"Is it? I guess I'm naturally suspicious of any man who doesn't indulge himself in something," McCabe said. "But now I won't have to be, will I?" He chuckled. "What's the frown for, Jim?"

"Just trying to figure out how much in you was good and how much was bad. Right now it seems important that I know," Gary said.

"When you find that out about any man," Guthrie McCabe said, "then tell me, because it wouldn't be fair just to have one smart man in the world."

The invitation to have supper with Colonel Frazer took Jim Gary completely by surprise; he barely had time to shave and change into a clean uniform before it was time to dine. In the back of Gary's mind always lay the hope that someday he would advance to this rank and live in a big house with three enlisted servants and live graciously, or as graciously as one could under frontier conditions; this occurred to him as he was ushered into the parlor and handed a glass of sherry.

"Short notice, I know," Frazer said, "but I'm glad you could come, Gary."

"It was kind of you to invite me, sir."

"Have a chair. Try that leather one; I think you'll find it comfortable." Frazer sat down across from Gary. "Somehow a good sherry is made better by company." He put his glass aside. "I suppose McCabe is at the camp pinching purses."

"He told them he'd speak to them this evening, sir."

Frazer drummed his fingers for a moment. "I hate a man like McCabe, always after something, always something more than they have." He sighed heavily. "Well, in a few more months I'll be out of this, Gary. With luck, I'll retire a brigadier." He studied Jim Gary from beneath the thicket of his brows. "How long have you been in grade?"

"Nearly four years, sir."

"Where do you stand on the list?"

"Twelfth, I think."

Frazer nodded solemnly. "That'll mean another year at least, Gary. Seems a shame. You're a good officer with a lot of promise."

"That's very flattering, sir."

"It's the truth; that's why I said it; I rarely flatter a man just to be doing it. Care for some more wine? No? I think I'll have some. A good wine always adds something just before a meal. We have damned few graces on the frontier. You didn't know my wife, did you?"

"No, sir. It was never my pleasure."

"A good woman," Frazer said. "She took the heat and the discomfort for twenty-seven years, God bless her, and I never once heard her complain, although she had reason to." He smiled. "Is there a woman someplace for you, Gary?"

"No, sir. The Army's my life."

"A lonely life without a woman, Gary. Better find one." He waved his hand. "There ought to be someone in the civilian camp, some pretty girl no one has noticed."

"I'll have to look, sir."

"You do that. Consider it an order." Frazer drank some of the wine. "Ticklish business, this trying to locate lost relatives. As a final assignment to cap off a clean career I can think of things more preferential. And this man McCabe will make trouble. A thousand dollars a head!" Frazer snorted briefly. "If I had more time I'd send him packing and find another man. You've known him for some time, haven't you, Gary?"

"Yes, a few years."

"Strange," Frazer said. "I mean, you and McCabe being friends. One man by training and instinct a gentleman, a man of honor, and the other a profiteer of the lowest sort, a man obviously with neither honor nor conscience." He shook his head. "There's an old saying about strange bedfellows, Gary. Most apt in this case."

"McCabe has always been honest with me, sir."

"Has he? Wait until he wants something from you. No, I must tolerate him, but I'll never trust him. That's why I'm placing you on detached duty, Gary. You'll go into the Comanche stronghold with him—out of uniform, of course." Frazer finished the wine and pushed bottle and glass aside. "Gary, I'll be frank with you. The general has given me a difficult assignment and if I want to go out a brigadier, I'll have to complete it without trouble. Do you think I'll enjoy a decent night's sleep until McCabe leaves my province? I'm sure I won't. But it will ease my mind if I know that you're there, to take over in the event he gets out of hand. Gary, I can pull some weight in Washington, and I can have you set up on the promotional list. This isn't a promise, mind you, but a strong possibility that you'd make captain within three months—six, on the outside." He leaned back and folded his hands. "I'm sorry to rush you like this, but there isn't much time. I'll need an answer tonight."

"Just what is it you want me to do, sir?"

"Keep McCabe from exploiting those people."

"How can I do that, sir? He's a strong man who does what he wants. When he was elected sheriff, the county wasn't fit to live in, with rustlers getting fat and toughs running the town. McCabe cleaned them out in three months; he's that kind."

"You're a resourceful young man, Gary. Think of a way. I'll give McCabe chief scout's pay, but not a cent more. The job will be done at my price, Gary, and that's final."

"Colonel, I thought you agreed ——"

"With a rogue like McCabe?" Frazer laughed and got up from his chair. "I believe dinner is served, Gary. Come along, and don't let your conscience trouble you where a man like McCabe is concerned." He took Jim Gary by the arm. "You've got a career to think of. A captaincy now will mean a majority before you're forty. What does McCabe matter when you think of that?"

"I guess it doesn't matter," Gary said and sat down at the table, his manner grave and troubled. The soup was excellent, yet he ate mechanically, thinking about the things McCabe had said to him, about all men wanting something, wanting it bad enough to push all else aside to get it. And in that moment, Gary understood why he had tolerated the man; they were not dissimilar at all, except in method, and there McCabe was perhaps the more honest, for he never hid his desires, even from himself.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Perfect Squelch

Old Mr. Wilde, whose memory was as short as his temper, got into his car after an evening meeting and started homeward. As he came to the first intersection, a car from the side street missed him by inches.

Roaring like a cracked boiler, Wilde jumped from his car and started giving the other driver a large piece of his mind. Having called him a public menace and a threat to life, Wilde expanded on his carelessness and stupidity.

When Wilde finally paused for breath, the other driver spoke for the first time. "Are you finished?" he asked.

"Well, yes," Wilde sputtered.

"Then," the other said quietly, "I'd like to suggest that the next time you drive at night you turn on your lights."

Elizabeth Norris Hauer

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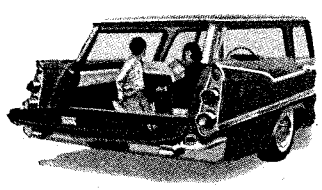
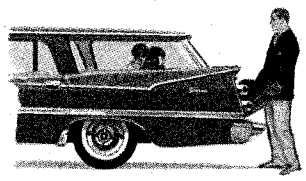
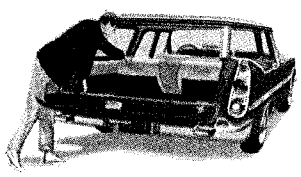


Rear-facing "Observation Lounge"



One-piece tailgate, power window

Seats fold to form level platform



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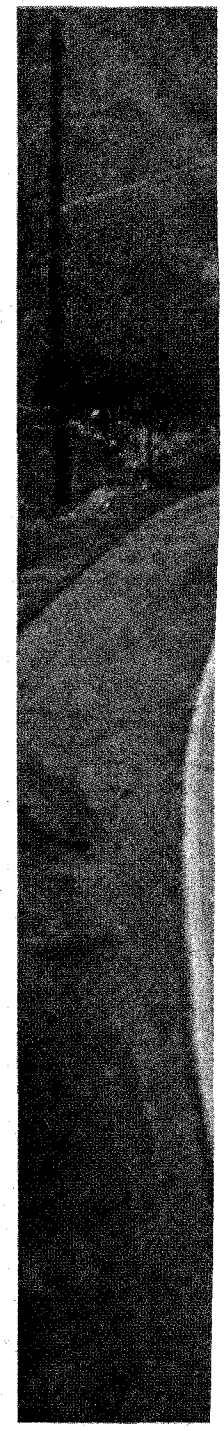

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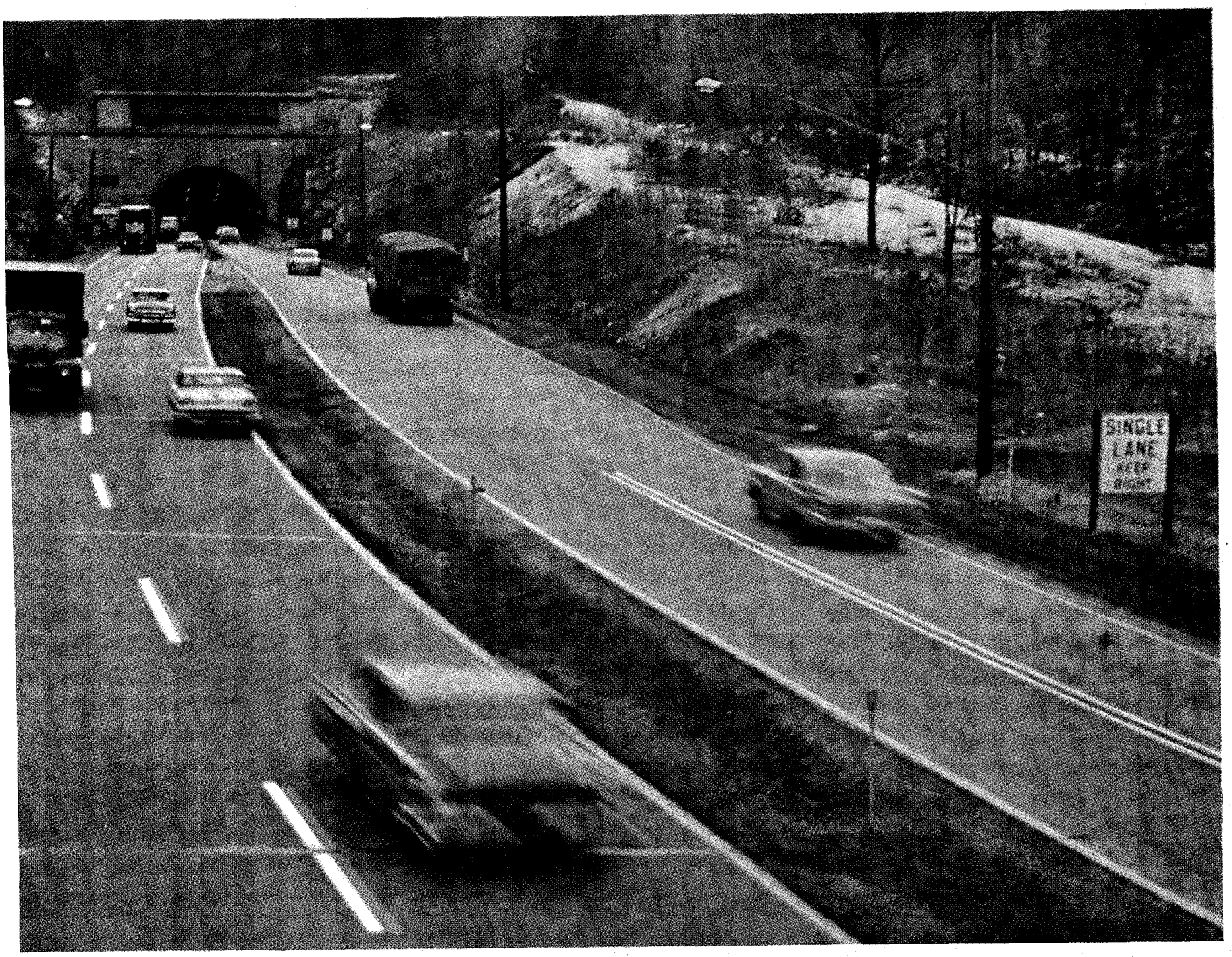

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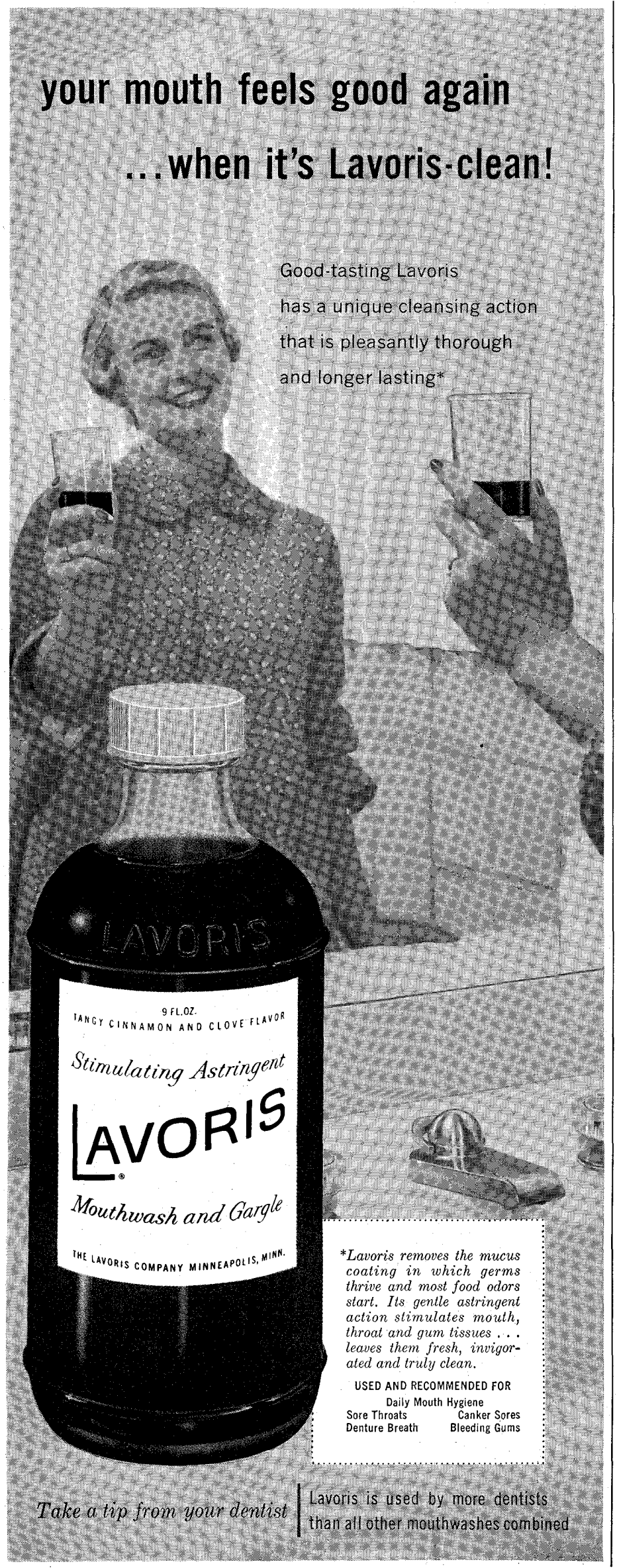
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Panic on Flight Nine (Continued from Page 26)

had a stubborn chin. She was slight as a fashion model, and really lovely to see in her trim uniform. No older, I think, than the tourist passenger whose sandy hair needed cutting, and his old suit pressing. And he wore no wrist watch. Miss Pike surveyed him with hard blue eyes and turned her shapely shoulder against him. She was angry, but disciplined.

Now we professors aren't so absent-minded as you may have heard. We have to get acquainted with the inside as well as the outside of our students, to separate the showy cheats from the clumsy pluggers, and watch out for the spoiled scions of family influence. We could qualify as judges in most juvenile courts. I noticed how the boy from the tourist section felt defensive in the first-class lounge, and how he merely turned the pages of the magazines curiously as if he hadn't seen such things for a long time. Then he took out a crumpled letter to read, addressed to a David Curran at an A.P.O. number through New York. That, with the way he wore his threadbare civilian suit, indicated that he'd been out of the country for a long spell, possibly in uniform and certainly without much money. Or so I thought.

As for the attractive Miss Pike, I'd heard that these young stewardesses played up to promising male passengers, being in quest of a well-qualified husband. And why not? Sex, either male or female, has changed little during our six millenniums of civilization. Women have always been more clear-minded—call it mercenary if you will—in choosing a mate. They've had to think about food and a secure home, if not children.

"Luck," remarked Miss Pike brightly over the cards, "is breaking against you, Mr. ——"

The big man with MG initials did not give his name. "There's no such thing, girlie. Only circumstances. Play circumstances right and you have what superstitious yaps call luck. Give me three."

Miss Pike laughed softly as she dealt out three cards. MG spoke like someone accustomed to attention. The briefcase wedged behind him had his initials in gold; his loosened silk tie had an antique opal pin, and his turned-up cuffs had links fitted with fine crystal cameos that looked Roman to me. Older than the silent David, MG seemed to be successful, decisive and clear-minded. Also he liked Miss Pike for a companion.

A buzzer sounded somewhere. Miss Pike didn't stir, but Miss Stauber came back with a low word for Captain Schmidt, who'd been watching the cards. I caught the word "storm." The captain looked out the window, ahead, and started back casually to the nose of our Flight Nine. Above us the blank August sky was clear; ahead in the west, white clouds banked high.

Miss Pike remarked to her companion that this would be the last hand, because we were going to dodge some clouds, and MG said as he was loser, she'd have to give him a play at the cocktail hour. Flight Nine served drinks and snacks to the first-class passengers.

Dave Curran looked out and muttered, "Clouds, at eighteen thousand feet? In August? Don't you mean thunderheads over the mountains?"

It was true that somewhere ahead lay the Sangre de Cristo Range, with the lift of the Rockies beyond. Until he mentioned mountains I had not thought of that. The girl's tense temper sent out a small spark, a whispered exclamation. "Shall I tell the pilots you're afraid of thunderstorms?"

MG smiled and laid his hand on hers. Then his expression changed queerly. Curran said nothing, but took something out of his pocket to look at. I thought it might be a compass, but it was a clear violet stone, large as the end of my thumb. In a shaft of sunlight it shone with purple fire. Something had been carved on the flat side of the jewel.

"An oriental amethyst!" said MG decisively. "That's rare enough. Where'd you pick this up, mister?"

"In a hell of a snowstorm."

MG never took his eyes from it. Pulling a pocket magnifying glass from his briefcase, he studied it swiftly, and Miss Pike leaned over to look, exclaiming that it was lovely.

It was certainly strange that this boy without a trace of jewelry on him should be carrying such a translucent stone loose in his pocket. I began to suspect what it might be and when I had a chance to examine it I did not need the glass to make certain.

The flat surface of the amethyst had a figure carved with incredible skill—the form of a tall man with towering crown stepping out of a cloak that resembled a cloud. By some peculiarity of the cutting it seemed to move when turned toward the light. One hand thrust out a kind of broken spear, the other raised a knobby club.

"It's old enough to be Greek," observed MG. The signet ring on his finger was a Greek gem—a trinket compared to the treasure of the amethyst.

"No," I told him, "it's a thousand years older than Greece. Few like it have ever been found. The carved image is the sky god of the Hittites; archaeologists have named him Teshub, the weather god. This spear means a lightning shaft, and the club a thunder stroke."

"So that's the gimmick." MG was looking at Curran with new appraisal. The cardplayer seemed to be a collector of antique gems.

I explained what everyone ought to know but didn't. How in the dawn of time civilized man made the sky his first god. Out of the sky came death-dealing floods or drought or life-giving rains and sun warmth. Of course those earliest peoples could not explore the stratosphere with planes or instrument-bearing missiles—or get a weather report from Greenland. They personalized the sky, and made themselves small images of the person-in-power above them. They tried to protect themselves by carrying such images wherever they went. And they fancied that the mysterious amethystine quartz had protective power. Even the Greeks believed that an amethyst cup protected them from drinking poison.

"Superstition!" said MG.

Curran had followed all I said attentively—I know when a student becomes really interested. "I don't know," he muttered, half to himself. "There's plenty we don't understand about atmospheric phenomena."

"Whatever the gimmick is," said MG, "I'll give you this for it." He put two fifty-dollar bills from his wallet by the violet stone on the magazine holder.

Miss Pike stirred but said nothing. And I had a sudden misgiving. This boy coming out of the tourist section on his own, producing a rare gem under the eyes of a passenger obviously wealthy with a fancy for such things—was it pure coincidence or a smart selling pitch? I guessed that the girl was wondering as much. Yet the stone was real enough. No modern gem fakers could carve the hard surface of a jewel as the ancient Hittites did. Either way, MG wanted that stone.

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Until then our lounge had been motionless as the floor of a building. Now it rose gently and sank under us. The sunlight dimmed out. Curran was looking at the bank notes near his hand, and I knew he wanted the money. "No," he replied slowly, "I don't think I'd sell this, even for two hundred dollars."

MG could make up his mind quickly. "All right," he snapped; "I'll pay you five hundred." He pulled a folded checkbook from his pocket. "Two hundred cash, and my check for the balance." He flipped a hotel credit card out of the book.

I was sure the boy would take the money. So, I think, was MG, as he opened his checkbook. How cleverly he'd managed to display tangible money beside the solitary violet stone of unknown value! To me it was simply a rare specimen of Hittite artistry. For some reason it fascinated Miss Pike, who watched the faces of the two men. To MG it was merely a collector's prize. But what value could it have for the boy, more than five hundred dollars?

Curran put his clenched hand down on the checkbook. "I told you," he said unsteadily, "I wouldn't sell it."

He had not said that, exactly. But MG's dark eyes narrowed as if the boy had reneged on a bet. "Suppose you tell me"—temper spaced his words—"why not—if you really own it?"

"If you really picked it up in a snowstorm," added Miss Pike skeptically, "it didn't cost you anything, did it?"

He looked at her over his clenched fist. "You wouldn't believe," he said slowly, "that a person exists who'd never sell this—he gave it away."

Because this girl had hinted he was lying, Dave Curran explained hard facts in few words. Last winter as a captain in the American Military Mission to Turkey, he'd been posted on the eastern, mountain frontier, based at Erzerum. Being a specialist in meteorology, he'd had the job of charting the atmospheric pattern over those mountains which rise to the snowy Caucasus, the sky over which is claimed by the U.S.S.R.—as some wandering American planes had discovered to their cost. He'd been inspecting instruments atop an 11,000-foot summit when the snow struck suddenly, he said, with a shift of wind to the north. A blizzard, we would call it in the States. The temperature dropped under zero.

So Dave Curran started to find his way down, alone in a jeep with full power. The road, however, was a wagon track, soon obscured by swirling snow, and before long the vehicle slipped off into a clump of boulders where it had no traction. Curran didn't worry, because he knew the terrain. He pulled up his parka hood and started walking down the track, keeping the wind on his back. About a thousand feet down there was a village called Akbaba, or White Daddy, where he could find shelter.

Then he saw the light through the murk of the storm, on the slope side. It was only a glimmer, but it had to be in a house of some kind, and it turned out to be in a stone hut set into the slope to withstand wind and cold. Instead of glass, an old sheepskin flapped in the window. When he wrestled open the door he found no fire. A clay lamp flickering on a bench showed some straw piled into one corner, and a grizzled Turkish peasant curled up in the straw with a six-year-old boy in his arms. Smoking charcoal under the roof hole meant they'd burned the last of their wood and the room was almost as cold as the slope outside. No place, Curran decided, to wait out a blizzard.

But he had to think about the man, who said his name was Buran, and the kid, named Anda. The man was weak—no food could be seen in the place—and already stiffening with the piercing high-altitude cold. Buran said he couldn't walk, outside. He was trying to keep the child warmed inside their one big sheepskin coat. The worst of it was, however, that Buran had made up his mind he would die; and when an old Turkish peasant makes up his mind about that, it's almost impossible to get him to think otherwise. He wanted the American to carry the boy Anda down to the village, which might possibly be done.

Curran then studied the situation with a view to keeping the two of them alive. If he made a fire out of the straw, it would flame up for no more than a minute. He knew Turkish a bit because he'd been two

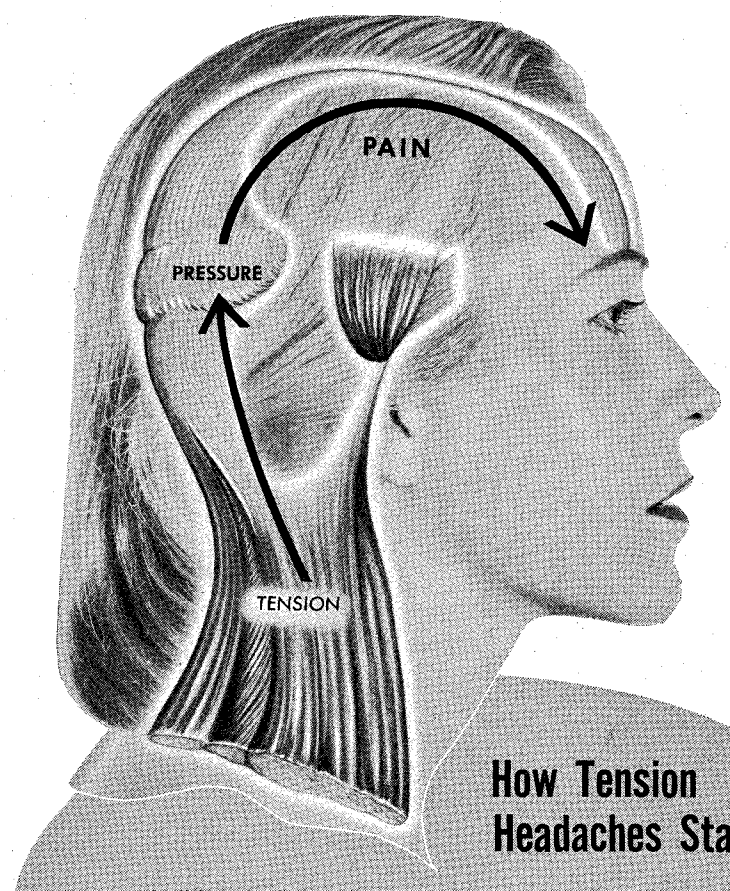
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm home early because I pinned the tail on Mr. Johnson by mistake."

How you can break up the

VICIOUS CYCLE of NERVOUS TENSION HEADACHES

Better than aspirin even with buffering added



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3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in

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years in the area, and he also had explored the mountains for meteorological reasons, finding some huge stones of vanished Hittite palaces. He remembered a curiosity of nature in a gully nearby, where caves opened up the limestone cliffs. Deep in one of the caverns he'd come on sulphur springs, steaming hot. That seemed to him to be the only solution of the problem of keeping both father and son alive for the hours until aid might reach them from the village of White Daddy.

Mind you, Curran must have made some careful calculations of the degree of warmth in that sheltered cavern, and of Buran's state of mind. And it must have taken some doing, to carry the youngster while he searched out the cavern mouth, and then to repeat the journey with the hopeless Buran on his back. But, as he calculated, the warmth of the springs kept the inner end of the low cave livable. Curran managed to stoke the father and son up a bit by fetching some canned meat and brownbread from the stranded jeep.

When he came back with food, it did something to the man Buran, who livened up when he saw the child eating—which Anda did without any inhibitions. Buran began to talk a lot, and the soldier could not understand all he said. About something stronger than fate. It seemed that he thought it had brought the soldier into his door in the storm, and brought food to the cave where no food existed. Curran only thought the peasant had recovered from his complex about dying.

"*Haroush*," said Curran, meaning that was good.

Sensing that he wasn't understood too well, Buran wiped his scarred hands and dug into the cloth that served him for a belt. He pulled out the carved amethyst and put it into Curran's hand, closing the soldier's fingers over the ancient gem. Then, as they watched Anda stoking in brownbread, Buran said a lot more.

He said his father had found the stone in a ruin, and it had protected his pop, and him too. It had brought the American out of the storm when nobody journeyed over a mountain road. Now—so said Buran—it belonged to the soldier. It would protect him against death in the mountains. (And, Curran thought, Buran fancied the charm might take him down safely to the village, to make sure that the boy Anda lived.)

In any case, it happened that way. Curran reached White Daddy before dark, and the next day a rescue party went back with him to the grotto, to take Buran and his boy out on a stretcher, and haul up the stranded jeep. Buran was not willing to take back his charm. The villagers said he was stubborn, and superstitious like all the older peasants. Curran thanked him and said he'd carry the violet stone for a lucky piece.

The loud-speaker rasped just then and Captain Schmidt's voice sounded quickly. "Everyone, please fasten your seat belts. We're going into a cloud and you will be a little uncomfortable for a quarter of an hour."

The sign above us flicked on: FASTEN SEAT BELTS. NO SMOKING, PLEASE.

The mass of metal around us fell away. Miss Pike had started toward the passengers and she spun on her feet like a marionette. Curran moved quickly to catch the girl, and she cried out, "Let me alone."

Instead, he eased her down to the floor, which was heaving up against us. I remember that MG caught at his checkbook sliding off the magazine cover. He used both hands.

It took me a minute to bump and slide into my seat and fumble for the ends of the safety belt. Then I realized that the cabin lights had flashed on. Flight Nine was speeding between darkening masses of writhing cloud. The reverberation of the motors broke into a crash of thunder.

Across from me, MG had trouble with his hands, over the clasp of his seat belt. Back in the lounge space, Curran, who seemed to expect worse trouble, was still holding Miss Pike down on the floor. Those two youngsters fought each other, no matter what happened.

That was the last clear thought I had. Looking out the round seat window, I saw a ghostly light glowing far ahead between the cloud masses, and the plane sped toward the faint sunlight. For the first time in hours, I was conscious of the plane's speed.

The murk ahead shattered into a pattern of incredible light, as lightning flashed across our path. The air exploded in a gigantic crash.

In that second, fear numbed me. The plane ceased to be a comfortable living room moving across the sky; it became a tossing mass of metal, hurtling toward the wrath of the sky, more than three miles above the rain-drenched earth. A single spark in the fumes of gas in the churning wings could burst it into fragments.

Above and below and around us played the fissionable energy of the heavens, charged with celestial electricity—discharging from cloud to cloud, from cloud to earth. No living pilot could dodge lightning. And it was coming.

The plane tilted drunkenly in a turn. Darkness closed in and a torrent of rain seethed along the sides of the cabin. Lightning blinded me, with a deafening rending of sound. The framework of metal around me leaped as if alive.

An immense force had touched the plane, and passed on. The cabin lights went out. A stink of hot metal came into my nose.

Some women screamed, and across from me a man shrieked—a strange sound. Nothing more could be heard over the seething of water outside us. We might be falling through miles of space, but my hands were still clutching the arms of my seat. At the front and the rear of the cabin, small bulbs flickered on.

Again the outer space whitened, dazzling in the rain, and thunder reverberated, farther off. Someone gripped my shoulder unsteadily. Miss Pike was braced in the aisle. "Keep your seats, folks," she called out clearly. "We'll be out of this in a minute."

It was a long minute, in that dimmed-out, tossing cabin. Miss Pike dropped into the seat by me. "Did you see him take it?" she asked, in my ear.

"Take—what?"

"The jewel. I saw him scoop it up with his checkbook."

She was speaking, evidently, of MG and worrying because I hadn't noticed him and the amethyst! She worried because on her say-so alone she couldn't call in the air-terminal police to search a passenger. So—how could he be searched at the plane? After that, nothing could be done. He'd wanted that violet stone, and got it.

"The dirty thief!" she said.

Actually, I hardly heeded the girl. Ahead of us the cloud thinned and daylight revealed the faces around me.

Miss Pike jumped up. "Don't smoke! Anyone!"

Across the aisle MG had a packet of cigarettes in his fingers, trying unsteadily to shake one out. He stared at us, his flesh white around his dark eyes, and drops of perspiration gleaming. If ever a man showed stark fear, he was that man. His eyes blinked at the girl. Then he licked his clamped lips. "Bring me a drink, a double Scotch," he muttered.

Miss Pike looked at him closely and said, "Come and get it—you."

It took him a while to unfasten his belt and when he reached the stewardess' serving deck she had extracted a miniature bottle from a metal door. She kept a glass in her hand. They stood there, not two yards from me. Miss Pike's chin went up.

"Now give me that jewel," said she.

He hardly heard her. He wiped his left shirt sleeve across his face, and stared.

"Give me the amethyst you took."

This time it registered. He must have forgotten what happened before the lightning struck the plane. Without a word he

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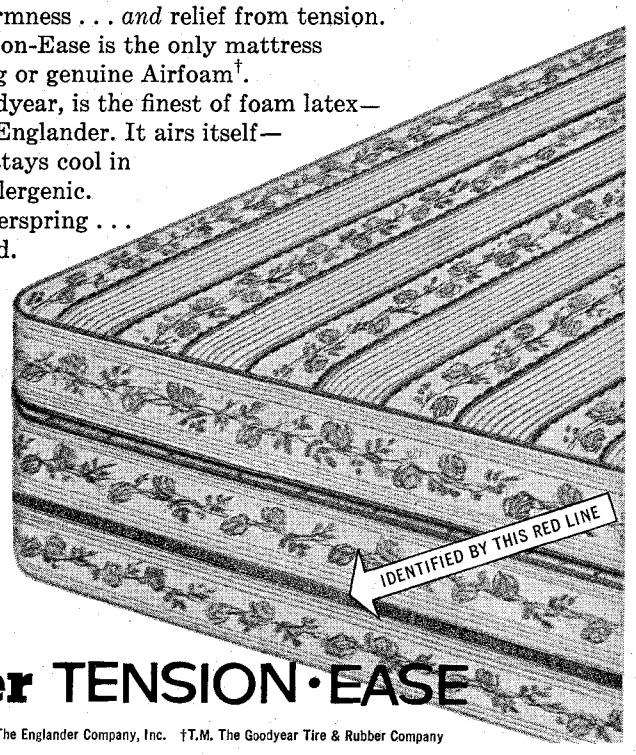

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felt in the turned-up cuff of his left sleeve. While he fumbled at it I wondered if any casual search would have found the Hittite gem in such a hideaway.

"Take the damn thing," he said hoarsely. "It almost did for me."

Superstition, bred of his fear, must have made him say that. Miss Pike gripped the violet stone and then handed him his bottled drink. MG gulped it down without water, and color came back in his face.

After studying the girl for a minute he said, "It must have caught in my sleeve when I picked up my things."

Miss Pike started to say something, then closed her small lips, turning her shoulder to the big fellow and going back to the lounge compartment. There Dave Curran was on his knees, feeling under the seats anxiously.

"Here," she told him abruptly, "is what you're looking for."

Sunlight came into the cabin then, and the violet stone shone when she handed it to him without any explanation. For the first time Curran smiled, like a boy who'd found one of his pocket treasures. "I'd hate to lose it," he said gratefully.

"It's really something, isn't it?" she said, without any fighting edge to the words. "Beautiful, I mean."

It was strange how the clear light restored the passengers to their ordinary spirits. After shock, most people talk. Women who hadn't spoken to each other before gabbled about how exciting it was, to pass through lightning. Everyone began to talk. Flight Nine steadied, drawing away from the menace of the clouds, passing the mountains. When people see ordinary things around them they stop being afraid. The stewardesses began to fasten in the trays, to bring cocktails and snacks to the first-class passengers. The NO SMOKING PLEASE sign was dark, and when Captain Schmidt came back, without speaking on the P.A., he told them anyone could smoke who wanted to—that we'd be in Los Angeles in an hour.

By the time he reached the lounge everything in the plane seemed to be routine again. Only Curran was in back with me, turning over the pages of the magazines, as if to sample the environment of the States he had come back to. And he glanced up at the veteran captain with appreciation. "Nice going," he said.

"Going? I'm afraid you had an uncomfortable time."

The boy grinned. "I did indeed, until you turned into the rainfall. Nobody's ever been able to tell where and why lightning leaps the gaps between the stored-up charges of the sky, have they? My books said the discharge from cloud to cloud was more frequent than within the clouds. Anyway, that was all I could think of."

"It was a near miss."

Miss Pike had eased up to listen to the two men. They spoke her language, because, of all of us in the plane, they knew what the danger was really like, the danger of the atmosphere over the earth. I thought of the boy figuring in his mind how to outguess a blizzard up at the cloud level.

Then Dave Curran asked an odd question, softly. "How's your radio doing?"

Captain Schmidt glanced at the girl and at me, an elderly busybody. "Mind if I tell you that later?" he asked Curran.

And it was an hour later before I understood what he meant by that cryptic remark. We ordinary passengers did not realize, of course, that the collision with the lightning bolt had put the plane's radio out of action. So we made quite a spectacular landing at International Airport, Los Angeles, circling the field until down below us they cleared the main runway, and lined it with fire-fighting machines. We hardly noticed, because the landing came almost without a jolt.

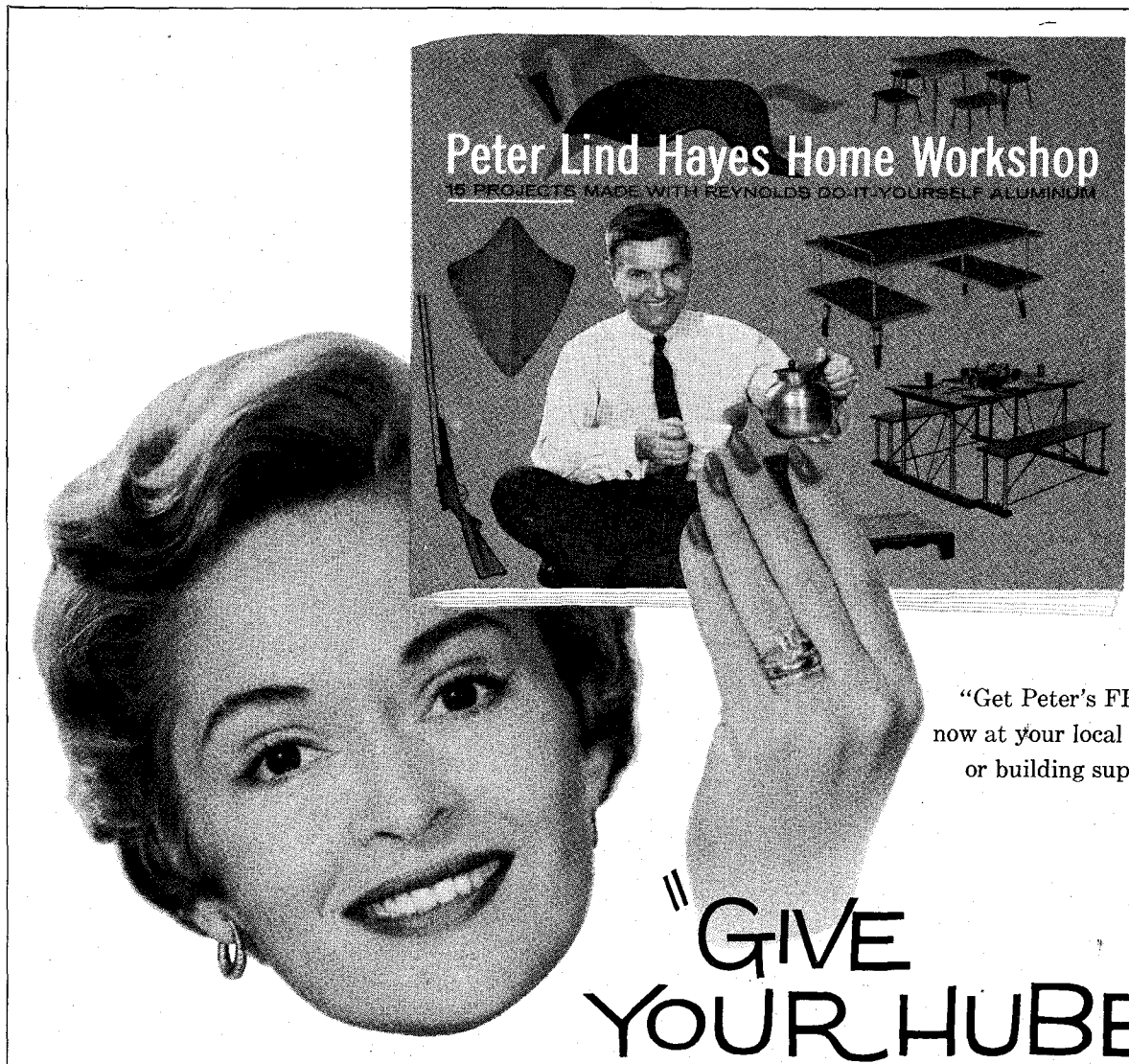
Only after we filed out down the landing steps we saw the brown streaks that were burns on the gray metal surface of the plane. But by then Captain Schmidt and the crewmen had gone off with their suitcases, and after staring awhile, we passengers hurried off to claim our bags at the baggage rack.

I noticed that Dave Curran hauled out his flight bag, and went to stare at the buses and taxis as if he didn't have any clear idea where to go next. I didn't offer to help. Habit is strong when we creatures of routine are safe on the city pavements again. But I did wonder—because it's my hobby—if that ancient image of Teshup, the Hittite weather god, had not something to do with protecting us in the intangible danger of the sky.

It came into my mind again. It was a month later, when I returned to my teaching post in the East. My eastbound flight touched down at Chicago, as it happened, for an hour, and at the field exit another crew was coming out to another plane. I recognized one of the slim stewardesses, chatting together as they hurried out. It was the pretty Miss Pike, of Flight Nine, showing the other girl a bangle on her wrist. Her companion exclaimed that it was beautiful.

The stone on the bracelet had the familiar violet gleam of the amethyst in the sunlight.

"Dave wants me to wear it," explained Miss Pike; "he wants me to wear it as long as I'm flying. He thinks it brought him luck." THE END



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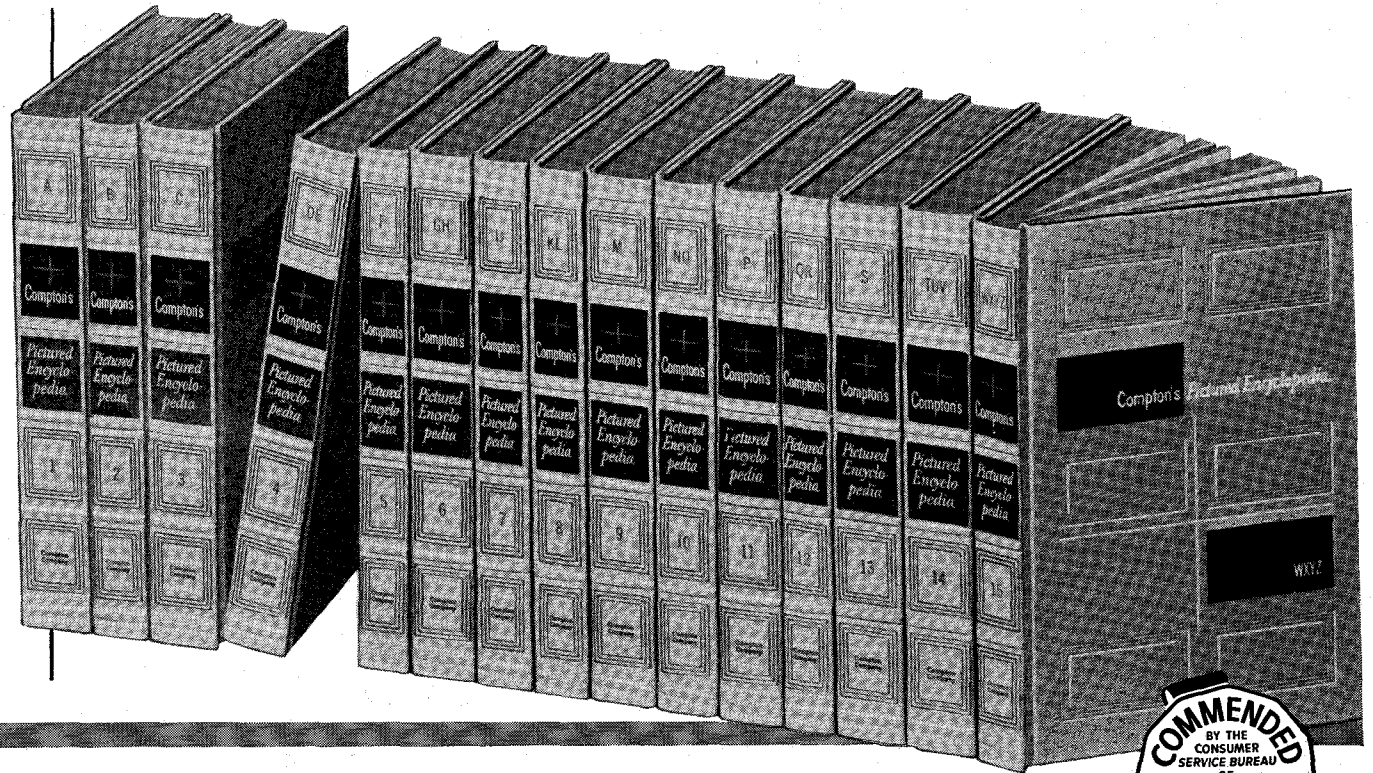

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River-Boat Revival on the Ohio

(Continued from Page 25)

industrial boom in history but they play a vital part in the nation's atomic-energy program as well.

Since 1950 an estimated $13,000,000,000 of private and public funds have been invested in new and expanded plants along the Ohio River and its navigable tributaries, and a large majority of these enterprises are directly or indirectly dependent upon the barge lines for cheap transportation of bulky goods. Everything from coal and pig iron to grain and orange juice is now moving by a mode of transportation clearly, but incorrectly, marked "nineteenth century" in most American minds.

To service the Ohio Valley's enormous and still rapidly growing industrial empire towboats moved over 80,000,000 tons of material on the Ohio River last year. This was about twice the tonnage which passed through the Panama Canal and twice the tonnage carried on the Ohio River a decade ago.

The barge lines have had to develop some startling—at least to conservative rivermen—innovations to keep pace with the transportation requirements of the highly diversified industries which have come to the valley.

"You see just about everything on the river these days," Captain Spears said on the first day of my trip, as we passed a huge, double-deck barge carrying 600 automobiles—a sight as gay, colorful and implausible as a toyshop in December. "We carry stuff I wouldn't have thought possible when I started out. Just to give you an idea, we have barges today that are built like great big vacuum bottles to handle molten sulphur that's pumped into the tanks at 300 degrees Fahrenheit; cold barges that go way below zero for things like meat, frozen food and methane gas; and heated barges so you can pump out molasses in January. Then we've got all kinds of special linings for the barges. Take the ones with nickel lining for glycerin, glycol and other things that have to be kept pure; or the ones with stainless-steel piping for carrying California wine that's shipped through the Panama Canal and then transferred to us."

"France will probably break diplomatic relations if she hears about that," I said.

The captain, who is loyal to native bourbon, ignored my comment. "Radar's been a big thing for us too," he said. "Before we had it, towboats would head for the bank and tie up as soon as it began to get dark or whenever we ran into fog. Now we can operate twenty-four hours a day regardless of the weather."

He patted the ship-to-shore telephone on his left. "This is another gadget that's improved service a lot. The home office can call us anywhere along the river and tell us to pick up or drop barges.

"When I started out on the river some twenty years ago, plenty of people told me I was going into something that had no more future than the buggy-whip business. But look at us now."

However, even rivermen—never a group to underestimate the importance of their own calling—admit that the towboat is only one of the three major supports of the Ohio Valley's boom.

"You have the whole picture right in front of you," the first mate of the Ovec said to me one morning as we were standing in the pilothouse. "Coal, water and the barges. That's a combination that's hard to beat."

The rich coal fields of Western Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Tennessee, West Virginia and the southern parts of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois will, according to some geologists, provide fuel for a thousand years at the current rate of consumption. This supply is of vital importance, for example, to such projects as the two privately operated generating stations which supply the power to the Atomic Energy Commission's gaseous diffusion plant at Waverly, Ohio. Together, these stations use more than 8,000,000 tons of river-borne coal annually.

The Ohio Valley is fortunate, too, in having an almost limitless supply of water, both surface and underground. For instance, seventy tons of water are required to make one ton of steel. Eighteen barrels of water are used to refine one barrel of oil. For every ton of coal consumed in a generating station, 1000 tons of water are needed to cool the condensers. The new power plant at Clifty Creek, Indiana, uses 1,400,000,000 gallons of water daily, more than New York City consumes for all purposes.

The combination of these natural resources with the ability of towboats to move goods at a fraction of the cost of other means of transportation has proved a powerful magnet to American industry. To cite a few examples, the Ohio Valley is now producing more chemicals and three times as much steel and coal as the German Ruhr. The huge plants erected by Kaiser at Ravenswood, West Virginia; Alcoa at Evansville, Indiana; and Olin Mathieson, near Clarington, Ohio, have made the area one of the most important aluminum centers in the country. The capacity of electric generating stations along the Ohio has grown more than twice as fast as in the United States as a whole. Cheap power has brought the Atomic Energy Commission's two enormous fissionable material installations to Waverly, Ohio, and Paducah, Kentucky, and the basic reduction plant to Fernald, Ohio.

However, coal, water and barges have been around the Ohio Valley for a long time and I was puzzled about the comparative suddenness of this immigration of industry. When I asked a number of officials of companies new to the Ohio why they had come, almost all of them said that cheap transportation was an important factor in the decision.

"A movement like this tends to snowball," one executive said. "A big outfit, maybe a competitor, moves to a new location and you ask yourself why. If the answer's good enough, you follow suit. In our case, the costs of labor and material are pretty inflexible, but we awakened—or maybe someone else awakened us—to the fact that we *could* do something about the cost of moving our raw products and finished goods. The barges were perfect for the raw, bulk stuff and, since we're only a few miles from the center of population of the country, shipping the finished goods was economical. I'd say the towboat's the main reason we're here, though."

Cities and villages in the Ohio Valley have reacted to their new prosperity with mixed emotions. Although most people are pleased with new job opportunities and sharp increases in local trade, there is considerable resentment against the disturbance of the status quo.

"People who live in river towns develop a special kind of philosophy," Mayor Paul E. Flohr, of Portsmouth, Ohio, a community of 40,000, told me. "They don't get excited about things. They wait to see what's going to happen. I've seen flood water less than a foot from the top of the levee, but nobody panicked and began moving all his stuff out of the house, heading for the hills.

"We have the same wait-and-see attitude toward the present boom. When the new atomic-energy plant was built a few miles out of town, we didn't spend a lot of money building streets and extending our water and sewer lines to bring people here. Waverly (the atomic plant is about halfway between Waverly and Portsmouth) went all out. Contractors put up a lot of houses and the town put in utilities. Once the construction job on the plant was finished, the payroll took a big drop. Now Waverly has row after row of empty new houses."

"Sure we overbuilt," says Robert Vallery, a former mayor of Waverly who, with his brother Harry, operates a local auto agency. "But we figure that will be an attraction for more new industries. Some small ones have already moved in.

"This town had about 1600 people before the atomic plant opened. Today we're over 5000 and our utilities are now set up for a community twice our present size. We have plenty of land for new industries, a superhighway running through town, a brand-new hospital and plenty of recreational facilities, including Lake White, which is 337 acres. This combination's bound to attract new plants."

Ravenswood, West Virginia, is another typical river town which has been strongly affected by the influx of industry to the Ohio Valley. Until three years ago Ravenswood was a rather shabby-looking community of less than 1200 population which served as a trading center for the surrounding rural area.

In 1955 the Kaiser Aluminum and Chemical Corporation began construction of an enormous aluminum plant on a 3000-acre site a few miles from Ravenswood. Within three years, the population has tripled, the number of retail merchants has more than doubled, and Mark Ethridge, Jr., the highly competent son of the famous publisher of the Louisville Courier-Journal, has become editor of the town's weekly newspaper. Thanks to Kaiser, the community now has a $100,000 master plan and a new high school. New buildings, of contemporary design, like the Jackson State Bank, have made the older structures look even more down at the heels. Parking meters have made their appearance and space is hard to find.

"I don't know the town any more," one long-time resident told me. "It's like a man being taken from some quiet, peaceful tropical island and plunked down in the middle of New York. It's kind of exciting, but the change is too quick. I'm not used to a town where I see strangers on the street."

Why did Kaiser come to the Ohio Valley? "There are two immediate reasons why we're here," one official of the company told me. "The first is that 70 per cent of the aluminum market lies within a 500-mile circle of Ravenswood. The second is cheap electrical power. When we're in full production, we'll need 450,000 kilowatts, which is as much power as a city of a million normally uses. Rich coal deposits and the barges make electricity here competitive with the hydroelectric power our plants use in the Northwest. I guess you could say a towboat brought us here."

The part which the barge lines are playing in the industrial build-up of the Ohio Valley is mathematically simple. According to the latest available figures, products were moved on the river for an average of four mills per ton-mile. Class I railroads charged approximately 1.4 cents per ton-mile.

The economic advantage of river traffic for some products is clearly illustrated by the Ashland Oil and Refining Company, which has its own fleet of modern diesel towboats and integrated steel barges. The company can bring crude oil from the Gulf of Mexico up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers to Ashland, Kentucky—a distance of 1700 miles—at a cost of one cent a gallon. This is less than the cost of moving gasoline by tank truck from the company's refinery to the town of Ashland, a distance of ten miles.

"Good evening! Something I can do for you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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There are two major reasons why goods can be shipped so cheaply on the river. The first is that a floated ton requires less energy to start and keep moving than any other known form of transportation, thus permitting a single boat to move enormous quantities of material. The second is the fact that the river itself is a free passageway for the barge lines.

When I was aboard the Ovec, which is owned by the Ohio River Company, we were pushing a tow that was four barges wide and five long. Each of these twenty barges contained about 1000 tons of coal. Our total load was approximately 20,000 tons. To carry this amount of coal by rail would require four trains, each composed of a hundred cars.

Railroad men are likely to become slightly apoplectic when they speak of the barge lines' second economic edge—the toll-free river. The Federal Government assumes all cost for building and operating the dams and locks which provide a minimum nine-foot channel in the Ohio, and also for dredging the river and maintaining the channel lights and buoy systems. The barge lines pay no fee for these services or for the use of the facilities. With considerable justification and heat, the railroads say that this constitutes a governmental subsidy of a competing business.

Numerous attempts have been made to have Congress adopt a toll system for the river, similar to the one used in the Panama Canal, but all of these efforts have been fruitless. Even the Hoover Commission's recommendation for such a charge has been ignored. History is unquestionably on the side of opponents of such a measure. George Washington, a firm believer in the Government's responsibility for developing the nation's waterways, authorized a survey of the Tennessee River during his second term. Every American President since then has given support in varying degrees to the concept of Federal maintenance of toll-free rivers.

There is a curious irony in the present relationship between the railroads and the barge lines. For the first half of the last century, luxurious packet boats, which carried both passengers and freight, were the major factor in developing the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, but by the end of the Civil War the railroads had cut deeply into the revenues of the colorful, but slow and uncertain river craft. The speed of the locomotive and its ability to operate year-round in any kind of weather made the packet boat obsolete.

Towboats enjoyed a revival about 1880, mainly carrying coal to the growing cities of the South. The old hazards remained, however. Neither the Ohio nor the Mississippi was well maintained, and snags and rocks sank many of the barges. A 10-per-cent loss of cargo was not considered unusual. In addition, the Ohio River often didn't have enough water to float the barges. There were a few dams along the river, but not nearly enough to keep a navigable channel. Frequently great fleets of towboats would be anchored in the Monongahela, which had a constant pool, waiting for rain in the hills which would raise the level of the Ohio. When the rise came, a line of tows, sometimes a hundred miles long, would begin the long journey. No time could be lost. A captain who failed to keep up with the crest would inevitably find his barges and boat firmly aground in the middle of the Ohio River.

These difficulties, plus the fact that many Southern industries began using oil for fuel, cut sharply into the barge business on the Ohio. The railroads, busily improving their service and extending their lines, again took up the slack. By the beginning of World War I, traffic on the Ohio was negligible. Rivermen knew that the Ohio would never be of economic importance unless it was completely harnessed.

In the early 1920's, Congress appropriated the money for the job. From Pittsburgh, where the Monongahela and the Allegheny rivers join to form the Ohio, to Cairo, the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi—a distance of 981 winding miles—the Corps of Army Engineers erected forty-eight lock-and-dam installations (two of which were later eliminated), or one about every twenty miles. The work was finished in 1929 and the renaissance of the Ohio River was under way. Obviously, this was bad news for the railroads.

Unfortunately, the planners couldn't foresee the boom which was to take place in the Ohio Valley. Today, the Ohio's system of locks and dams is as inadequate for the enormously increased river traffic as the downtown streets of most large cities for the morning and evening flow of automobiles. The principal problem is with the size of the locks. More powerful boats have meant longer tows.

On my trip upstream on the Ovec, for example, the over-all length of boat and tow was about 1150 feet. Each lock was only 600 feet long. That made it necessary for the pilot to shove three rows of barges into the lock, untie these from the remainder of the tow, and then back the two other rows of barges and the boat away so that the gate could be closed. After the first barges had been raised to the next level of the river and pulled out by winches, the water had to be drained from the lock and then the entire process repeated for the boat and the remaining barges. Finally, the tow had to be reassembled.

This operation required about two hours. However, there were often other tows ahead of us at the locks. We might wait two to eight hours, time that can mount up to a loss of several days on a Pittsburgh-to-Cairo trip.

Work, however, is already under way to break this bottleneck. Within the next decade or so, nineteen high-level dams with 1200-foot locks and 600-foot auxiliary chambers will replace the present forty-six dams. The new dams—six of them are already under construction—will increase the channel of the Ohio to twelve feet, thus permitting the use of deeper-draught barges, and decrease the locking time of a long tow from two hours to twenty or thirty minutes.

Probably because I own no barge-line stock and therefore had no reason to fret about the $100-per-hour cost of operating a towboat, whether it's killing time or earning its keep, I enjoyed the experiences of going through the locks. I was constantly fascinated by the high-precision dexterity of Cash Spears and his mate as they threaded the unwieldy, 104-foot-wide tow into the 110-foot opening without touching the walls with the barges.

Also, the relaxed, informal atmosphere of the Ovec made the waiting periods a pleasure. The Ovec is a handsome boat in its own utilitarian, snubbed-nose fashion. Built in 1956, its 160-by-44-foot hull carries two decks and a pilothouse and is propelled by three diesel-powered screws.

The quarters for the crew are large and attractive, and each officer's room has its own lavatory and shower. The guest cabin which I occupied was about the size of an average hotel room and also had private plumbing. The entire boat is air conditioned.

The Ovec, which is typical of most boats of its type, carries a crew of seventeen, including officers and two motherly, middle-aged women who prepare the enormous, plain, but excellent meals. Bargemen are a clannish, yet friendly

"Looky here, Abby!
Cars have GRADE LABELS, too!"

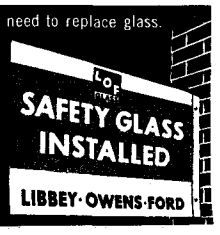
Margaret Hamilton as Prudence

Nydia Westman as Abby

PRUDENCE: You know, like "Grade A" on milk, 'U. S. Prime" on meat and "100% Pure" on maple syrup means you're getting the best.
ABIGAIL: But where's the grade label on your car?
PRUDENCE: On the windows. Says Safety P-L-A-T-E on every one 'cause this is a General Motors car.

ABIGAIL: Why it does, right here! But what's so special about Safety PLATE?
PRUDENCE: It's the best glass for good lookin', that's what! Keeps the wiggles out of watchin'. Makes a heap of difference in the way you feel after a long drive. Not so tiring on your eyes — especially from the back seat.

ABIGAIL: Look, your windshield is Safety PLATE, too!
PRUDENCE: Course, silly! And it's E-Z-Eye Safety PLATE. Keeps a lot of the sun heat from pouring in on you. Mighty important in big windshields like this. And that shaded band cuts down glare even more. There's nothing better than E-Z-Eye.

SAFETY PLATE in every window of every
BUICK • CADILLAC • CHEVROLET • OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC
LIBBEY • OWENS • FORD TOLEDO 3, OHIO
Look for this sign when you need to replace glass.


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group, proud of their proficiency, conscious of their heritage and possessed of an almost mystical feeling about the river. Their work is both hard and dangerous.

The tow was constantly being broken up and reassembled during our trip as we delivered a barge or two of coal here and picked up a couple of empties there. Watching the deck hands, burdened with heavy coils of wire and rope, nonchalantly hopping back and forth between the narrow ledges of the carriers when the loss of footing would almost certainly mean serious injury or death, had the same damp-palms effect upon me as observing a high-wire walker who uses no net.

"It's not bad when it's light and the decks are dry," one of the crew said to me, "but it gets a little rough on a night when everything's wet or covered with ice. We all wear life jackets when we're working, but if you fall when a couple of barges are coming together, you gotta swim for the bottom of the river and then try to make it out beyond the tow. It's a good trick if you can do it," he added thoughtfully.

Towboat men work a demanding schedule, two six-hour watches per day, seven days a week. There are few complaints about the hours, however. Under the present union contract with the barge lines, a man accumulates a day's leave at full pay for every day he works. Many men, like Cash Spears, often remain with the boat for two months and then take a vacation of equal length.

Although diesel-powered boats like the Ovec are now predominant on the Ohio, there are a number of ancient, steam-driven stern-wheelers still in operation which keep the nineteenth-century flavor of the river. Steamboaters are rigid traditionalists and most of them regard the new craft with the disdain of sailboat owners for outboard-motor enthusiasts.

"They're noisy and they stink," a steamboat captain said succinctly when I asked his opinion of the diesel towboats. "Besides," he added smugly, "they don't have a decent whistle, only a bleating horn." This last was an especially cutting comment. The fact that diesel signals are completely devoid of pleasing tone and individuality is particularly galling to the men who serve aboard them.

The steamboat captain also felt that the river had become overly respectable with prosperity and that the old, colorful, rough-and-tumble days of towboating are gone. The captain is, I think, unduly pessimistic. Every now and then something occurs which shows that the spirit of Mike Fink, who was the Paul Bunyan of the rivers, still lives.

Only four years ago, for example, there was an authentic case of piracy on the Ohio River. The Frank W. Banta came up the Mississippi with a mixed tow and a nonunion crew and stopped at Cairo, Illinois, before going up the Ohio. There the boat was boarded by a sizable group of armed men—presumably ardent union members—who chased all of the crew except the captain ashore.

The captain ran up to the pilot house when the pirates boarded the boat, locked himself in, and quickly put in a call for aid on the ship-to-shore telephone to Capt. J. W. Banta, who operates a barge line out of Plaquemine, Louisiana.

Outraged by the rebirth of Blackbeard tactics, Captain Banta hastily assembled all of the able-bodied males of his clan, plus an impressive arsenal, and booked passage on the first plane headed toward Cairo.

After a brief but intense skirmish, the pirates were driven off and the original crew returned to their posts. Then the triumphant Banta tribe departed.

However, when the tow reached the dam below Huntington, pirates again boarded the boat and once more the crew was put ashore. This time the invaders made off with the boat and tow and continued upriver until they reached Okan Harbor, a few miles above Gallipolis, Ohio.

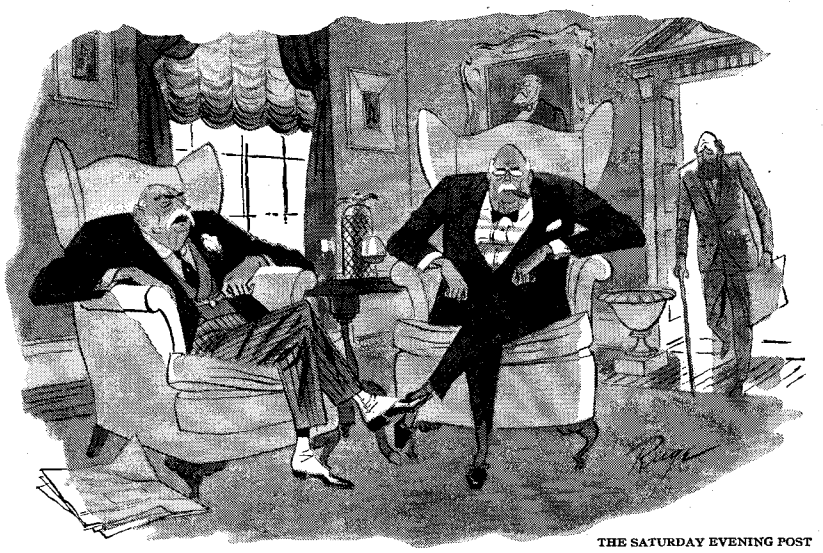
Another distress signal went to Captain Banta in Louisiana and again he gathered his kin and headed north. By the time the hot-eyed Bantas arrived, the sheriff of Gallia County had organized a posse to rescue the boat. In order to reduce the possibility of bloodshed, he refused to deputize the Louisianans, who were, by now, perhaps too eager for the fray.

Meanwhile, the pirates had small boats patrolling the captive craft on the river side to prevent an amphibious assault, and lookouts were on duty on the other side to warn against an attack by land.

The sheriff marched his small army of deputies to the Ohio water front, lined them up in battle array and then shouted an order to the buccaneers on board to surrender. When the pirates saw the size of the opposing force, their patrol boats were called to the side of the towboat, an order to abandon ship was given, and all hands made a successful escape by water to West Virginia.

The riverman who told me this story smiled as he finished. "I guess the river's big business now and really part of the atomic age. But somehow I doubt if they'll ever get the men who run towboats into gray-flannel suits."

THE END

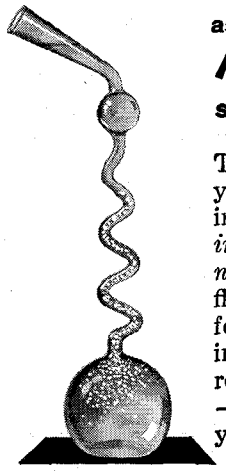


"Thank heaven, I'm in a position where I don't have to be nice to anyone."

AMAZING NEW DISCOVERY
is made by doctors who looked inside a living person's stomach to determine why

BAYER BRINGS FASTEST RELIEF

the fastest, most gentle to the stomach relief you can get from pain!



Doctors found Bayer Aspirin has astonishing action never before known...

INSTANT FLAKING ACTION

so you get relief without delay

This medically designed beaker represents the area from your mouth to your stomach. It illustrates what doctors saw in a living person's stomach: that Bayer has an astonishing *instant flaking action*. A Bayer tablet enters the stomach—*not* whole—but in soft, tiny flakes. So, there's no waiting for relief until the tablet disintegrates. Bayer Aspirin is ready to go to work instantly—*without* delay—to make you feel better fast.

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D Day (Continued from Page 21)

who was then commander in chief in the Mediterranean, to take command of the invasion of France. In January the names of his top British subordinates were announced: Air Chief Marshal Tedder as Deputy Supreme Commander, and Admiral Ramsay, General Montgomery and Air Chief Marshal Leigh-Mallory to command the navies, armies and air forces. Lt. Gen. W. Bedell Smith, of the United States, was named Eisenhower's chief of staff, and General Morgan became deputy chief of staff.

Stalin was impatient for the opening of what the Russians called a second front. Roosevelt and Churchill had promised him the invasion would start in May; and so, when the commanders took up their appointments in January, there were only four months to go.

When Eisenhower and Montgomery first saw the details of the COSSAC plan, they both declared the area of the landing was too narrow and the troops for the first assault too few. General Morgan had thought so himself, but the size of the whole operation had been limited by the number of landing craft which existed or could be built in time. At Eisenhower's demand, landing craft were gathered in from all over the world; but still there were not enough for the extra forces he wanted. As a last resort, the landing was postponed till early June to gain another month's production of new craft. But Churchill was worried by the thought of what Stalin would say when May ended and the promise had not been fulfilled.

The exact date which was chosen in June was decided by the tides, the plan of attack and the German defenses. Reconnaissance photographs of the coast of France were taken by aircraft every day that spring. They showed Germans and French civilians hard at work building new gun emplacements and installing obstacles on the beaches—wooden stakes and ramps and steel barricades and spikes. Some of them were mined.

These obstacles offered a choice of evils. If a landing were made at high tide, when the obstacles were submerged, many landing craft might be impaled. If the landing were made at low tide, the troops would have to cross an open beach 300 or 400 yards wide under German fire.

Eisenhower and Montgomery decided to land just after low tide, putting tanks ahead of the infantry and bombarding the defenses. They planned to demolish the obstacles at once, so that landings could continue as the tide rose.

The navy wanted to approach the coast under cover of night, but both sea and air forces needed an hour of daylight for the bombardment. These considerations fixed the time of the landing at an hour after dawn. By combining this time with the state of the tide, the date of the landing was fixed. Low tide in Normandy was an hour after dawn on June sixth. On June fifth and seventh, it was near enough to be acceptable. After that, the tides would not be right again until about June twentieth; but the moon would have waned by then, and the air-borne forces preferred moonlight for parachute and glider landings.

So June fifth was chosen as D Day, with the next two days as alternatives if June fifth weather was bad. H hour, the moment of landing, was 6:30 A.M. at the western end of the area of the landing, which the tide reaches soonest, and 7:30 A.M. at the eastern end.

Of course, the Germans knew an invasion was coming. Just before Montgomery was appointed to command the invading army, his old adversary of the desert war in Africa, Field Marshal Rommel, was appointed to the defense of the coast of Europe. For two years German propagandists had talked of the Atlantic Wall, which was supposed to be a chain of impregnable defenses all along the coast. But Rommel found that the Atlantic Wall was little more than propaganda. Its building had been given a low priority, and on many parts of the coast its construction had been neglected by local commanders.

Rommel was a man of tremendous energy. While preparations for the invasion were going forward in Britain, he was working at top speed to build fortifications to defeat it. It was his work which reconnaissance showed in progress. But the work was made difficult by differences of opinion among the high command.

Rommel believed an invasion could only be halted on the shore. His immediate senior, Field Marshal von Rundstedt, thought that was impossible. He put his trust in reserves, which he proposed to hold back till the exact intentions of the invading forces could be seen. Von Rundstedt was convinced the main landing would be in Calais, and the higher command of the army in Germany agreed with him. Rommel favored Normandy, and so, it is said, did Hitler.

These disagreements were the result, at least in part, of deception by the Allies. Having decided on Normandy, they did everything they could to persuade the Germans they had decided on Calais. While armies and fleets were assembling in the southwest of England, dummy army camps and dummy fleets were assembled in the southeast. All the radio activity of an army was simulated in Kent. Gen. George Patton, whom the Germans knew well, was brought from the Mediterranean to England with ample publicity to command this then-nonexistent army. At the last moment, while the fleets were sailing to Normandy, dummy fleets of ships and aircraft headed for Calais, using devices which made them appear on radar screens to be much larger than they were.

The British secret service also was at work to implant this false belief in the minds of German commanders. Its task was probably simplified by disagreement between the German secret service and the Nazi leaders. Admiral Canaris, the head of the German secret service, had recently been dismissed, and most of his organization disbanded. A new all-Nazi service had been started under Himmler, the Gestapo chieftain. After the war, in German files, about 250 reports from Himmler's men were found to predict the place and time of the invasion. All of them were wrong except one. The wrong ones repeated the rumors and false information circulated by British agents. Nobody in Berlin had acted on the single report which was right.

The deception was so successful that von Rundstedt went on believing for several weeks after the invasion that the landing in Normandy was a feint and that the main attack was still to come in Calais, and he still kept his reserves in the Calais area. In fact, the faking was much more successful than anyone expected at the time. Looking back now, it seems likely that some kind of deception more convincing than dummies or rumors was in use, that the British had a direct method of giving false information to the German high command, and giving it with such authority that the Germans could not disbelieve it. Students of spy stories may imagine what the method might have been; whatever it was, it is still kept secret and probably always will be.

During May, the troops who were to lead the attack had finished long and arduous training. The sea-borne forces had landed in exercises against live ammunition on beaches in Britain which resembled the beaches in Normandy, and each unit had practiced assaults on replicas of the particular German defenses it was expected to attack. But none of them yet had been told where they would be going or when. In May, packed into great camps in the south of England with little to do, men began to feel bored and apprehensive.

Most of this feeling disappeared at the end of the month when briefing began. The briefing gave every man the feeling that whoever was planning the thing was leaving nothing to chance. Every man was shown maps and models of his objective and aerial photographs of the shore. Some were so clear that individual German soldiers manning the defenses could be seen.

Once the briefing had started, the whole vast process of the invasion was irreversible. It had to go on or else be abandoned. Success depended on surprise and secrecy. The camps in which men were briefed were therefore cut off from the rest of the world. Men were allowed in, but nobody was allowed out again except on the strictest compassionate grounds. Mail was stopped, and civilian travel was restricted. A zone along the coast was sealed off. The few remaining ways out of the country were closed. Diplomats of neutral countries found they could not communicate with their governments, which was an unprecedented breach of international custom. Ireland was especially under suspicion, because the Germans had a flourishing embassy in Dublin. But this state of readiness could not be kept up for long, and the longer it lasted the more chance there was that the secret would leak out of the country.

The people responsible for security had a series of minor scares. Once, an American major general was sent back to the States as a colonel for what was thought to be careless talk in the Claridge's Hotel. On a hot morning in May, when a window was open in the War Office in London, twelve copies of a top-secret dispatch which gave the whole show away blew out and fluttered down into the crowded street below. Staff officers pounded down the stairs, found eleven copies and spent the next two hours in an agonized search for the twelfth. It had been picked up by a passer-by, who gave it to the sentry on the Horse Guards Parade on the opposite side of Whitehall. Who was this person? Would he be likely to gossip? Nobody ever knew.

The oddest of all the scares was The Daily Telegraph crossword puzzle of May twenty-second. When this puzzle was solved, it included the name Omaha, which was the code name for one of the beaches where Americans were to land, and the word "dives," which might have been the Dives River, on which the left flank of the invasion was to rest. Another suspicious name in it was Dover. It caused some concern to staff officers, and in after years it provided a story with unlimited scope for growth.

After Eisenhower had extended the original COSSAC plan, the area of the landing covered sixty miles of the coast of France, from the Dives River near Caen to the east side of the Cotentin Peninsula, commonly called the Cherbourg peninsula. At each end of the area large forces of air-borne troops, Americans at the west end and British at the east, were to land by parachute and glider during the night to protect the flanks of the sea-borne forces. In the first light of dawn great fleets of naval ships and aircraft were to bombard the coast. As the bombardment stopped, the sea-borne forces were to land on (*Continued on Page 64*)

"He came late, so he's catching up."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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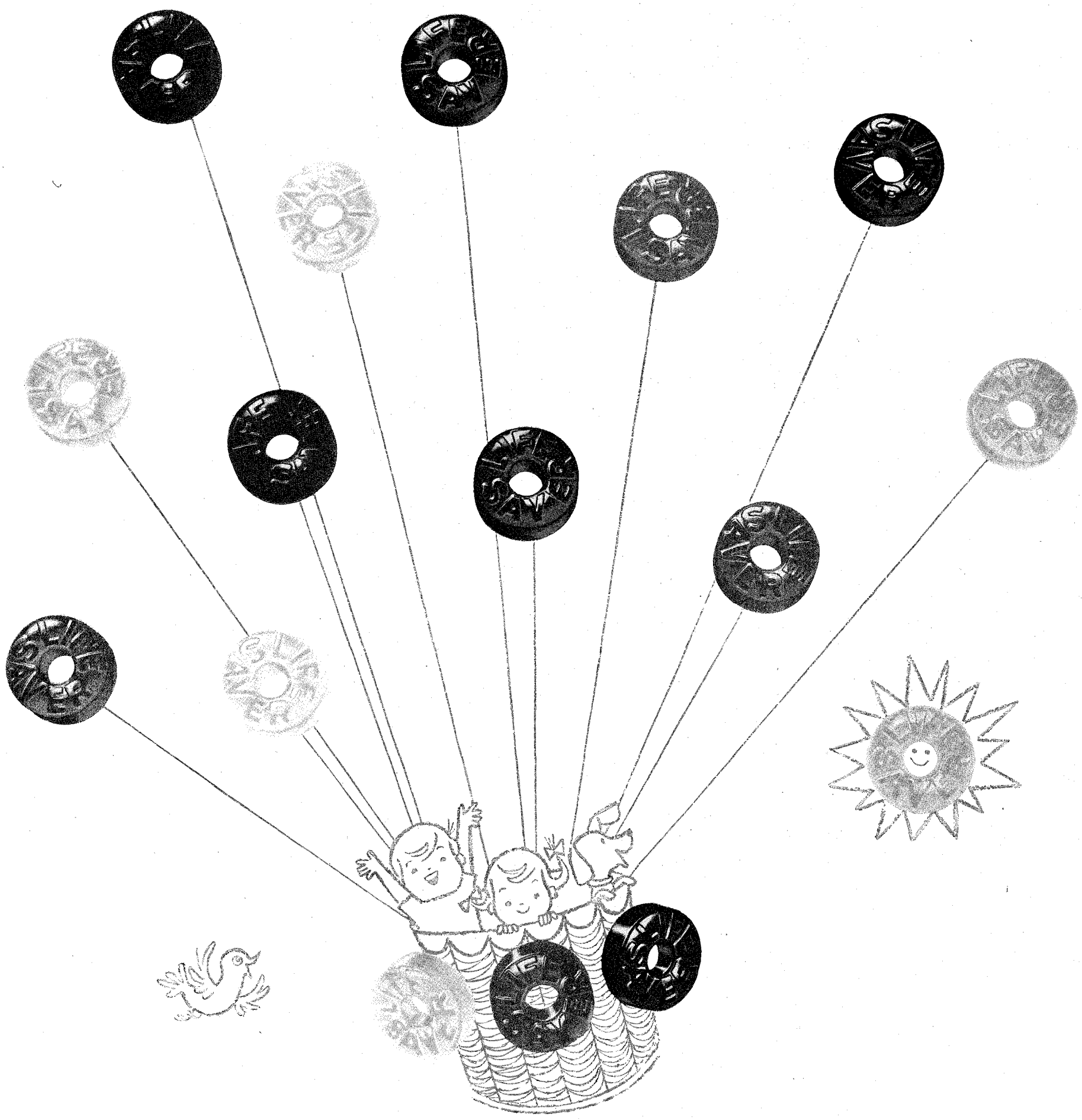
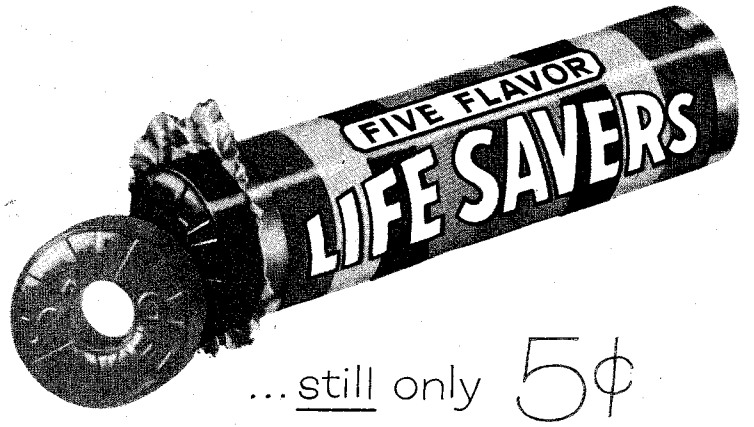


The flavors carry you away



The candy with the hole ... still only 5¢

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(*Continued from Page 62*) five separate stretches of beach, each three or four miles long.

The Americans had two stretches of beach, one on each side of the estuary of the Vire River; these had the code names Utah and Omaha. The three other beaches were known as Gold, Juno and Sword. Gold and Sword were British objectives; Juno was mainly Canadian. The British and Canadian troops for the first assault were about equal in number to the Americans. The air forces also were equal. About three quarters of the naval forces were British.

The fleet of 5333 ships and landing craft was the largest ever assembled anywhere. So was the fleet of 9210 aircraft. The bombardment before the landing was the heaviest ever planned. Dozens of new devices, from artificial harbors to amphibious tanks, had been invented to solve new problems. The naval-operation orders, three inches thick on extra-large sheets of paper, were the fattest ever printed.

But individual soldiers and sailors were only vaguely aware of these superlatives. Nobody could see 5000 ships or 9000 aircraft at a glance, and nobody, not even the highest commanders, had any first-hand impression of the whole tremendous undertaking. Each man who dropped from the sky or plunged into the surf that morning was aware only of what was happening within the short distance he could see and of the hope and fear and resolution within himself. It is from that point of view, rather than in terms of enormous figures, that the only true impression of the morning can be given.

Several of the senior officers who commanded the forces of invasion have remarked that the first assault was a soldier's battle, not a general's battle. Eisenhower himself, in his headquarters in Southwick House, near Portsmouth, knew practically nothing of what was happening until the first phase of the battle had been completed.

The names of the high commanders, therefore, have little place in the narrative of the landing. But when everything was ready, they still had to give the order to go—an order fraught with unexpected anxiety and drama.

Absolutely everything was organized except the weather. For a landing on Monday, the fifth of June, some naval units had to sail on Friday the second. These included the heavy ships for the bombardment, which were starting from Scotland and Northern Ireland. The movement of men and materials out of the camps and into landing craft and transports also had to start on that day.

It would still be possible on the third to postpone everything for twenty-four hours, but by dawn on the fourth the leading ships would have gone too far to be recalled. Weather which was reasonably calm and clear was regarded as absolutely essential for the landing.

All through May the weather had given no reason for worry. But on June first it turned dull and gray, and on June second the meteorologists reported a complex system of three depressions approaching from the Atlantic. On June third they forecast high winds, low cloud and bad visibility for the fifth, sixth and seventh—the only three days when low tide was at the right time in the morning.

This forecast was presented at 9:30 P.M. on June third in Southwick House, at a conference of Eisenhower, his deputy, his three commanders in chief and their chiefs of staff. The first ships had sailed, tens of thousands of men were cooped up in landing craft and transports, the camps they had left were being filled by follow-up troops; the whole immense machine was in motion. The problem at that moment was whether to let it go on or to stop it for twenty-four hours. Either way, the possibilities of disaster were clear.

Many accounts have been given of this all-important meeting and of three meetings which followed in the next thirty-six hours. In their details the accounts are all different. That is not surprising, because only nine men were present at the meetings, and nobody was there as a mere observer. One may imagine that their capacity for thought and feeling was taxed to the limit, so that none of them could detach his mind from the problem and observe exactly what happened, and remember it for the sake of historians.

The men were General Eisenhower, Air Chief Marshal Tedder, Admiral Ramsay, General Montgomery and Air Chief Marshal Leigh-Mallory; and the four chiefs of staff, Lt. Gen. Bedell Smith, Rear Admiral Creasy, Major General de Guingand and Air Marshal Robb. It seems strange in retrospect that only two, Eisenhower and Smith, were American and seven British. But for the moment the British could only advise; the ultimate responsibility was Eisenhower's.

In looking back at that moment of decision, one may also glance back further at the qualifications of the man who had to make it. Eisenhower's career in the military academy at West Point was not very distinguished, and when he was graduated he was sixty-first in a class of 164. That was in 1915. During the First World War he was never sent overseas and never saw battle, and between the wars his promotion was slow. Three years before he became Supreme Commander he was still a lieutenant colonel.

His quick rise through the ranks in those three years was largely due to General Marshall, the American Chief of Staff. Of course, Marshall did not push him up without reason. Eisenhower had an enormous fund of military knowledge and the analytical brain which high command requires. But probably another reason for his appointment to the European command was simply that everybody liked him.

An American general in command of British armies—and especially of British generals—needed more than military judgment which everyone would respect; he also needed exceptional tact and charm and humor. Eisenhower certainly had those qualities. He could be strict and tough, as generals have to be, but he still seemed a modest man. He had none of the flamboyance which generals find so irritating in other generals.

This was the man who, after fifty years of obscurity, had to preside over the meeting of his British commanders in chief at Southwick House and balance their opinions and make the decision on which the course of history and the lives of countless men depended.

At the meeting on Saturday evening, June third, the report of the meteorologists and the advice of the commanders in chief made him almost certain that the operation would have to be postponed. It was an unwelcome prospect. Plans had been made by which everything could be brought to a standstill for twenty-four hours, but Eisenhower was sure that postponement would be hard on the morale and the physical condition of the troops already at sea. And any delay would add to the risk of the secret's leaking out.

He decided to hold another meeting at 4:30 the next morning, Sunday, June fourth, in the hope of some improvement in the forecast. In the meantime, some of the convoys of American landing craft sailed from their ports in south Devon and Cornwall and began their voyage along the English coast.

The next morning the forecast was just as bad. At this meeting Ramsay doubted whether his smaller craft could cross the channel in the seas which were predicted. Leigh-Mallory was certain the air forces would not be able to play their full part in the plan. By then, the main forces were due to sail in two hours' time. Eisenhower gave the order to postpone the sailing for twenty-four hours and recall the ships at sea. The fleet of big ships steaming south down the Irish Sea turned about, to steam north for twelve hours.

But the postponement had not solved Eisenhower's problem. On Sunday evening he faced the same terrible choice in an even more difficult form. The forecasters offered a chance, and only a chance, of a slight temporary improvement on Tuesday morning. The choice was therefore between launching the invasion on Tuesday, the sixth, in weather which was nothing better than a gamble, or postponing it for two weeks till the tides were right again. And so Eisenhower put off the final decision till early the following morning.

During that night he carried as heavy a burden as has fallen to the lot of any man. Everyone who had been at the evening meeting remembered one phrase he had used: "The question is, how long can you hang this operation out on a limb and let it hang there?" The troops could not stay in their ships for two weeks. But they had been briefed and told where they were to land. If all of them were brought ashore again, it was impossible to hope that the secret would not leak.

So far the German Air Force seemed to have spotted only a small proportion of the fleet and had never attacked it. That luck was too astonishing to last. The Germans were known to have "secret weapons"—soon to be identified as buzz bombs or "doodlebugs"—which were nearly ready and might be used in attacks on the crowded harbors. In postponement for a fortnight there were such risks of confusion, of loss of security and of counterattack that the whole plan might have to be abandoned.

But the alternative of launching the invasion in uncertain weather was risky too. If the forecast was only slightly overoptimistic, landing craft would be swamped, naval and air bombardment would be inaccurate, German bombers might be able to take off while Allied fighters were grounded, and the invasion might end in the greatest military disaster which either the United States or Britain had ever suffered.

And finally, if the invasion failed, it would be impossible to try again that summer—perhaps impossible ever to try again. All the hopes and power of the United States and Britain had been put into this one attempt to bring the Germans to battle in Western Europe. If it failed, hope might also fail, not only in America and Britain but also in the countries which the Germans had occupied; the Russians might decide their allies were useless and make a separate peace. Eisenhower, with expert and dispassionate knowledge, knew that if the invasion failed it might be impossible ever to win the war.

He has never described his own feelings on that night of decision, but some indication of them is given by the announcement he drafted, without telling anyone, some time on June fifth:

> Our landings in the Cherbourg-Havre area have failed to gain a satisfactory foothold, and I have withdrawn the troops. My decision to attack at this time and place was based upon the best information available. The troops, the air and the navy did all that bravery and devotion to duty could do. If any blame or fault attaches to the attempt, it is mine alone.

When he had written this, he put it in his pocket in case it was needed. By that time he had already decided to commit his forces to the hazard of landing, whatever the weather might bring. All through the meetings Montgomery had been willing to start. Ramsay had agreed, but reluctantly. Leigh-Mallory, speaking for the air forces, had wanted to wait; but at the last meeting, just after four A.M. on Monday, he, too, had agreed that the chance must be taken, and Eisenhower had launched the invasion with the words, "O.K. We'll go."

That evening, when the ships had sailed, he drove to an airfield fifty miles inland, near Newbury, where American parachutists were waiting to take off. He had a particular concern for these men. Some 13,000 of them were to drop that night in the Cherbourg peninsula. Four months before, Leigh-Mallory had opposed the American drop because it had to be made in wooded and well-defended country. He had predicted that 50 to 70 per cent of the troop-carrying aircraft would be lost. Only a week before, he had come to Eisenhower again to protest against what he called the futile slaughter of two fine American divisions.

Eisenhower had never agreed with his pessimistic view, but it was no light matter to act against the advice of his air commander in chief. Of all his personal worries that day, the worst, he said afterward, was the thought that his own conscience might find him guilty of the blind sacrifice of these thousands of young Americans.

At the airfield, concealing this thought, he strolled round among paratroopers, talking cheerfully to anyone who caught his eye. The men were full of confidence. One of them, who had a ranch in Texas, offered him (*Continued on Page 66*)

... ...

Retired Missionary

By Margaret D. Collier

The rare old woman feeding chickadees
Has loved remote, unlikely lands, that these
Small, hungry visitors will never see.
She can remember cobras, and the great
Respected elephants, and tell her tale
Of tigers. But her thoughts have come to be
All centered now on winter birds; their frail
Companionship delights her; they can fly,
Though she must stay at home. She scans the sky
For wings that interrupt the tedium
Of her old age. Sometimes when spring is late
And offers meager comfort, she is filled
With pity, thinking that the birds may come
When she is dead—and scold at her, and wait
Outside her door, disconsolate and chilled.

... ...

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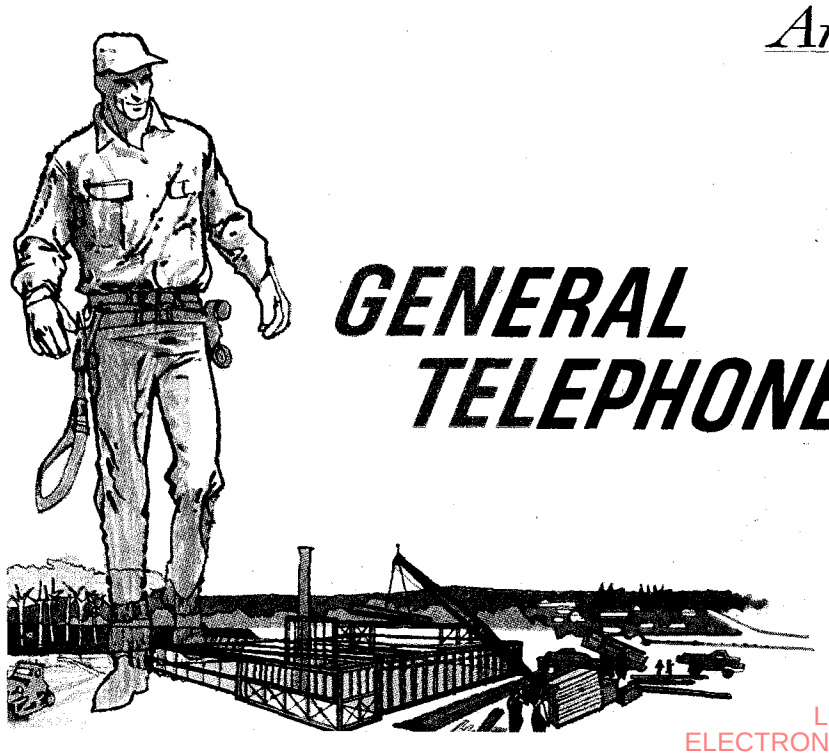
You have to look a long way

to plan the kind of service that's building
America's second largest telephone system



GENERAL TELEPHONE

We're always on the lookout for ways to make communications more important in your daily life.

Example: we are helping to expand your telephone service. Today almost 22 million more American homes have telephones than just 10 years ago.

Example: we are helping to improve your telephone service. Today almost 36 million more American phones offer the convenience of all-dial service than just 10 years ago.

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(*Continued from Page 64*) a job when the war was over. As darkness fell they embarked in their aircraft, and Eisenhower watched the planes take off into the gathering night. At the same time others were taking off from airfields all over England, and soon the sky overhead was full of the sound of them.

Probably Eisenhower had hardly noticed the countryside around the airfield, but the parachutists knew it well. When they left their base at Fort Bragg in North Carolina, they had been told that England was a combat zone. Many of them, after crossing the Atlantic to their camps in Wiltshire, had been surprised at what they saw: green hills, ancient stone pubs and churches, thatched villages with incredible names—Chilton Foliat, Straight Soley and Crooked Soley, Ogbourne Saint George, and the place which was written Mildenhall and spoken of as "Minal." There was no sign of combat, but every symbol of ancient peace and calm.

Almost nothing could change the peaceful ways of those English villages. Most of their young men and women had gone away. The people who remained had plodded on, working harder than ever before to grow more food than the land had ever produced and spending what leisure time was left in the Home Guard, the civil defense, the first aid or the fire watchers. When the Americans came, the people of the villages watched their activities without much surprise. Mass parachute drops became such a common sight that they hardly bothered to look up.

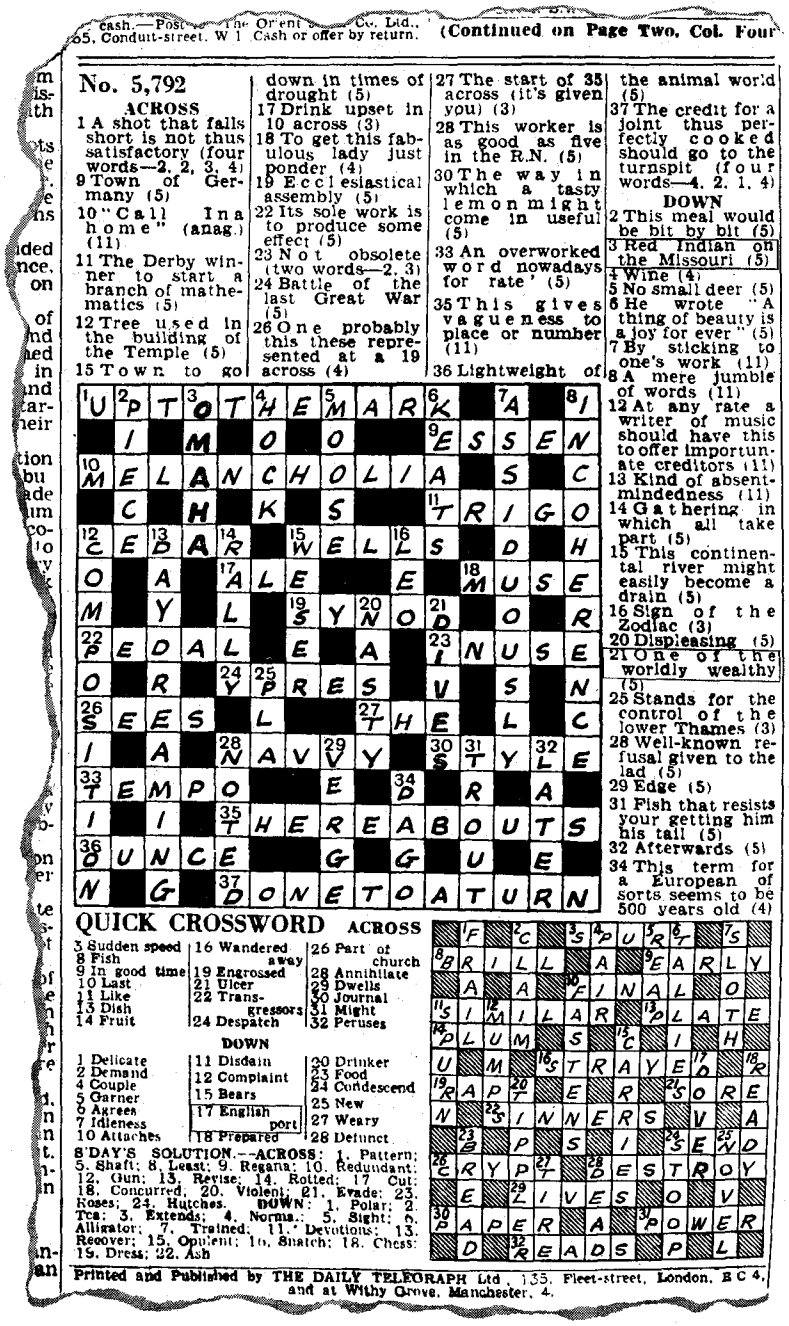
But when the Americans suddenly disappeared, the villages seemed very strange without them. On the evening of the fifth, when Eisenhower was at the airfield, the bar of the Stag's Head in Chilton Foliat, a couple of miles away, was a desolate place. Nobody was in except the local regulars sitting over their mild and bitter. The landlord and the regulars wondered where the Americans had gone and agreed that they rather missed the noise and hustle.

At closing time, with these thoughts still in his mind, the landlord locked the bar, washed up the glasses and went out to shut up his chickens. It was while he was out there in the meadow behind the pub that the airfield came to life. The aircraft came up over the elms in twos, in dozens, in scores; they circled overhead and took up formation, and others came from farther north in hundreds. Standing there in awe, he called to his wife to come and listen. "This is it," he said.

Down on the coast everybody knew, even before the planes came over and flew out across the sea. In the coast-guard hut on the top of Saint Alban's Head, a man named Percy Wallace had just come off duty. During the day he had been witness of a spectacle vaster and braver than had ever been seen on that historic shore. Saint Alban's Head is high. From the top of it the view extends across the channel to the south; to the east across Weymouth Bay to Portland; to the west across the approaches of Southampton Water to the Isle of Wight; to the north, through the gentle folds of the Purbeck Hills to the gray stone village of Worth Matravers.

The village and the coast-guard hut on the top of the cliff had been home for Mr. Wallace for many years. He knew everyone in the place. Originally he had come from Bristol, but his wife had been born in Worth Matravers, and it was on her account that he had come there in his middle age and settled down to a contented life as a coast guard, a churchwarden and a chairman of the parish council. That was before the coast-guard hut had become an outpost looking over no man's land. In those days the part of the channel off Saint Alban's Head had always been busy with ships. In 1940 the sea had changed. Tired soldiers without weapons, straight back from Dunkirk, had been put into camps among the hills. Farmers had sharpened pitchforks, the Local Defense Volunteers had paraded with pikes, the coast guards had armed themselves with knobbed sticks to repel the invasion; and the sea, for the first time in centuries, had been absolutely empty. For week after week that year not a single ship had been sighted from the hut, and the only entries in the coast-guard log were of German aircraft patrolling the English Channel.

D Day plus eleven: Eisenhower in France with Air Marshal Tedder (left), his second-in-command, and Field Marshal Montgomery, assault troops chief.



cash.—Post ... The Orient ... Co. Ltd., 65, Conduit-street, W 1. Cash or offer by return. (Continued on Page Two, Col. Four

No. 5,792

ACROSS

1 A shot that falls short is not thus satisfactory (four words—2, 2, 3, 4)
9 Town of Germany (5)
10 "Call In a home" (anag.) (11)
11 The Derby winner to start a branch of mathematics (5)
12 Tree used in the building of the Temple (5)
15 Town to go down in times of drought (5)
17 Drink upset in 10 across (3)
18 To get this fabulous lady just ponder (4)
19 Ecclesiastical assembly (5)
22 Its sole work is to produce some effect (5)
23 Not obsolete (two words—2, 3)
24 Battle of the last Great War (5)
26 One probably this these represented at a 19 across (4)
27 The start of 35 across (it's given you) (3)
28 This worker is as good as five in the R.N. (5)
30 The way in which a tasty lemon might come in useful (5)
33 An overworked word nowadays for rate' (5)
35 This gives vagueness to place or number (11)
36 Lightweight of the animal world (5)
37 The credit for a joint thus perfectly cooked should go to the turnspit (four words—4, 2, 1, 4)

DOWN

2 This meal would be bit by bit (5)
3 Red Indian on the Missouri (5)
4 Wine (4)
5 No small deer (5)
6 He wrote "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever" (5)
7 By sticking to one's work (11)
8 A mere jumble of words (11)
12 At any rate a writer of music should have this to offer importunate creditors (11)
13 Kind of absentmindedness (11)
14 Gathering in which all take part (5)
15 This continental river might easily become a drain (5)
16 Sign of the Zodiac (3)
20 Displeasing (5)
21 One of the worldly wealthy (5)
25 Stands for the control of the lower Thames (3)
28 Well-known refusal given to the lad (5)
29 Edge (5)
31 Fish that resists your getting him his tail (5)
32 Afterwards (5)
34 This term for a European of sorts seems to be 500 years old (4)

QUICK CROSSWORD

ACROSS

3 Sudden speed
8 Fish
9 In good time
10 Last
11 Like
13 Dish
14 Fruit
16 Wandered away
19 Engrossed
21 Ulcer
22 Transgressors
24 Despatch
26 Part of church
28 Annihilate
29 Dwells
30 Journal
31 Might
32 Peruses

DOWN

1 Delicate
2 Demand
4 Couple
5 Garner
6 Agreen
7 Idleness
10 Attaches
11 Disdain
12 Complaint
15 Bears
17 English port
18 Prepared
20 Drinker
23 Food
24 Condescend
25 New
27 Weary
28 Defunct

8 DAY'S SOLUTION.—ACROSS: 1, Pattern; 5, Shaft; 8, Least; 9, Regana; 10, Redundant; 12, Gun; 13, Revise; 14, Rotted; 17, Cut; 18, Concurred; 20, Violent; 21, Evade; 23, Roses; 24, Hutches. DOWN: 1, Polar; 2, Tea; 3, Extends; 4, Norma; 5, Sight; 6, Alligator; 7, Trained; 11, Devotions; 13, Recover; 15, Opulent; 16, Snatch; 18, Chess; 19, Dress; 22, Ash

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These crossword puzzles from a May 22, 1944, London paper caused the oddest of all preinvasion security scares. They contained these top-secret names: "Omaha" (3-down), an invasion beach; "dives" (21-down), the Dives River, another invasion target; and "Dover" (17-down), a port of embarkation.

Ever since those days, four years before, Mr. Wallace had seen the channel become a battlefield. He saw the first coastal convoys, attacks by E-boats, sinking ships, crashing aircraft, deaths and rescues. And all through those years he had the sense of standing on the very edge of the world, for the known, orderly civilized world ended then within gunshot of the cliffs of England. Over the south horizon was implacable hostility, as hard to visualize as the terrors which the ancients imagined beyond the Ocean.

This feeling of an uncrossable frontier made the sight which Wallace saw on the fifth of June more wonderful. For several weeks the harbor at Portland, seventeen miles to the westward, had been filling with ships. Then it had begun to overflow, and all the seventeen-mile sweep of Weymouth Bay had begun to fill. A screen of destroyers had been thrown across the bay. The destroyers turned close in below his hut and steamed back and forth all night and day across the mouth of the bay to Portland Bill; and inside the screen ever more and more ships had anchored. Then, on the day before, between the squalls of rain, he had seen still hundreds more come in—landing craft and escorts which had come up from Cornwall and Devon and then, on Eisenhower's order, turned back to shelter.

And that morning the fleet had sailed. He could not possibly count the ships; in fact, many more than a thousand ships were before his eyes. Close under the cliffs of the headland he looked down on landing craft packed with troops. Beyond them, line after line of tank landing craft passed by, escorted by motor launches. There were armed trawlers and ocean tugs, and far out and ahead there were echelons of mine sweepers. Hundreds of ships were flying barrage balloons.

Destroyers and frigates took up their stations out to sea; French, British and American cruisers; tank landing ships and infantry transports carrying small landing craft in davits; and on the horizon, coming up from the west beyond Portland, battleships and monitors and heavy cruisers. Fighter planes wove patterns overhead. Then, in the east, more landing craft and escorts emerged from Poole, and in the far distance another separate fleet steamed out of The Solent. Wallace stood on the head of the cliff, entranced by a pageant of splendor the like of which nobody had ever seen before, nor is likely ever to see again. Before evening the last of the ships had gone, hull down on the southern horizon, and once more the sea was empty.

He was on his way home when dusk had fallen and the sound in the sky began. At home his wife was listening. "This is it," he said to her; and later that night, when they were ready to go to bed, he said, "A lot of men are going to die tonight. We should pray for them." They knelt by the side of the bed.

Editors' Note—This is the first of six articles by Mr. Howarth. Next week he describes the British air drop and the costly action paratroopers fought in the German rear.

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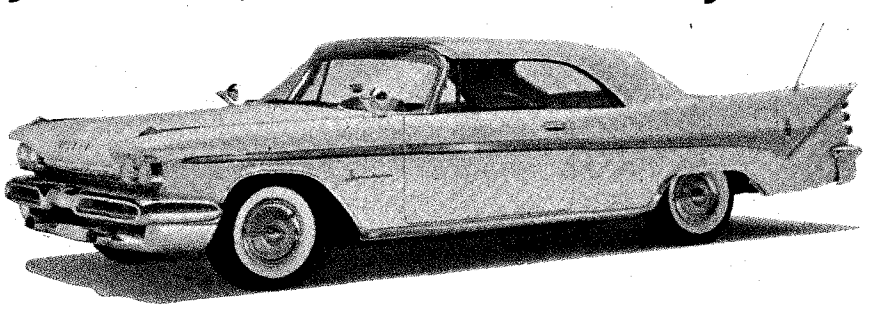

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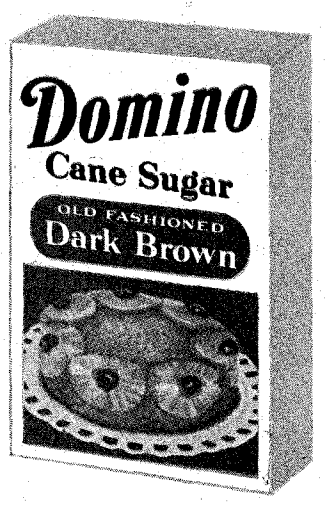

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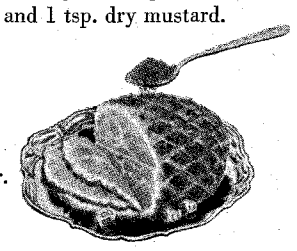

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The Cardiff Giant Affair (Continued from Page 43)

nation, you and I are the only people who are agnostic about Madam and Oscar."

"With growing reason," I answered.

"It could be a slippery spot to stand on if it were discovered."

"I opened my big mouth to Oscar about knife throwing," I admitted.

Lossie was pensive, not frightened, but thoughtful. "Orrin," she asked, "do you think those two murders had anything to do with this?" She flicked her hand at the safe.

"What reason have we to think so?"

"Medicine show," she said promptly. "The two men who were throttled were connected with the show. There was a knife thrower with the show. Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other. Hence Oscar was connected with the show. The first man was a snooper, and maybe he snooped too much in our neighborhood. The second man, Gideon Weeks, resembled Madam Janeway. Maybe he snooped."

"What you say is possible."

"And you and I have snooped," she said.

The conclusion to be drawn from that was obvious and needed no enlarging.

"When people get all nonplused," Lossie said, "they're apt to run around in circles. They're apt to get bewildered."

"That's possible," I told her, "but what bearing has that on our predicament?"

"It might be a dandy idea to nonplus Oscar and Madam. If they are noble and innocent parties, it can do no harm. If they're stealthy and sinful, it might help you and me."

"But, my child," I said patronizingly, "how could we nonplus them?"

She wrinkled her cunning nose at me, but beyond that showed no resentment. "You're supposed to be the astute lawyer who thinks up capers and expedients," she said. "What if Oscar sneaked here to open the safe again, and the cupboard were bare?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean wouldn't he be good-and-plenty nonplused?"

"You're leading up to something," I said.

"I'm leading up," she said, "to Oscar finding an empty safe and throwing a conniption fit."

"You," I said severely, "are trying to wangle me into taking that money out of the safe and hiding it somewhere else."

"Right the very first guess," she retorted.

"Oscar and Madam would know I had abstracted it."

"How?" she snapped.

That question had merit. How would they know it was I? I had not, they would be sure, the combination to open the safe. It might have the effect of arousing suspicion between themselves. Both had the combination. It might even cause each of them to suspect that the other had abstracted the money.

"And," Lossie said, "if it didn't cause trouble betwixt them, it would be life insurance."

"For whom?"

"For you and me," she said. "We would hold it as a hostage."

"A very reckless thing to do," I said.

"*Toujours l'audace*," she quoted smartly.

"Which, translated," I said sullenly, "means always take a silly chance."

"Not a bit of it! They couldn't be sure you had abstracted it. If you did, they wouldn't dare harm you because nobody but you could tell them where you had hidden it."

"Unless," I said tartly, "they took a leaf out of the book of the Indians and drove splinters under my nails or built a bonfire on my stomach to induce me to tell."

She looked me over deliberately. "Aren't you big enough to take care of yourself?"

"Why go looking for trouble?" I demanded.

"You don't have to," she said pertly; "you're in trouble up to your Adam's apple."

She knew how to be persuasive. Always she had talked me into doing things she wanted me to do. I hate to confess it, but Lossie Fox had always been able to twist me around her little finger. Besides, as I thought it over, there was more common sense than peril in her idea.

"Suppose—just suppose—I was so foolish as to do what you suggest. Where would I hide all this money?"

"Oh, that!" she exclaimed offhandedly, as if it presented no problem. "Why, we'd take it to the safest place on earth, where it would be guarded by somebody as able to guard it as Ulysses S. Grant."

"And where would that be?" I demanded.

"Aboard Lizzie Ann," she said promptly, "under the eye of Captain Zacharias Wheelright."

"You have it all planned out, haven't you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"I'm very quick at planning," she said. "When there is need for a plan, I go right to work to make one."

"When do we do all this?" I asked.

"Right off quick," she said. She was never one for postponing things.

"No," I vetoed.

"Why not?"

"Because," I said, "I think they will be putting a lot more money in this safe. They haven't put in the money I got from Albany yet."

Lossie was biting her thumb. "Yes," she said presently, "it will be better to wait. Until we have found out some more." She paused and bit her thumb some more. "Bankers are gullible," she said thoughtfully, "but then, everybody is gullible. The more fantastic a thing is the more eager folks are to believe it. Like the Cardiff Giant. Look at the famous people who have swallowed it without pepper and salt! And a fortune being made out of it. Nobody asks questions."

"What sort of questions would they ask?"

"The first one I would ask is where it came from," Lossie said. "Nobody bothers. And the same with Madam Janeway. Where did she come from?"

"Why, from New York," I said.

"How do you know?" Lossie asked.

"Why—why ——"

"Exactly," Lossie said. "You took it for granted. She appeared out of nowhere and rented a big house and made a splurge and spent money like water. And all this Dan'l Drew business!"

"But," I objected, "she has money to spend, and she is generous with it. And she has stocks and bonds. And Dan'l Drew's signature."

"And," said Lossie, "Oscar throwing knives in the barn, and berating her not a bit like a servant when they are alone, and disappearing on the day of the barbecue, and smashing the mirror, as we saw her do. But mainly and principally hiding all this money in your safe!" She sat back in my big chair and shook her head furiously. "Gullible!" she said firmly.

"But," I said, "if we add up all we know, what does it amount to? What has Madam Janeway done that is wrong, or dishonest, or criminal? Suppose we shouted all we know from the housetops. What would it amount to? And maybe Banker Watts and Banker Willis and Banker Dewitt have investigated and not been gullible? What if they really know all about her?"

"Let's go home," Lossie said suddenly. "This office is cold. I can't think with cold toes. But I still say gullible."

Well, that was that. We went home and the half million dollars remained in my safe, at least for the time being, and life went on as usual. Mr. Hannum's lawsuit against P. T. Barnum came to trial and, as I had warned him, we were defeated. The judge held, as I had foreseen, that there was no cause of action in exhibiting an imitation of a humbug. But the trial had served its purpose. Papers all over the nation printed accounts of the case and crowds of the curious flocked to see both the original giant and Mr. Barnum's imitation of it.

After a while, business in New York began to fall off and the owners of our giant moved it to Boston, where it caused as much of a furor as it had done everywhere else. And Boston being the Athens of America and brimming with great minds and scientists and poets, there ensued a bigger argument about what it really was than had arisen any place else. The great pundit, Ralph Waldo Emerson, of whom everyone stood in awe, came to examine it and declared that it was astonishing. He said publicly that it was beyond even his comprehension, but that without doubt it was a bona fide petrified human being. As a result, the crowds paying admission to see the marvel doubled and trebled.

But the famous Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who wrote the poem about the wonderful one-hoss shay and was celebrated as an anatomist, approached the matter with scientific skepticism. Somehow or other, he managed to bore a hole in the giant's head just behind the left ear and demonstrated that the interior of the skull was solid stone, with no indication whatever of there ever having been a brain. But he did join with those who held that the giant was a piece of sculpture of great antiquity. This caused a lull in business and the reduction of admission from a dollar to fifty cents. At this bargain price, several hundred men and women and children came to see and to wonder every day.

The winter continued to be one of the coldest even the senior citizens of Syracuse could remember. Snow fell and drifted and was cleared off sidewalks until it was piled high in great ramparts along both sides of the streets. The canal was solid ice, so that it seemed the imprisoned boats never would be able to move again. What salt our fathers shipped had to be conveyed by train. Business was feeling the effects of the panic and there was hardship, though not so severe as in the bigger cities of New York and Philadelphia and Boston, where banks seemed to topple every day.

Almost alone of all the people in our little city, Madam Janeway seemed untouched by the money shortage. There was no abatement in her regal entertaining or in her charities or in her generosity to the young friends she cultivated and loved to have about her.

With all her lavishness there was no shrinking in the amount of money hidden in my safe, but, on the other hand, a startling increase in its total. I kept track of it day by day and totaled it at least once a week. Before we even thought of the coming of spring the total reached the enormous sum of eight hundred thousand dollars, and I, even in the favored position of Madam's attorney, could not tell where it all came from. I was able to surmise, but surmise only, that some of it, at least, was the proceeds of increased borrowings from old banks and new lending by new banks.

Again and again, Lossie and I tried to reach a solution of this mystery by reasoning, but we were not able to do so.

"Why," I asked again and again, "should a woman who owns stocks and bonds amounting to millions, as Madam seems to do, be borrowing and hiding away such incredible sums of money?"

"And why, when old Dan'l Drew keeps on sending her more securities, should she borrow at all? Why, a king could live on the dividends that must pour in!"

"If only Madam Janeway were involved," I said, "I might not be alarmed or suspicious, because a woman, or so I understand, is prone to be eccentric in money matters."

Lossie snapped at me. "Women," she said, "are a heap sight smarter than men in money matters or any other matters. Orrin Applegate, I've got as many brains as you have, and I can use them a great deal quicker. You—you're stodgy!" she added.

"All right," I said; "if you've got so many brains and they work so smartly, let's see you use them now."

"That I'll do," she retorted. "If people borrow money, they have to pay it back. What happens when these banks demand payment of Madam's loans?"

"Why," I said, "she has plenty of money to pay."

"Stupid!" she exclaimed. "If Madam means to use the money in your safe to pay back loans, why did she borrow it at all, and not use it? And why does she hide it away? It's silly to think she would borrow all that money and hoard it just to pay it back when her notes fell due!"

"Then," I said, "suppose you tell me why she does it?"

"Well," she said, "one reason is to skedaddle with it and leave all these banks holding the bag."

"But that doesn't make sense. Not with all the wealth she's had from Dan'l Drew and all he keeps on sending her."

"That," she said, "is the part that makes it so hard to figure out." Then she stopped and stared at me, big-eyed. "What," she demanded in a startled whisper, "if all that is make-believe?"

"That's just silly," I said.

"And what," she went on, paying no attention to me, "if it's all a gigantic fraud and confidence game? And the pair of them, when they've borrowed all they can, just disappear?"

The very thought appalled me. It was impossible, but I could not help envision-

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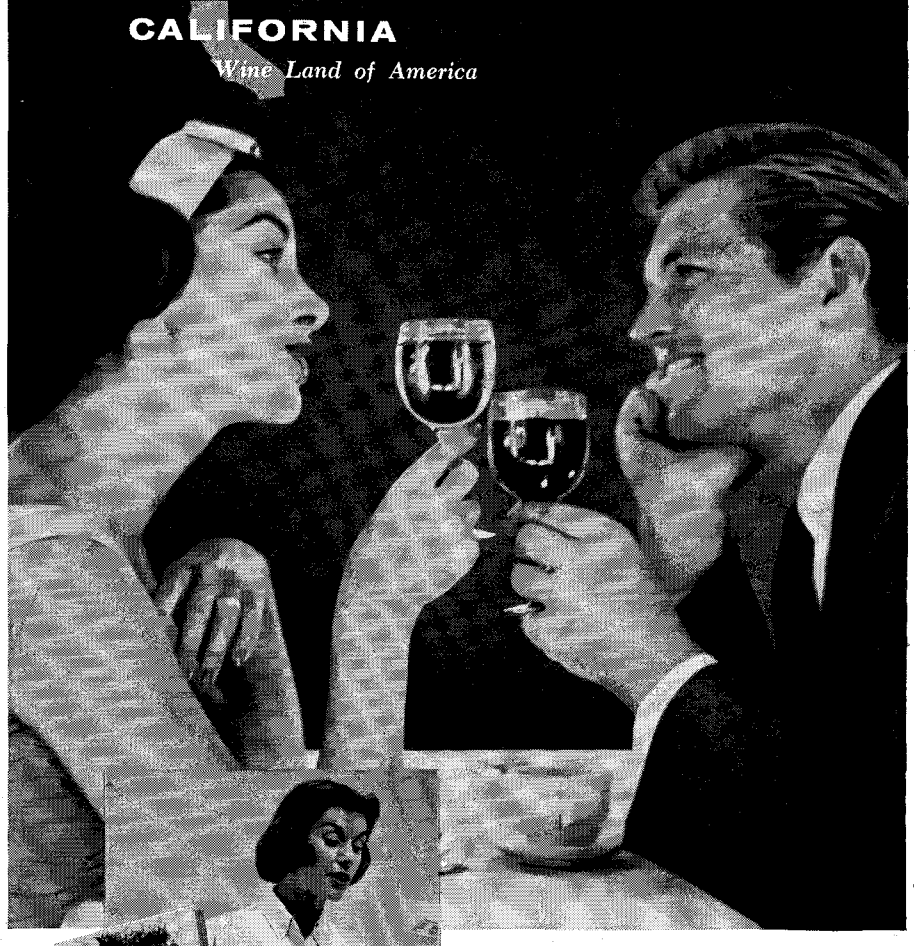

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ing the results of such a thing, especially in this day of financial stringency. The results would be too tragic to consider. Madam would leave behind her a dreadful mess of bankrupt banks and beggared depositors.

"Orrin," Lossie said, and one would not believe that so dainty a girl could be so grim and determined, "it's time we stuck in our thumb and pulled out the plum. High time."

"Yes," I agreed, "we must make it impossible for that hoard to vanish. Whether we're right or wrong, we simply must. Tonight I'll carry that money to the Lizzie Ann!"

"We will," corrected Lossie.

"No," I objected, knowing it was useless to protest.

"We're having a boiled dinner tonight," she said, "and you love corned beef and cabbage and all. You come and eat with us. Right after, we'll take a carpetbag and ——"

There would be no way of getting rid of her, so I surrendered.

"Lossie," I said, "what if we're crying wolf and there isn't any wolf?"

"How much more horrible," she said gravely, "if we left the money there and there was a wolf! That, Orrin, we don't dare risk."

"No," I said, frightened at the possibilities, "that we don't dare risk. But, Lossie, think of the responsibility we—I assume!"

"If," she said tartly, "there's a kind of a man I despise, it is one who hasn't backbone enough ——"

I didn't let her finish. "Oh, all right! All right!" I said. "It's all right for you to enjoy the excitement of it, but I'm the one who goes to the penitentiary."

She wrinkled her nose at me. "I'll come often and peek through the bars at you," she said.

After eating enormously of a New England boiled dinner—and it is a marvel how much Lossie can stow away for so dainty a person—we put on outer garments to keep us comfortable against the cold and started out for my office. We thought it wiser to go by a roundabout way though there was little danger of being seen. Even if we had been seen, nobody would have given it a thought. But when you are bent on a mischief you have an absurd apprehension that the whole world is waiting to pounce upon you. As the preacher says, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

With caution, we entered the building where my office was and climbed the dark stairs. I fumbled for the keyhole and got the door open, and we entered like burglars. By the light of a single match, which Lossie held for me, I opened the safe and scooped its contents into a large carpetbag which I had concealed under my overcoat. We were breathless.

I closed the safe door and twiddled the knob, and there we were in the darkness, Lossie and I, with nearly a million dollars on our hands.

"We are doing the right thing," Lossie whispered to reassure herself.

"If I didn't think so," I whispered back sharply, "I wouldn't be doing it. But right now I can feel Oscar's fingers throttling me."

Now I don't know why I said that or what put the thought into my mind, but as I crouched there in the dark, it came to me that Oscar had a strangler's hands, and that the gaunt man with the death's head was the one who had already killed two men for reasons best known to himself. I wondered why he had used his fingers instead of throwing a knife.

One thinks of a million dollars as a vast sum, but it was surprising to me how small was the bulk of it and how light the weight. I stood erect and shuffled to the door with Lossie's hand on my arm. Outside, I set the bag down on the floor while I locked the door behind us. Then we slunk down the stairs and, hesitating in the entrance, peered fearfully up and down the street. It was deserted, and Lossie and I were thankful for the icy breeze and the driving snow that kept folks within doors.

So heavy was the snow that one could not have recognized a friend six feet away, and it gave us a feeling of safety which was most welcome. Ten minutes' buffeting the storm brought us to the basin and the spot where Lizzie Ann was tied. Smoke rose from the chimney and a welcome light gleamed below. We did not shout, as we usually did, but clambered aboard and rapped on the door.

"Who's there?" demanded Zacharias Wheelright.

"Lossie and Orrin!" I called back.

The door was jerked open and warm air fragrant with the aroma of fresh-baked bread welcomed us.

"And what," demanded Captain Wheelright, "be you younkers doin' abroad on sich a night?"

"It don't matter a mite," said Zach's woman, "what fetches 'em. They're welcome as posies in May."

She kissed Lossie, calling her "Lizzie Ann," as was her custom, and we seated ourselves near the roaring stove. Zach, seeming more gigantic than he actually was in those cramped quarters, peered at us with big, mild blue eyes while his woman bustled about like a hen with chickens.

"Still yourself, woman," he said." Hush your fuss. Somethin' fetches the younkers here that hain't merely jest a sociable visit."

"We're bringing you trouble," Lossie said.

"Ye fetched it to the right market," said Maw Wheelright promptly. "Troubles we've learnt to endure, be they ourn or another's."

"We've no right," I said.

"You that in a measure come to replace her we lost," said Maw Wheelright gently, "hain't got no call to speak of havin' a right. . . . Have they, paw?"

"Nary," said the big man gravely. "Has your trouble to do with that there carpetbag?"

"Yes," said I. "We've come to entrust it to you, Cap'n Zach. It holds close onto a million dollars."

"I swan to man!" the big man exclaimed. "That's a heap of cash, Orrin. Haow'd ye come by it?"

"Haow he come by it," interrupted Maw Wheelright, flitting like a wren on its perch, "hain't no concern of ourn. All we need know is what the lad craves us to do with it."

"It's a long and puzzling story," I said to them, "and maybe we've done a bad and foolish thing."

"Foolish mebby," snapped Maw Wheelright, "but not bad."

Zach blinked his great blue eyes and lighted his pipe and puffed slowly for a minute.

"Has this here howdy-do got suthin to do with that there fancy woman?" he asked gently.

Now "fancy woman" was a term I would not have applied to Madam Janeway, so aristocratic and dignified and beautiful, but I did not quarrel with Zach's use of the word.

"It has to do with Madam Janeway," I replied.

"The woman and me has argued over her," Zach said. "We come to conclusions."

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This was a surprise to me. How this pair, secluded on their barge, had even heard of Madam Janeway I could not comprehend. Not until I thought it over. And then I remembered that canawlers know everything. They live apart, they are a people to themselves, and so, in a sense, are spectators.

"What conclusions did you come to?" I asked.

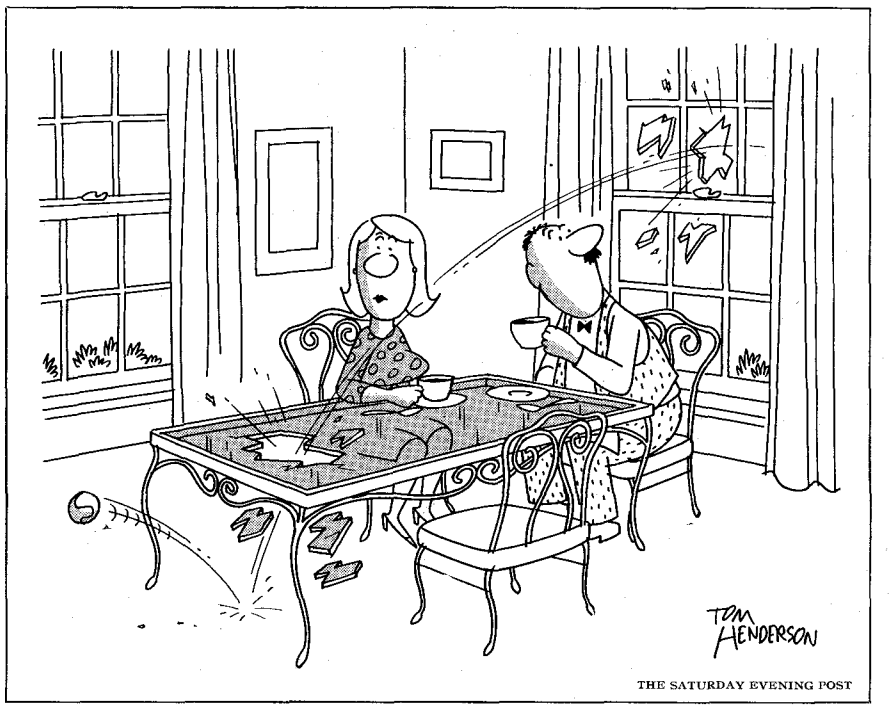
"We got our minds made up," said Maw Wheelright, "that she's a Jezebel in sheep's clothin'. And that man of hern comes fresh smokin' from the Pit."

This was direct and succinct enough to suit anybody, but what made me pause was Maw Wheelright's phrase that "man of hern." Women of Maw Wheelright's class did not in such connection use the word "man" to denote a male. Used as she used it, the word "man" meant husband or at least one who occupied the place of a husband.

"Oh," I exclaimed, shocked at this idea more than at the thought of Madam's being engaged in something criminal, "but that's impossible!"

"Because," Maw said in her nasal voice, "she's fair to see and mannered, and he's ill-favored and ugly!" She smiled gently. "Age hain't yit give ye wisdom," she said. "Ye'll come to learn that the's a sort of woman that's drawed to what's evil of body 'n' soul, 'n' is as horrid to look at as she's sightly." She nodded briskly, and all of a sudden I knew what she meant, because I had read a story, just published, by a Frenchman named Victor Hugo, who wrote about a creature whose face had been cut into a horrid grin and whose name was Gwynplaine, the clown.

"I calc'late," Zach said in his placid way, "we better git back to the cash money. How came ye by it, Orrin?"



I told him about my safe. How it had been a sort of gift to me by Madam, but how she always avoided giving me the combination. And I explained about my nocturnal intruder and how Lossie had come by the card with the combination written on it. And how we had opened the safe and found much money in it, which was added to, week by week, until it amounted to the sum at our feet in the carpetbag.

"So," Maw Wheelright said, "it was her put it there."

"More likely," Zach corrected, "that skeleton feller." He knocked out his pipe while Maw watched him to see that he spilled no ashes on the floor. "But who did they steal it off'n?" he demanded.

"She—they didn't steal it," I told them. "It was borrowed from banks."

"I still say 'stole,'" insisted Zach, "no matter haow it was contrived."

Maw Wheelright peered down at the carpetbag at my feet with a wry expression. "You children have fetched us trouble," she said, not angrily, but merely as one who states a fact and accepts it. "It comes to me that the's a sight of woe packed into that carpetbag." She closed her eyes and her thin face became stark and uncanny.

"Hist," said Zach, "the woman gits fits of second sight. One's come over her naow."

I felt something very like superstitious awe, and, looking at Lossie, I knew she was experiencing the same thing. When Maw Wheelright spoke again, it was not with her own cackling voice, but in deeper tones, unbelievably masculine and unchancy.

"Two has been murdered because of this here," she said. "And death's ahanging like a millstone over the heads of all that tampered with it this night." She paused and seemed to choke for breath. Zach Wheelright sat rigid, his huge hands gripped into fists. He motioned us to silence. "Half good and half bad," the little woman said presently. "That's the burden she's got to bear. A body can endure bein' teetotal bad, but to have the good half accusin' her day and night is a dreadful thing. Cruel she hain't," Maw said, as one who renders a judgment, "nor with the will to slay. Clever to plot 'n' plan 'n' trick, but killin's growed out of her trickery, and more's to come. And her forced to know it 'n' condone it! Pore critter! And one that's dead her own kith 'n' kin."

Again there was gurgling in her throat and difficulty of speech. But her voice returned, strong and commanding. "Zacharias Wheelright, my man, ye got a bounden duty. Ye got to stand a shield 'n' buckler betwixt them we love 'n' the wickedness that hovers over 'em."

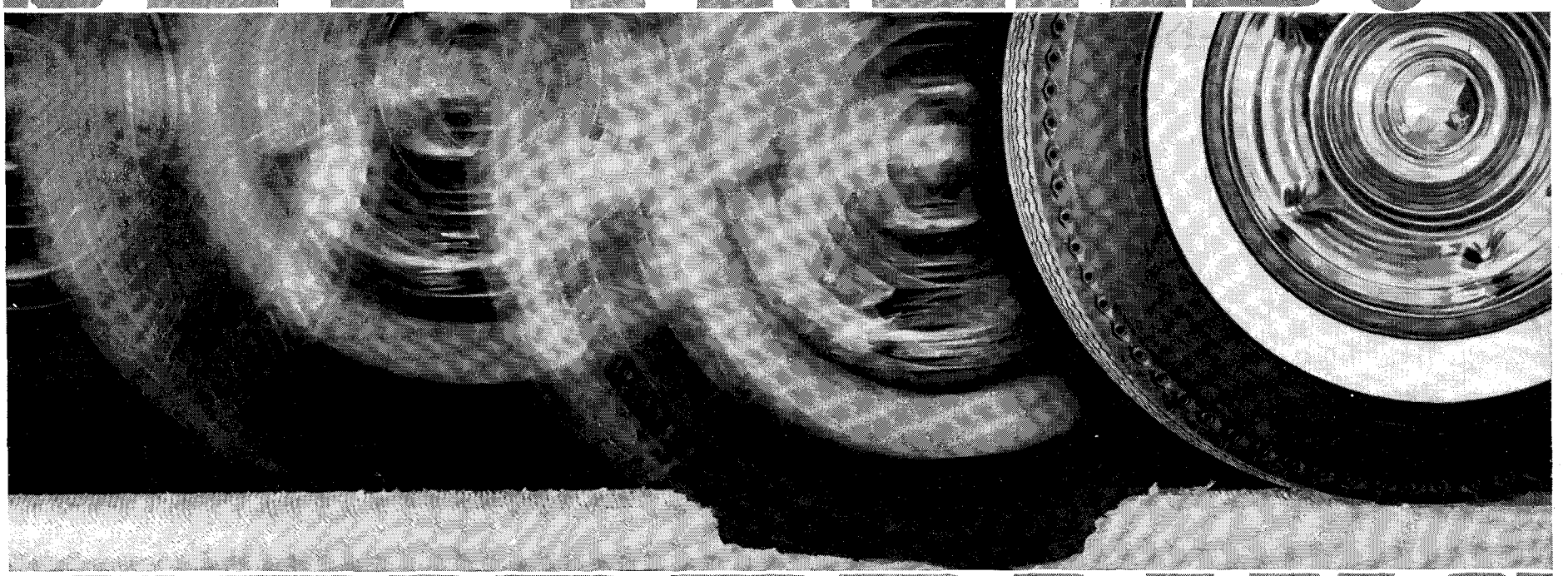
Her body went limp and I stretched out an arm lest she fall from her chair. But she did not fall, and in an instant she opened her eyes and peered about her vaguely.

"Seems like a been fur off," she said in a whisper.

"One of your spells, Maw," said Zach.

"A talkin' spell?" she asked.

"In a voice that wa'n't yourn," Zach told her.

JET TREAD!

SEIBERLING

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"I feel the need of a cup of tea," she said, stirring to her little feet. "Was what I said to be understood? Can it be put to use?"

"We understood, Maw Wheelright," Lossie said gently, "and it can be put to good use."

"My grandame was gifted too," Maw said, and put the teapot on to boil. "I mind it scared me the first time I seen it. We was ploddin' through strange and wild country, aridin' to new lands in a covered wagon. And a dry thirst come over me. Bein' a leetle one, I cried. And grandame woke up from a sleep and says in a queer voice, 'Hush your noise, grandchild. A quarter of a mile ahead, we swing to the right in a dell with hick'ry trees agrowin'. And there'll be found a livin' spring to quench your thirst.'" Maw Wheelright bobbed her head pertly. "And so it was, and we come onto the dell and the hick'ry trees and the livin' spring. The wonder was that grandame never passed that way before or heard the spot described to her."

The wind tore at Lizzie Ann as if to wrench her from her place in the basin, and the teapot sang on the stove. Maw Wheelright hummed as she set out cups and saucers and pungent ginger cookies.

"The childern," she said to Zach, "ought to be safe in their warm beds. You will see 'em to their door, my man, and let no harm come nigh 'em."

Lossie dunked her cookie and said to Maw, "Would you rather we took the bag of money away?"

"It's best left here," she said. "When you go I'll hide it sure 'n' safe. . . . Good night, my darlin' Lizzie Ann, and may lovin' angels sit to the four corners of your bed."

So, leaving the dangerous money where it stood, we went out into the night, and Zach could not be persuaded that we would be safe without him to guard us. And so we reached home, and no eye, either friendly or of an enemy, watched our coming and going under the cover of the storm.

We had done what we set out to do, wisely or unwisely. And what, in the end, we should do with the cache of money, we did not know. Nor did we know what action Oscar and Madam would undertake if and when they found it to be missing.

Zach bade us good night, and then stayed as if reluctant to go without some other word.

"Some," he said, "makes claim that second sight comes from the Evil One. Me, I maintain that depends on who's gifted with it. My woman's a good woman. Whatever's in her or comes out of her hain't evil, but comes from God."

With that, he turned abruptly on his heel and disappeared into the bluster of the storm.

I reached a determination, and that without assistance from Lossie. Indeed I did not tell her what I had made up my mind to do. But there seemed to me to be no other course I could follow and maintain my self-respect. I would have to inform Madam Janeway that I could no longer represent her as her attorney. This was a difficult thing to do, not because she was my principal client, but because I would be unable to give her any cogent reason for my action. I could not face her and tell her I believed her to be guilty of fraud or of some skillful plotting to obtain money. For I had no evidence to support me. If there was chicanery, I could not specify the manner of it. So far as I knew, each of her considerable loans in various banks was amply secured by collateral. Nowhere except in my mind and in Lossie's was there a shadow of suspicion of Madam.

She continued to dominate our social life. Everyone liked her, no party was a success without her presence, and to be omitted from her list of guests when she entertained was a minor calamity. Her benefactions continued and her lavish generosity to her friends persisted. And always when she appeared in public she was serene, gracious, stately and beautiful. So how was I to inform her that my conscience would no longer permit me to act as her man of law?

A note from Madam came across the street for me while I was eating my breakfast. It requested me to call upon her before I went downtown to my office. Although I was reluctant to face her and make known my determination, I crossed the street and rang the front-door bell. I had been striving to formulate in my mind the phrasing of my resignation, but words would not come. Oscar opened the door and I stepped past him into the vestibule with not a coherent idea in my head.

Always I had felt that Oscar did not like me; but then, he seemed to like no one. This morning his reception of me was almost impudent and his skeleton face wore an expression which might have been a sneer. Then, with elaborate punctilio which was in itself ironic and impertinent, he said, "Madam awaits you in her office." He led the way to the little room where she attended to her business affairs and where the safe was into whose interior I had looked. It had been bulging with what I took to be securities.

Madam, sitting behind her desk, smiled up at me in the most intimate and friendly way, and bade me good morning and asked me to seat myself.

"Maybe, Orrin," she said, "it's an impertinence to ask you to call on this matter—which is not legal at all. But I'm a most inquisitive woman."

I stared across the desk at her, so lovely, so charming, so aristocratic, and my resolution ebbed away. It was absurd to think for an instant that this beautiful woman could have any connection, however remote, with crime. One would as soon have accused the young and lovely Queen Victoria on her throne in England.

"This long winter," she said, "I have amused myself. To pass away the time, I've been prying into this Cardiff Giant. Of course, in spite of Mr. Emerson or Doctor Holmes or all the scientists and preachers in the world, it is a hoax."

"Yes, Madam," I agreed.

"But a clever hoax, and amazingly successful. And I itched to know how it was perpetrated. It was easy enough to find out that Stubby Newell was only a cat's-paw, and that the man behind the deception was that atheist cigar manufacturer in Binghamton."

"George Hall," I said.

"A saturnine and ironic man," she said. "Now, I discovered that Mr. Hall had something huge and heavy shipped to him from Chicago. Weighty machinery to manufacture cigars, he claimed. But through a banking friend in his town I was able to determine that not a piece of new machinery has been added to his factory for years."

"Yes, Madam," I said, not pleased with myself.

"I want you, Orrin, to trace that heavy shipment back to Chicago for me. It should be easy to do." She smiled gaily at me. "Naturally, I shall pay for your services. Call it a whim. But I'm amply able to pay for having my whims indulged."

"But, Madam ——" I commenced.

"It will be such fun to expose the hoax and make fools of the solemn asses who have pronounced it genuine."

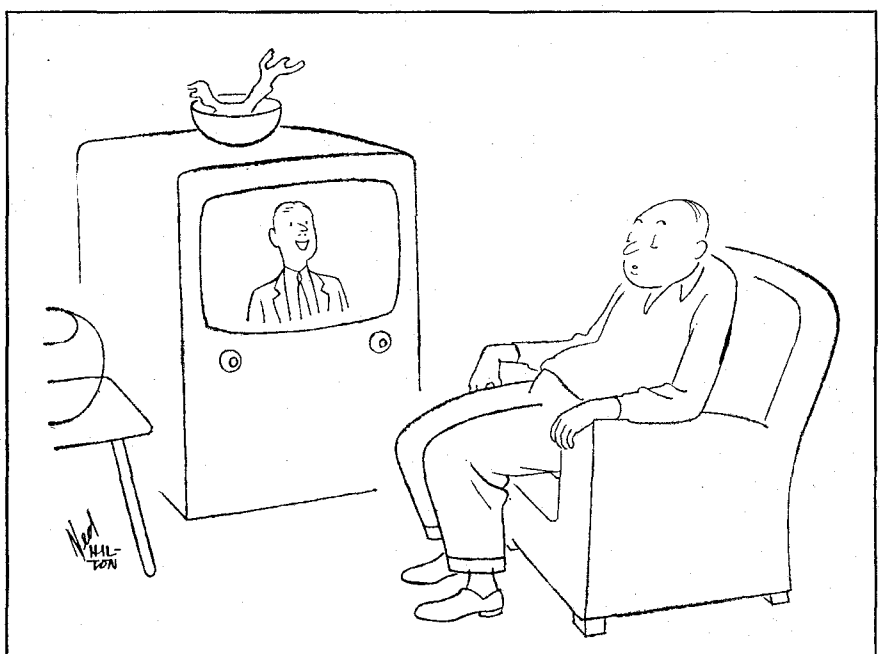
I could find no diplomatic way to tell her what I had come to say. I tried to blurt it out baldly, but sitting there and looking across the desk into her intelligent, well-bred face, I could not make myself say the words.

On that morning I was young, inexperienced. How was I to perceive that the most efficient quality a scheming woman, a woman engaged in the execution of a huge fraud, could possess was exactly that combination of assets which made up Madam's personality.

"It will be amusing," Madam said, with a light laugh, "to expose the—the hocus-pocus. Just for our own entertainment."

"Very well, Madam," I answered, and then she stood up graciously and extended her slender hand and bade me good morning. I went out still Madam's attorney, my ethics put to rout and my virtuous intention brought to nothing.

When I reached my office, there stood outside my door the figure of a man so muffled in a heavy coat, tippet, earmuffs and felt boots that I did not at once recognize him. It was not until he removed his cloth cap that I saw my visitor was Jethro Willis, the banker from Binghamton.



"The commercials will continue after a brief pause for the entertainment."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Good morning to you, Mr. Applegate," he said, more politely than he ever had conducted himself toward me before.

"You are up and about early, Mr. Willis," I answered, unlocking my door and standing aside to admit the man to my cold office. He breathed steam in my face and his fish eyes were sly and worried. In my life I have encountered men I disliked, men I feared, men I distrusted, but of all the regrettable characters I have known, I think this man was the most despicable.

"How may I serve you?" I asked, hoping I would be unable to serve him at all.

He unwound himself from his scarf, but retained his mittens as he sat down in the chair at the right of my desk.

"I hear tell," he said, "that you're a mighty smart young lawyer."

To this compliment I made no response, but waited.

"Off and on," he continued, "a sight of things come up here that need lookin' after."

I continued to wait.

"Bein's you're jest startin' out, I figgered ye might be some cheaper'n what an older feller would be."

"If," I said, "you are looking for cheapness rather than ability, I suggest that you go elsewhere."

"Naow, naow, Mr. Applegate. Don't git het up. I'm a businessman."

"Very well," I rejoined; "then come to business."

There was, it was evident, something on his devious mind, but he shied away from coming out with it. I did not help him. He wriggled in his seat and his eyes shifted from one side of my floor to the other, and he spat a stream of tobacco juice into my cuspidor.

"I hear tell," he said finally, "ye got some rich—continental-rich clients."

This being none of his confounded business, I made no response. He mumbled to himself and then took the plunge.

"One of these clients bein' Madam Janeway," he said, looking up at me out of the corners of his pale eyes. "Yeah. It's related to me she regards you high and sets store by ye."

"Suppose you come to the point, Mr. Willis," I said sharply.

"You're a big and handsome and sightly feller," said Willis. "Folks says she sets more'n jest legal store by ye. It's said ye got a way of influencin' her to do what ye want easy as fallin' off a log."

For an instant I did not follow him or grasp his despicable meaning, and then I pushed back my chair and strode around the desk and fastened my fingers in his collar to hoist him to his feet. I propelled him toward the door. He choked and clawed at my hand, and, as I opened the door to eject him, he became articulate.

"Ye better listen!" he said venomously. "Ye better give heed to me! The' could be big money in it fur ye, and ye might be able to fend off bad trouble fur your client and fur other folks."

I let him go. A mean, slinking, slandering creature such as he was might be dangerous. And if I listened to him and let his poisoned tongue wag, I might learn something I should know.

"Keep a decent tongue in your head," I said, "and I'll listen to you."

"Madam Janeway's borrowed money from my bank," he said. "It's my bank. I own it. I built it up."

"By foreclosing mortages," I interrupted.

"When folks owe me money, I calc'late to git it back," he said viciously. "Bein' her lawyer, ye know haow much Madam's borrowed off of me."

I neither admitted nor denied.

"It's a hunderd thousand dollars," he said. "Equal to the capital of my bank."

(*Continued on Page 74*)

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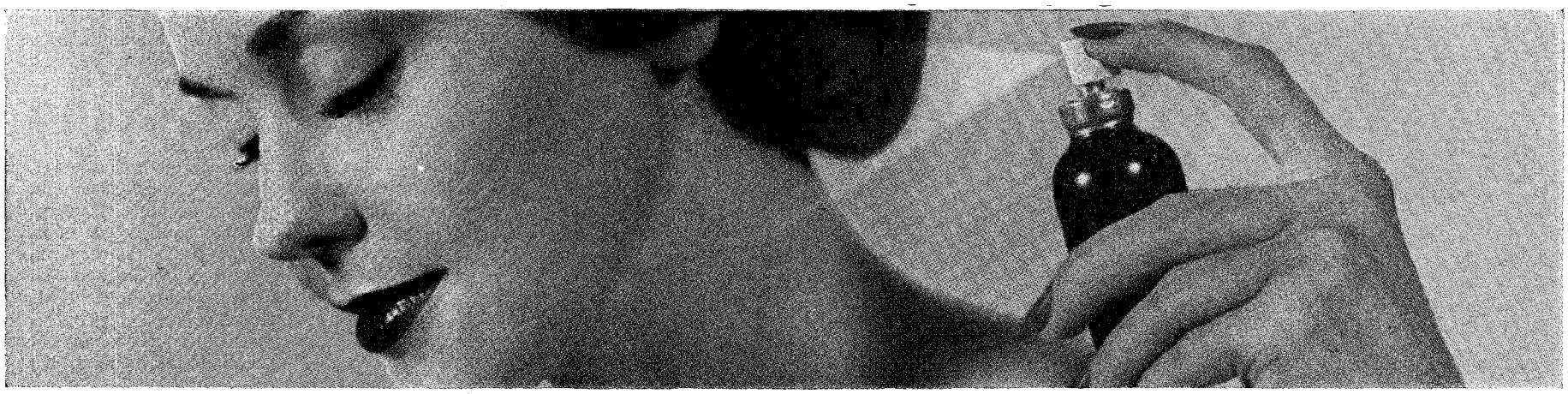

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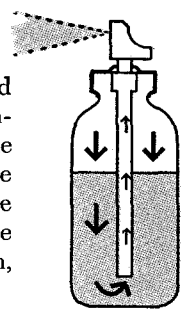

Pressure packages, commonly called aerosols, contain gases which constantly push downward against the liquid product. When you press the valve, you allow the liquid to escape up the tube and out the nozzle, where it forms a stream, a mist or a foam, depending on the type of product.

Now you can enjoy the finger-touch convenience of a pressure-packed product in beautiful Owens-Illinois plastic-coated glass containers that offer twofold advantages.

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O-I plastic-coated glass containers are handsome as well as functional. Users of pressure packages have their choice of many sizes and attractive colors plus the magic of Owens-Illinois designers.

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TABLEWARE	Libbey Safedge tumblers & stemware
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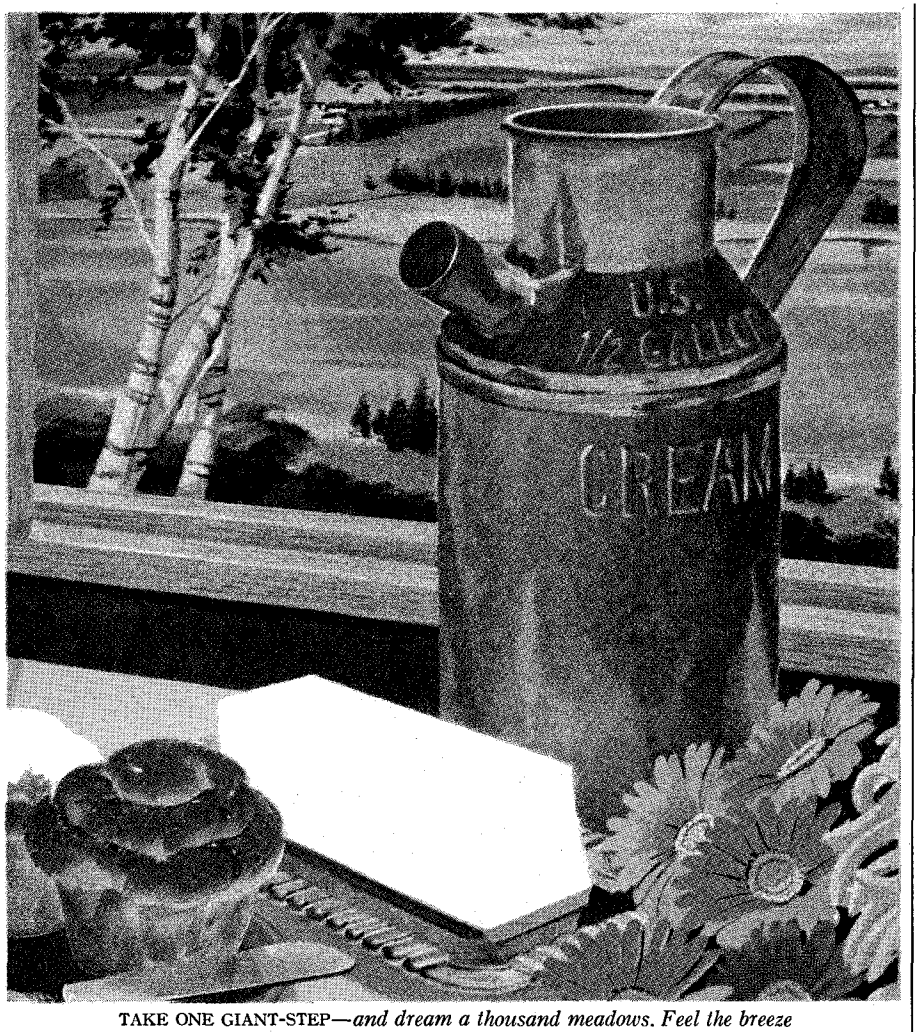


TAKE ONE GIANT-STEP—*and dream a thousand meadows. Feel the breeze blow fresh. You're in the Land O'Lakes—America's richest dairyland!*

Why we use a full ½ gallon of fresh, sweet cream to churn each pound of Land O'Lakes® Butter*

HERE IN THE LAND OF LAKES AND MEADOWS, where the good things of life are *so* bountiful, we use only *sweet* cream and nothing but sweet cream—a full half gallon—to churn each pound of Land O'Lakes Butter.

Some people, of course, think it a little odd that we make such a fuss over the sweet cream we use (we admit we frequently reject cream that *tastes* sweet simply because it's not sweet *enough* for Land O'Lakes Butter); and we know some people find it hard to believe we use a *full half gallon* of this sweet cream to churn each pound.

But it's true. And we'd no more think of changing it than we'd think of removing the pitchers of cream from our own breakfast tables.

You see, up here, this Land O'Lakes Butter of ours is more than a product; it's a standard of living. For many of us, it's our life work. We stake our reputations on it.

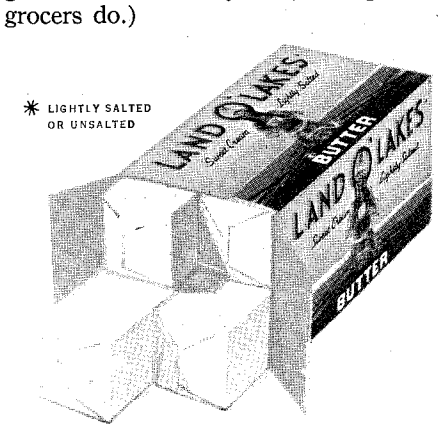
That's why we will not sell a single pound of our Land O'Lakes brand butter that does not meet the highest commercial score any butter can achieve—as graded on official United States Butter Grading Standards.

That's why we will not drop even one—no, not even one—of the 19 separate tests each pound of our butter must pass before it is released for sale.

Maybe it's just our way of life. Up here—where the breeze blows fresh—we set our sights pretty high. And, judging from your response, a lot of you folks must be glad we do.

So we're going to keep right on *insisting* that a *full half gallon* of fresh, sweet cream go into every pound of Land O'Lakes Butter.

We hope *you* will sort of insist that your grocer stock it for you. (Most *quality* grocers do.)



* LIGHTLY SALTED OR UNSALTED

(*Continued from Page 72*)

"You were pretty eager to lend it," I said. "You fawned on her like a hungry puppy. You've got your security."

"Yeah. That I got, and Dan'l Drew's name on her notes. But it's made me dangerous short of cash. And she don't make no payments on account. Money's terrible hard to git jest to carry on business. And if anything was to happen—if fur some reason she didn't pay up, I'd be bankrupt."

"Why come to me? Why not go to her?"

"A feller like me don't want to give offense to Dan'l Drew nor to his—his lady—his left-hand daughter or whatever she is."

"But," I said, "you've got your security."

He looked at me like a weasel blinking out of its burrow. "Mebby I have. Mebby I hain't," he said.

"Meaning what?" I demanded.

"I got an envelope," he said, "all wound round with tape 'n' sealed tight with sealin' wax. And listed outside is the stocks and bonds that's inside. And Dan'l Drew's name's there. But I hain't never seen 'em with my own eyes. What I wake up in the night 'n' ask myself is: What if they hain't there? What if the's skulduggery?"

"Well," I said impatiently, "why don't you open the package and see?"

"I dassen't," he said. "I dassen't make no enemy of Dan'l Drew or his woman."

"Then what," I asked, "do you purpose?"

"I kind of contrived to come see you," he said in a sort of whimper. "To see if I couldn't git you to make her pay me back maybe at least twenty-five or fifty thousand. That would keep me agoin'." He turned his head slowly, and I was reminded of a saurian as he blinked at me. "Oh, not fur nothin'. I calc'late to pay ye well. Say five per cent of what ye kin git out of her."

"I'm not for sale that cheap," I said.

"I'll go ten per cent," he said eagerly.

"Mr. Willis," I said, "I want no truck with you whatever."

He glared at me like a cornered rat. "Ye won't help me none?"

"None," I said.

"Then mebby," he said, "you 'n' her'll regret it to the last days of your lives. I'm capable of makin' mischief, I be, and willin' to do so."

I strode past him and jerked the door open. A man stood there in the hallway, and his position indicated that his ear had been pressed against the panel of my door. He straightened with a jerk and presented the gaunt face and hollowed eyes of Oscar, Madam Janeway's butler. He stood aside for Jethro Willis to pass, and then turned and looked after him until he disappeared down the stairway. There was something still and secret and frightening about the bony man whose shoulders were almost as wide as mine. His big hands with long, splayed fingers flexed, closing and unclosing, as his ophidian eyes burned into mine.

"What," I demanded, "are you doing here?"

"A message from Madam Janeway," he said. "A matter she forgot this morning."

He held out to me a sealed, perfumed envelope.

"Were you also," I asked, "required to apply your ear to my door?"

This did not abash him. He only widened his eyes, and his gash of a mouth parted in what I took to be his version of a grin.

"There was no need," he said. "Your voices were loud."

With that, he turned on his heel and walked away, and there was nothing I could say or do. Though I was certain he had followed me from Madam's house to spy, probably with knowledge that Jethro Willis was in town. And that his spying was with the knowledge, and perhaps with the consent of Madam, the note in my hand attested.

I closed the door and tore open the dainty envelope. The message it contained was of no importance. It merely informed me of incidental details of the carting of George Hall's crate of machinery from the city of Chicago eastward and of the breaking down of the wagon that carried it.

Perhaps my obligation as Madam's attorney was to acquaint her with what had passed between Jethro Willis and me. But I was sure it was information she would have from Oscar.

I sat at my desk and stared out of my window at the day, now clear and still and icy, and pondered the implications and possibilities of Willis' predicament and terror and threats. Here was danger to Madam from an unexpected source; menace from the frightened jackal which might well bring down her house of cards. If, indeed, it was a house of cards. At any rate it was beyond doubt that her affairs had reached a climax. If she was above reproach she would satisfy Willis' demands by paying her debt to him. If, on the contrary, she was engaged in a monstrous chicanery, then some other sensational conduct would ensue. But what it would be I could not foresee.

When I went home to my midday meal I looked across the street to Madam's mansion. There were no signs of life. Its windows were blank and expressionless. One might almost have guessed it to be vacant. But then, as I mounted our steps, I looked again over my shoulder and could see into Madam's room. She was visible. She seemed to be ransacking her closet, for gowns and other articles of apparel were piled upon her bed beside two large pieces of baggage. Madam was preparing for a journey.

The rest of my day was vexatious and monotonous. No clients came to my office. I could not apply myself. I merely sat and worried, and as I did so I was aware of increasing tension, of a sense of some dire thing impending. It was as if I watched some great, menacing tempest approach and could do nothing but wait for the storm to burst.

I had slight appetite for supper. I could not even bring myself to cross our yards to Lossie's house and share my fears with her. I thought I would be unable to sleep, but I did drop off and slept fitfully, to awaken at an unpleasantly early hour. Restlessly I waited for breakfast time, and then walked reluctantly to my office. I unlocked and opened my door, and then stopped dead still just over the threshold. The shock I sustained had almost a physical impact. For the massive door of my safe stood open, exposing its empty interior!

During the night, an intruder—there was no doubt in my mind that it was Oscar—had invaded my office and opened the safe with the intention either to deposit more cash in it or to remove the sum approaching a million dollars that had been secreted there. And discovered that it had vanished.

As I walked slowly toward my desk I heard heavy feet pounding the floor of the hallway and my door was kicked open violently. Oscar stood there, bending forward from the waist and flexing his strong fingers. He was like some great, starved ape. "Where is it?" he demanded, and took a step toward me.

TO BE CONCLUDED

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I Woke Up Helpless (Continued from Page 27)

not affected by this thing, for which I thank the Lord, and I am beginning to get back the use of my body. I have already regained some movement.

When I think of the progress I've made in the year since this hit me, I know it will be only a matter of time until I recover completely. It is slow. It will take a lot of work on my part. But I don't mind that. One of these days I'll be leaving this hospital on my own feet. I'll be back playing basketball with the Cincinnati Royals.

As for talking, I am having to learn how to speak all over again. This also takes time. I can't pronounce many words properly yet. However, I am able to have conversations. I can answer questions, and I can spell out the things I want to say.

In preparing this article, my collaborator started out by getting as much information as he could from other people, to save me the trouble of spelling out every last detail. Then he sat down and checked everything with me. I straightened him out on a number of points and added some new ones—especially about the thoughts that were in my mind at different stages. Now this is my own story, told in my own kind of language. I have gone over it word by word.

Lying around like this has been a new experience for me. I'm a pretty husky fellow—six feet seven, with a playing weight of 235 to 240 pounds—and I've been active all my life. I'm not used to being sick. I had no idea this breakdown was coming on until a few minutes before it happened.

I remember the whole day very clearly. It was March fifteenth of last year. The regular schedule in the National Basketball Association had ended, and the postseason play-offs were beginning. We were in Detroit to open a series against the Pistons that afternoon. This was the first time we had qualified for the play-offs in my three years with the Royals. We had tied with Detroit for second place in the Western Division during the league season, and we thought we had a chance to go all the way in the play-offs.

Three days before, in our last regular-season game, I had taken a pretty hard bump. We were playing the Lakers in Minneapolis. Going up for a rebound, I got knocked off balance and went down and banged my head on the floor. I was dazed for a couple of minutes. But when I revived I felt all right, and I kept on playing. We beat the Lakers, 96–89, and I was the Royals' high scorer, with twenty-four points.

I didn't think anything more about that bump on the head. By the time we got to Detroit for our opening play-off game, the only thing that was bothering me physically was a large boil underneath my chin. This had nothing to do with what happened later.

The morning of the game we slept late and had a big breakfast in the coffee shop of our hotel, the Sheraton-Cadillac. Then we relaxed in our rooms until it was time to go out to the University of Detroit field house for the game.

The less said about the game the better. We lost it, 100–83. It wasn't a very good afternoon for our team, and it certainly wasn't a good one for me. I scored only twelve points, although I got fifteen rebounds. But I wasn't sick or anything like that. I still felt O.K. In the locker room afterward I was going around saying, "Well, that one's by the boards. Let's forget about it and start thinking about how we're going to lick them in Cincinnati tomorrow."

We were flying back to Cincinnati around 9:30 that night, which left us several hours to kill. We took cabs back to our hotel, and then everybody went across the street to a steak house.

It takes nearly an hour to get from downtown Detroit to the Willow Run Airport, so we boarded the airport bus around seven-thirty or quarter to eight. About halfway out my stomach began to bother me. I felt like I was going to be sick. I asked if someone would take my bags for me when we got to the airport. Jack Twyman took my luggage, while Dick Ricketts went with me to the men's room.

I came out feeling quite a bit better, but while we were waiting for our flight to be announced, I had to go back and be sick again. I believe the same thing happened a third time. At this point some of the fellows were suggesting that I spend the night in Detroit and see a doctor and then come on to Cincinnati the next morning. But we only had about an hour-and-a-quarter flight ahead of us. I figured I could stick it out until we got to Cincinnati, and then if I needed help I could call Dr. Ben Hawkins, who serves as the Royals' team physician.

In another few minutes we boarded the plane. The fellows had me take a seat at the rear. Jack Twyman sat in front of me, and Dick Ricketts sat alongside me. I'd had many a dinner with Dick and his wife at their apartment in Cincinnati that season. I'm a bachelor myself.

Anyway, I still didn't think there was anything more wrong with me than a badly upset stomach. Everybody else thought the same. But I was beginning to feel bad all over. All of a sudden I reached out without meaning to and clutched Dick Ricketts by the leg. I said, "Dick, every bone in my body aches me. I feel like I'm going to die."

Sweat was pouring out of me. I was having difficulty breathing. I more or less collapsed. The others thought I had passed out completely, but I was still conscious. I was aware of what was taking place.

My teammates were doing everything they could think of to help me. The Trans World Airlines stewardess, Miss Jeanne Phillips, pitched in with them. They stretched me across the back seat. They covered me with blankets. They put cold compresses on my forehead and neck. My breathing was so labored by now—my throat was choking up with saliva and mucus—that they got me an oxygen mask.

One other very important thing was done for me on the plane. You see, I was planning to become a Catholic. I got interested in the religion back when I was at St. Francis College, a Catholic school in Loretto, Pennsylvania. Since then I had attended Mass from time to time. I had gone several times recently with two of my Catholic teammates, Richie Regan and Jack Twyman, and I had told them I wanted to join the church.

Well, in an emergency situation, where a person who has expressed the desire to become a Catholic might not live long enough to go through the regular baptismal procedure, he can be baptized by a layman. Richie Regan did this as I lay there helpless on the plane. A little later I was to be baptized again by a priest at the hospital. It has been a great comfort to me all these months to know that I have pledged myself to God.

Meanwhile, the airliner captain radioed ahead to have an ambulance meet us at the Greater Cincinnati Airport in Covington, Kentucky. When we landed, the ambulance had already arrived from Saint Elizabeth Hospital in Covington. I remember being carried off the plane by the fellows—it took about six of them—and then being wheeled into the ambulance. I was soaked through with sweat. Some of the fellows have told me that I couldn't have been any wetter if I'd fallen into a swimming pool with my clothes on.

At the hospital two interns went right to work on me. They kept on with the oxygen, and they began giving me intravenous feeding. Pretty soon the team physician, Doctor Hawkins, showed up. Les Harrison, who was then the president of the Royals, had phoned him. Dr. Curwood R. Hunter came along soon after. He was called in by the hospital. Dr. Mervin Steves also came.

Then there was the Catholic priest who baptized me—Father Aldo, of Sacred Heart. He happened to be at the hospital that night. The next morning the regular hospital priest, Father Erwin, gave me the last rites of the church.

I remember that the doctors made some tests the night I was brought in and that they performed a tracheotomy. This means that they cut an opening in my throat and inserted an air tube directly into my windpipe to make sure that I wouldn't suffocate. Then I remember them phoning my mother in Pittsburgh. After that I went into my long sleep.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ross, one of my nurses at Saint Elizabeth's, says that from the very first day there were periods when my eyes seemed to follow her around the room. I don't remember that. I didn't know that my mother and my twin sister, Claurice, had arrived from Pittsburgh a few hours after my collapse or that my older brother, Master Sgt. Tero Stokes, Jr., had come down on emergency furlough from the Bunker Hill Air Force Base in Indiana. There were many things I didn't find out about for a while.

I know now that the main problem at first was just to keep me alive. My heart was working, and I was breathing, and that was about all. I was being fed intravenously. From time to time the breathing tube in my throat would get clogged and have to be cleared out. My position in bed had to be shifted every couple of hours to keep me from getting bedsores. At one point I was running high temperatures, and as many as fifteen icebags had to be kept on me to bring the fever down.

All this meant plenty of work for Mrs. Ross and the other nurses who attended me at Saint Elizabeth's, including Miss Stella Collins. I can never thank them enough. That goes for the whole of Saint Elizabeth Hospital.

Members of my family were in there giving the nurses all the help they could. My brother—I call him Buster—came when he was needed most. My mother stayed on in Cincinnati for four solid months. My sister was there almost continuously too. Sis has two small children of her own back in Pittsburgh—she's Mrs. James Washington—but she gave me practically all her time. I want to thank her husband for making this possible. Mother and Sis stayed in my apartment in the Avondale section of Cincinnati and generally came to the hospital in shifts.

As I mentioned before, the preliminary diagnosis by the doctors was that I had encephalitis. This is an inflammation of the brain caused by a virus. The doctors sent blood samples right away to the United States Public Health Service in Louisville for testing. The tests were negative, and so further specimens were requested. No virus showed up the second time either.

All this took a number of weeks. Since then the doctors have traced my trouble to that very hard bang on the head I got in Minneapolis. It caused a swelling in the brain, and this brought on the unconsciousness and the paralysis. In medical language, Doctor Hawkins and Doctor Hunter say that I had a post-traumatic encephalopathy.

Well, the swelling inside my head began to go down. I've told how I came back to consciousness for the first time on a day when Ed Fleming was in the room as a visitor, along with my father and sister. In the weeks that followed I woke up more and more often. I soon became aware of various other people.

My father couldn't get to Cincinnati as early or as often as my mother and sister. He had to go on earning an income at the Eager Thomas Steel Company in Braddock, Pennsylvania, where he has worked for thirty-three years. It increased the family expenses to have my mother spending so much time in Cincinnati. But he has come to see me himself whenever he could possibly manage it. It's a great thing to have a family like mine to stand by you in a time of trouble. They have spared no cost or effort to be at my side. One or another of them still makes the trip to Cincinnati at least once or twice every month.

The basketball season ended for the Cincinnati Royals right after I went into the hospital—they got eliminated from the play-offs by the Detroit Pistons the next night. Most of the fellows had to go back to their homes in other parts of the country. Jack Twyman was an exception.

"Good heavens, Mr. Penfold, sixty-two isn't old for a millionaire."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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He came from Pittsburgh originally—I used to play with him in a summer league there—but now he lives right here in Cincinnati. He dropped in on me almost every day. Even during the basketball season, when he travels so much and has so little spare time, he still comes around to see me whenever he's home. Jack's name certainly belongs high on the long list of people to whom I owe thanks.

One problem that came up early was a financial one. This has now been solved for the time being, because my medical bills are being paid by Ohio workmen's compensation, but at the beginning nobody could be sure how my expenses would be met. I had about $9000 in the bank, but I was in no condition to get at it, of course. Somebody had to be empowered to draw on that money for me if I needed it. Under the laws of Ohio, where I had my home, this had to be done by a resident of the state. So Jack Twyman volunteered. In April the probate court in Cincinnati appointed him my legal guardian.

My unconsciousness was lifting by then, but I was still completely helpless. I had some movement around my eyes—they could tell by my expression when the icebags or something else was making me uncomfortable, for instance—but there was no movement at all in my body. My body wasn't lifeless, though. The doctors found this out by sticking pins in me at different places. I could feel those pins all right, and I'd wince.

I could hear people when they talked, and I knew what they were saying. I could understand them a lot better than they could understand me. There was so little I could do to express myself. My speech muscles just weren't working. Eventually I progressed to where I could answer questions by signaling "yes" or "no" with my eyes. People who were around me a lot, like my family and Mrs. Ross, sometimes could practically read my mind by looking at me.

I lost a great deal of weight in the early stages. Nobody put me on a scale, naturally, but I may have dropped from about 235 pounds to as little as 170 or 160. As my condition improved, the weight started to come back. I believe it's all the way back by now.

At first I had only intravenous feeding. After a couple of weeks they began supplementing this with direct feeding through a tube down my nose into my stomach. In a few more weeks, as my digestive system became stronger, they gave up the intravenous feeding altogether.

Meanwhile, they started getting me back to normal eating. They had to teach me how to swallow again and then how to chew. This served a double purpose. You have to master swallowing and chewing before you can learn how to talk, which is one of the projects I'm working on right now.

Well, they began by squirting small amounts of liquid in my mouth. At first I couldn't swallow it at all, but on April twenty-first I took my first liquid by mouth. Next came soft foods—things like gelatin and cereal and mashed potatoes and custard—to give me some practice in chewing again. After that I went to ground meat and then to meat cut up in small pieces. All this time the tracheotomy tube was still in my throat for breathing, but by June twenty-first that had come out, and I also was eating the regular hospital meals.

These simple actions don't come back to you very fast. It's the same with all the muscles in my body that I lost contact with for so long. After I began feeling better, Mrs. Ross, the nurse, started exercising some of my muscles for me. At first she'd just take each finger and bend it four or five times. Then she'd take the whole hand and open and close it. Her next step was to close my hand on a piece of foam rubber and tell me to grip on it so that it wouldn't pop out. After a while I was able to hold it for a few seconds. Mrs. Ross moved on from there to manipulating my arms. A regular physical therapist at Saint Elizabeth's, Miss Aura Lyons, also began working with me.

My life was getting more normal in every way. I was listening to the radio and catching up on the news. Letters from basketball fans had been coming to the hospital for me by the hundreds, and I had the letters read to me. It gave me a good feeling to know that so many people on the outside were rooting for me.

The doctors were very pleased at the way I was coming along. They decided it was time I moved to a place that was equipped to give me complete physical therapy. So on July twenty-fifth, after 133 days at Saint Elizabeth Hospital in Covington, I was transferred across the Ohio River to Christ Hospital in Cincinnati. I hated to leave the people at Saint Elizabeth's, because they were so wonderful to me there. But they've been just as wonderful to me here in Christ Hospital.

Anyway, that move was an exciting thing for me. Although my bed had been pushed onto the sun porch now and then at Saint Elizabeth's, this was the first time I'd really been out of doors. They loaded me into an ambulance. I kept looking out the windows to see as much as I could.

> The only thing wrong with down payments is that they keep you that way.
>
> FRANK G. MCINNIS

My sister and Jack Twyman were in the ambulance with me. Jack was kidding me, the way my buddies usually do, but when we arrived at Christ Hospital, he turned serious. He said, "Well, sport, this is it. This is the last time you're going to see daylight until you walk out of this place under your own power."

More than seven months have passed since then, and it may be a number of months more before I do walk out, but I am going to make it. In the meantime, I can assure you that I'm not bored. I'm used to hard work. When I was a kid, I sold newspapers, and I took on other jobs to pick up money in my spare time—washing windows for people, and things like that. But I've never been any busier in my life than I am here at Christ Hospital.

Just about every minute of my day is filled from the time I wake up, which is generally between 7:15 and 7:30. Miss Carolyn Davis, the nurse who takes care of me from seven A.M. to three P.M., says that I always wake up with a nice smile on my face. Anyway, she greets me with a glass of prune juice and a couple of vitamin pills and checks my blood pressure. Then she washes my face for me and brushes my teeth—I haven't got quite enough movement in my hands yet to handle this myself. Next she gives me something like a carrot or a piece of celery to chew on. This isn't for nourishment. It's part of my speech therapy, to strengthen my throat muscles. I munch like that at odd hours during the day.

Around eight o'clock breakfast comes in. The nurse feeds it to me. I have fruit, cereal, eggs or whatever else is on the menu that morning. I also have four eight-ounce glasses of liquids—milk, chocolate milk shake, orange juice and water. They want me to have plenty of fluid, to keep my kidneys and bladder in good condition. I spend an hour or so at breakfast; my chewing and swallowing are still a little slow.

I'm hardly finished breakfast before I'm riding the elevator up to the physical-therapy room on the tenth floor. There I go into a Hubbard tank. This is a big stainless-steel tub filled with warm water. Tom Cutcher, the physical therapist, and his orderlies put me on a special stretcher, and a hoist lifts it up over the tank. I am lowered into the water up to my neck. There's a pillow to support my head.

In the Hubbard tank I am given hydrotherapy—there's a propeller in there to swirl the water round, like in a whirlpool bath. Then Tom Cutcher gives me underwater exercise. He takes each joint and exercises it to maintain its full movement, and he stretches my muscles to keep them from getting tight. These are called passive exercises. However, I'm supposed to enter into it by pulling and pushing against him whenever I can. Then there are active exercises, in which I'm supposed to do the work. I can bend my arms all the way back at the elbows now and use my shoulders some. There also have been some stirrings of movement in my legs.

My morning physical therapy lasts a good two hours. It may be 11:15 or even 11:30 before I'm back in my room. The nurse gives me some pills and either a partial bath or a whole bath, depending on how much time is left before lunch is served at noon. I eat a big lunch—meat, vegetables, salad and dessert. Sometimes I have steak. A while back I asked Jack Twyman if he couldn't get me some New York cut sirloins, and now they're serving me steak three or four times a week.

About 1:30 I go back up for more physical therapy. In the afternoon they give me electrical stimulation in my thighs and my arms. This is to contract the muscles and keep up the muscle tone. Then Tom Cutcher puts me through some more exercises—especially resistive exercises, where I'm working against him to strengthen my muscles.

Well, I've played a lot of hard basketball over the years. I've always tried to bear down in competition. But I've never had to put out quite as hard as I do in this exercising. In a way, this is competition too. It's more important than ever for me to win.

Another thing they do in the afternoon is to get me on a tilt table. When you've been lying flat for months, it makes you dizzy to switch to a vertical position. So they put you on this table and tilt you up in gradual stages, to get you used to being upright again.

In late January I graduated to sitting up in a chair. The first time I sat for fifteen minutes, and the periods have increased since then. I also have begun sitting on the edge of a table, with some help from Tom Cutcher.

My afternoon physical therapy takes two hours or more. Incidentally, I supplement all this with some work in my own room, using an exercise bar over my bed. Anyway, I return to the room between 3:30 and four. By this time Mrs. Lillian Sampler has come on duty as my nurse. She is there from three P.M. to eleven P.M. Then Miss Eleanor Jones takes over until seven in the morning, when Miss Davis comes back.

I'll need this twenty-four-hour care for a while yet, since I still have to be helped on many things. I am very fortunate in my nurses. They are three mighty fine women.

I get a breathing spell before dinner, which is served around five. If I don't have a visitor, I may listen to news and music on my bedside radio or watch the TV set in my room or catch up on some of my mail. I can do my own reading now. The nurse just puts on my reading glasses—I've worn them since I was a kid—and props the letters up in front of me. It's the same with the sports page of my daily newspaper.

After dinner, Mrs. Mary Helen Sponzilli, a speech therapist from the Cincinnati Speech and Hearing Center, spends an hour with me. You don't realize how complicated talking is until you have to learn it from the ground up. Mrs. Sponzilli started off with things like showing me how to hold my lips to say certain letters and having me blow out matches to increase my diaphragm control. She's giving me tongue exercises now, and so forth. The general idea is to retrain me in the "feel" and sound of speech.

I can handle a few simple words fairly well by this time, but I have some distance to go yet before I'm really talking again. However, this doesn't keep me from having conversations. I can turn my head from side to side now or nod it up and down. That makes it easy for me to answer questions.

If I want to "say" something more than "yes" or "no," I indicate this by a shake of my head. Then the other person takes a pad and pencil and starts reciting the alphabet letter by letter. Each time he hits the right letter, I nod. That way I can spell out words. I've been doing this since the early months, when I was still at Saint Elizabeth's.

Often the other person can tell what word I have in mind after a couple of letters, or figure out a whole sentence from a word or two. For example, Pepper Wilson, the general manager of the Royals, was visiting me one day last summer, and he mentioned that Jimmy McClellan, a friend of mine from St. Francis College, was going to try out with the Royals in the fall.

I signaled that I wanted to make a comment, and then I spelled out the word "army."

"You mean you think McClellan may have to go into military service?" Pepper Wilson said.

I nodded.

"No, I don't think so," Wilson told me. "I've checked into that, and I believe he'll be able to play out the season with us if he makes the club." Unfortunately, he wound up being dropped. That isn't my point here, of course. I just want to show how much conversation can sometimes be developed out of a single word.

One sound I've been able to make very distinctly from the time I recovered consciousness is laughing. I get my share of laughs. The buddies who visit are forever cracking jokes. Often the jokes will be aimed at me. They'll say such things as, "Where have you been lately?" or "Come on, let's go for a walk." I get a kick out of all this. It's their way of telling me that I'm not any chronic invalid, but just a fellow who happened to get laid low for a while.

The doctors won't let me have too many visitors, because among other things, I have such a busy schedule here at Christ Hospital. I usually go to sleep by 9:30.

That's the program on weekdays. Weekends are my time for relaxation. I enjoy a lot of the television, especially the Westerns and the sports broadcasts. The program I've looked forward to most of all, of course, has been the National Basketball Association game of the week on Sunday afternoons.

I'm indebted to the N.B.A. in a very personal way. Last October the league sponsored a benefit double-header for me in Cincinnati. (*Continued on Page 78*)

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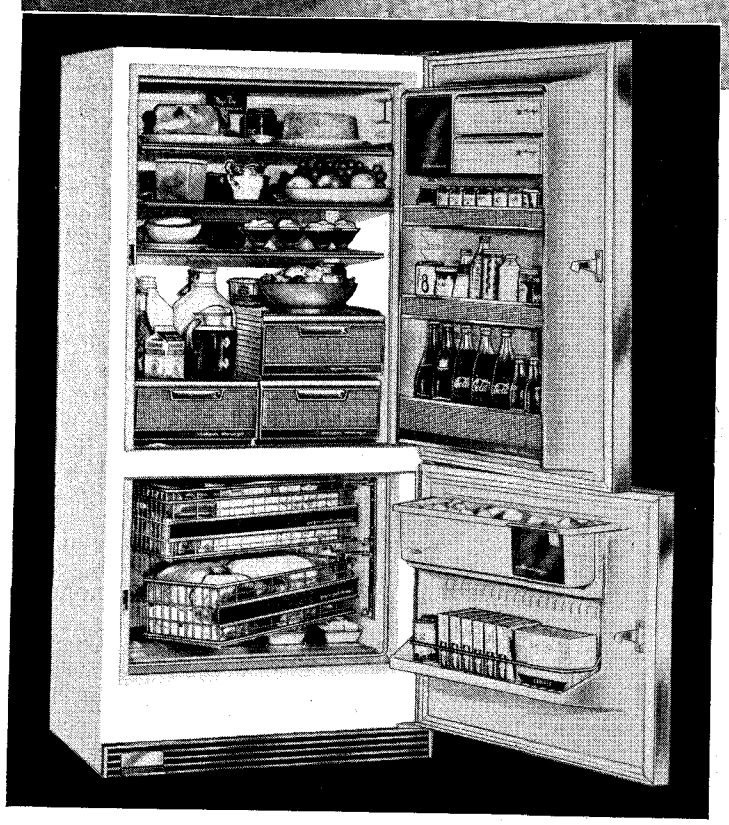

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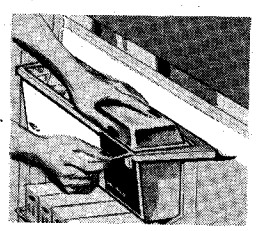

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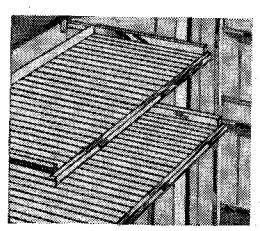

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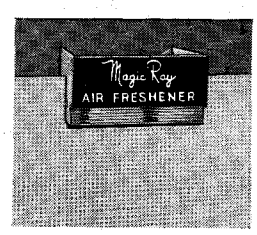

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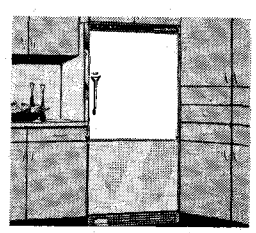

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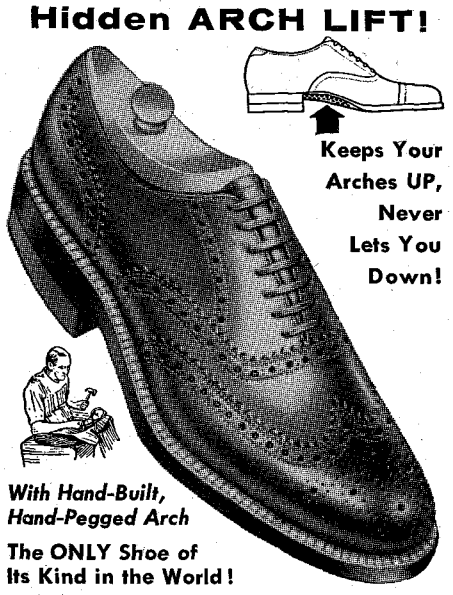

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BORDEN'S PRODUCTS FOR THE HOME HANDYMAN

(*Continued from Page 76*) The entire receipts after taxes—some $10,121.40—were turned over to me. The new owners of the Royals, headed by Thomas E. Wood, didn't deduct a penny for their expenses and neither did the three visiting teams—the St. Louis Hawks, the Boston Celtics and the Detroit Pistons.

As I explained earlier, money is no serious problem for the time being, because while I am hospitalized, my food, clothing and shelter are all included in the hospital expenses being paid for by Ohio workmen's compensation. However, as Jack Twyman, who is looking after my affairs as my legal guardian, has foreseen, when I leave the hospital I will have all of my personal expenses to pay, plus some extra services that I will have to buy. These things may eat up my funds before I begin to support myself again.

How I hope that it won't be very long after I get out of here before I'm strong enough to go back with the Royals! They have had their troubles in the N.B.A. this season, although they started to come along in January. I believe I could help them.

Basketball has been the biggest thing in my life since I was a little boy. It was responsible for my getting a college education. Ten colleges offered me scholarships. I'm glad I chose St. Francis. I haven't forgotten my years there, and the school hasn't forgotten me.

My fraternity brothers at Tau Kappa Epsilon have been pulling for me. The Franciscan fathers have said prayers for me and sent me Mass cards and scapulars. Coach W. T. Hughes and the entire St. Francis basketball squad visited me at the hospital twice when they were in Cincinnati to play Xavier last month. It was Coach Hughes and my high-school coach, Willard Fisher, who did the most to teach me basketball.

I'm grateful to every single person I've named in this article, and to many others I haven't mentioned. There's Father Scanlon, of Holy Name, who comes to see me and pray with me at Christ Hospital; Bill Nettles, my barber before I got sick, who keeps on cutting my hair out of friendship; my buddy, Winston Brown, who does so many personal things for me; my cousin, Jane, in Cincinnati, and Mrs. Hicks, my aunt in Montclair, New Jersey. Then there are all the professional baseball and basketball men who have visited me when they were in town.

I wish there were room to list everybody I'd like to thank. That includes the more than 5000 warmhearted strangers who have written me get-well letters. I intend to answer them all just as soon as I can. Some of these good people have even enclosed money—a total of about $2500.

It has been particularly inspiring to me to read sympathetic letters from people who had the same sort of trouble as mine. Generally their progress was slower than mine has been, but they recovered completely. I know I can do it too. I'm only twenty-five years old. I've got a lot of living ahead of me.

The Democrats' Tough Old Pro (Continued from Page 29)

Rockefeller in New York, a Brown in California, a Williams in Michigan, a Meyner in New Jersey. But there is a difference between them and Lawrence of Pennsylvania.

These men know that what happens to them in the next eighteen months will affect their chances of running for the Presidency in 1960. Lawrence, at sixty-nine, is driven by no such ambition. Since 1928, when he first eyed Franklin Delano Roosevelt as a future President ("He outvoted Al Smith in New York, and that's a vote-getter"), Lawrence has enjoyed the political power reserved for those who pick the men to live in the White House. Lawrence is at home with that power; he does not plan to lose it. Success as a governor can only emphasize that he is a key force, without whose help it would be difficult for any man to get his party's nomination for the Presidency.

The jockeying to become the Democrats' big hope in 1960 has already begun, and Lawrence, a veteran of twelve national conventions, is well able to assess the ploys, the claims and the maneuvers of would-be candidates. But in Lawrence's eyes the man to watch is the only one who has said he is not a candidate for the nomination—but has stopped short of saying he wouldn't take it, if offered. The man's name: Adlai Stevenson.

"In Stevenson," says Lawrence, "the Democrats have the greatest statesman in either party. But—and it's a big 'but'—he's been defeated twice. And that's a hard thing to overcome."

Past defeats, however, do not take Stevenson out of the picture. Lawrence says, "We will have to wait and see how the sentiment goes. Many people are coming around to his way of thinking. He, remember, was the first to say that atomic tests should be ended. Things such as this are in his favor. As the convention comes near, we'll have to decide whether the handicap of two defeats by Eisenhower is fatal."

Lawrence does not rule out Massachusetts' Sen. John Kennedy, his party's charm boy. But Kennedy is a Roman Catholic. Lawrence, being of the same faith himself, knows from experience the problems of a Catholic running for office in a dominantly Protestant state.

"I did not know how much in this day and age people could think about religion in politics when there is no great issue before the voters. Look at 1958. Pat Brown won the governor's spot in California big, because the people were voting against the Republicans and the right-to-work law. They never thought about his Catholicism. The same thing was true of Mike DiSalle (now governor of Ohio). He, too, had the big issue of the right-to-work law, so nobody thought about his religion. In my state we had no great issue; we won by only 76,000. When I think of a national campaign I'm sure a Catholic running for the Presidency must have an issue so big, so strong, so completely overriding that his religion is never thought of. It's got to be bigger than vicuña coats, Oriental rugs or a golf-playing President. It's got to be something that touches the people's hearts—an appeal to their passions."

To Lawrence, the ability to touch men's hearts and their passions is essential to the politician—no matter what his religion. If Lawrence has decided that the Democrats have such a man for 1960, he's told no one. One of his closest associates—a man privy to Lawrence's private telephone line at both the capitol and the governor's mansion—has said:

"Dave has given me no indication whom he'll back for the Democratic nomination in 1960. But I don't expect him to say anything to me—or to anyone else—until he feels it's the right moment, the moment of big drama. Truly is he a practical man. He would never back a candidate who would not make the big race—either because it was not his year or because suddenly there was the mistake that ruled him out. In my own mind, however, I believe that Dave has made personal winter book on a candidate."

If this is so, Lawrence has given no public indication of it. He says the Democratic Party has a "number of high-level statesmen"—in which rank he includes Kennedy. Lawrence, however, places only Stevenson at the very top—an opinion he's held for some time. In 1952, despite word from the White House that Harry Truman liked the looks of Vice President Alben Barkley to succeed him, Lawrence was in the vanguard of those who pushed Stevenson into the nomination. In 1956 he was again one of the principals in Stevenson's nomination. Moreover, it was his voice that tipped the scales in favor of the extraordinary decision to let the convention delegates choose the Vice-Presidential nominee without dictation from Stevenson.

The circumstances of that decision show the character and persuasiveness of Lawrence in national politics. It was reached at a meeting in Chicago's Stock Yard Inn, only thirty minutes after the convention had nominated Stevenson.

The meeting began with four men: Stevenson and his campaign manager, the late James A. Finnegan, of Philadelphia; Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, and the Democrats' majority leader in the Senate, Texas' Lyndon Johnson. By then it was obvious that a real move was under way to get the Vice-Presidential nomination for Sen. Estes Kefauver; it is said Johnson and Rayburn wanted Stevenson to name Senator Kennedy as his running mate. Finnegan and Stevenson thought the way out was for Stevenson to pick no one, to let the delegates choose whom they would.

The meeting was stalled. Finnegan, who had gone to work for Stevenson with Lawrence's encouragement, went to Lawrence to ask his help. "I don't think I can handle those fellows," he said, referring to Rayburn and Johnson.

Lawrence joined the meeting. What Lawrence said was never recorded, but he recalls the gist as something like this: "Anyone running against Eisenhower has an almost impossible job to win. In 1952 the Southerners dictated the choice of Senator John Sparkman of Alabama for the Vice-Presidential nomination. And it was done in the old back-room tradition. This time we should do something new. It would be dramatic to have the convention pick the man."

Lawrence's word carried, and Stevenson threw the Vice-Presidential contest open. Kefauver won, and a key element in his victory was Lawrence's politicking. Not until later—much later—was it disclosed that Lawrence had a hand in Kefauver's earlier decision to stop opposing Stevenson for the Presidential nomination. Lawrence promised that if Kefauver withdrew from the fight he would have Lawrence's support for the Vice-Presidential spot.

The man who could organize a deal like that qualifies as a wise old pro; observers, looking back on Lawrence's career, are tempted to mistake him for an old-fashioned big-city boss. Indeed, the facts might seem to justify such an opinion. Lawrence's father was a precinct leader

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and held a county job in Pittsburgh. Lawrence came from a poor neighborhood, and took a two-year commercial course instead of completing high school. His first job—at fourteen—was with William J. Brennen, the Democratic boss of Pittsburgh. He sat in on political meetings; he listened and he learned. Equipped with a feel for politics, he rose from ward worker to county chairman to state chairman. He married a local girl, had a family of five; two boys, however, died in an automobile accident. Yet the public's picture of him was not as a family man but as a hard-working politician who was in his office every weekday and every Sunday afternoon. For years he was the man who picked the man to run for public office in Pennsylvania—not the man who ran himself.

The political pattern is familiar, but it doesn't entirely explain Lawrence of Pennsylvania. He doesn't operate like the old-time bosses—Curley of Boston, or Hague of Jersey City, or Kelly of Chicago. Lawrence knows that the first rule of politics is survival, and that the politician who doesn't move with the times is doomed.

The genius of Lawrence—and the word is not lightly used—is his quick understanding of issues that touch the minds and hearts of men. In 1932, when Roosevelt came to Pittsburgh for a campaign speech, Lawrence's friends advised using a small hall because it would be easy to fill. Instead he rented Forbes Field—capacity, 30,000—and packed it. His reason: "It was a depression year. The people wanted to feel hope. And I knew they would come to hear Roosevelt speak of a new deal with security for all."

That same insight gave him his issue in 1945, when he was elected to the first of his four terms as mayor of Pittsburgh. The issue? Reviving a sick city. "The smoke was ruining us," Lawrence says. "Our industries were pulling out. I knew we had to put the P for Pride back in Pittsburgh." And with this campaign he won the support of Democrats and Republicans alike.

Today Pittsburgh is a city reborn, perhaps the nation's finest example of postwar recovery. The pride is back. Industries have stopped moving out; instead they are expanding at home. Rivers have been spanned and mountains tunneled through. New housing is everywhere: the Golden Triangle, where the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers come to feed the Ohio gleams with new office buildings of stone and steel, glass and aluminum. Last year, when Lawrence ran for governor, the three Pittsburgh newspapers—all of them independent—endorsed him. The common theme was their belief that he could do for Pennsylvania what he had done for Pittsburgh.

There are only a few who believe the work in Pittsburgh could have been done without Lawrence; Lawrence would be the last to say he could have done it alone. While campaigning for governor on the Democratic ticket he said again and again that in Pittsburgh he had had the co-operation of the biggest Republican industrialists—men such as financier Richard King Mellon and president Clifford Hood of the United States Steel Corporation. As he points out, he had the support of labor unions too. "We were all together," he has said, "and without that 'all' there would have been nothing."

An old-time boss wouldn't have been so generous in sharing the credit. But the old bosses are gone; Lawrence has survived. Along his way he has set some records. He is the first Roman Catholic elected governor of Pennsylvania. He is the oldest man to win the governor's chair. So far as Pennsylvania records show, he is the first politician to live down two trials on charges of corrupt political practices and go on to be elected governor.

Those trials took place twenty years ago, in the backwash of Pennsylvania's first Democratic administration in forty years, when George H. Earle was governor. In Earle's time, 1935–38, Lawrence held office as Secretary of the Commonwealth, functioning unofficially as Earle's closest adviser. In 1938, when the Democrats quarreled bitterly over who would be the organization's next choice for governor, Lawrence was savagely attacked. Running in the primary as an independent candidate, the late Charles J. Margiotti, a onetime Republican who had served as Earle's attorney general, accused Lawrence of bribery and of macing state workers for campaign funds. Lawrence's wing of the Democratic Party was attacked also by United States Sen. Joseph Guffey, who for years in the party had been his close friend.

Lawrence, denying all charges, answered in kind. It was, as President Roosevelt put it, a "latter-day Dante's Inferno." When the votes were counted, the Lawrence-backed candidate won the primary, but party unity had been wrecked. That fall the Republicans won.

Meanwhile, the G.O.P. had been paying careful attention to Margiotti's charges against Lawrence. A Republican district attorney opened grand-jury investigations that led to indictments and two trials. In the first trial, a jury acquitted Lawrence of charges that he had (1) extorted $5000 from a contractor in what the state called blackmail; (2) conspired to "cheat and defraud the Commonwealth" on road-building material and (3) helped to give a contractor preferential treatment on state bids. In the second trial, another jury acquitted him of charges that he conspired to "assess the public payroll for political contributions"—macing.

> The trouble with many hands that rock the cradle today is that they're hired hands.
>
> O. A. BATTISTA

By that time Lawrence was back tending his Pittsburgh insurance business. He was still Democratic state chairman, but there was only the wreckage to control. Under the circumstances, an ordinary man might let bygones be bygones. Not Lawrence. When the announcement came that he had been cleared of the macing charge, Lawrence said, "For the second time, a judge and jury has definitely given an answer to the calumny and lies spread against the Earle Administration in the 1938 primary by the Margiottis and the Guffeys and their slimy speech writers and press agents. . . . This complete vindication of both the Earle Administration, my associates and myself makes me very happy. . . ."

And Lawrence said this, even though Guffey in one of the trials had appeared as a character witness for him. Lawrence forgets neither friend nor foe.

Last fall Lawrence refused all invitations to speak at public functions for a week after his election. According to one of his friends, there was a good reason. "Dave," says the friend, "didn't want people coming up and fussing over him. He knew that there'd be a lot of congratulations and 'we-knew-you'd-win' talk. It's not that he wasn't grateful to those who helped him get elected—it's just that he isn't a man who wants people to fawn over him."

Some politicians affect this plain-man-of-the-people routine when there are important people around to appreciate it. That's not true of Lawrence. For a campaign trip from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh last fall, he took a cab from his hotel to the airport, alone. He went into the cafeteria and drank a cup of coffee, alone. And he boarded the airplane alone—just one of thirty-odd passengers. He opened his newspapers and read them. And when the plane landed in Pittsburgh, he left for his city-hall office accompanied by no one except the driver of his automobile—a 1950 model with a hole that's been worn through the floor of its trunk. That hole is nothing to Lawrence. What's important to him is, "That car's in good running condition."

That night he had to speak at a political rally thirty miles out of Pittsburgh. He left his office at six P.M., still wearing the brown suit and striped shirt he'd had on when he boarded the plane at seven-thirty in the morning. He went to the meeting, ate the traditional chicken dinner, made his speech and returned to Pittsburgh with a couple of reporters. On the trip, he talked not about his speech or the crowd's reaction to it but about politics and people and the Presidents he has known.

"F.D.R.," he said, "was the greatest when it came to handling people. He knew exactly how to get them to do what he wanted." Then there was a sudden gentling of the voice which normally has a slight rasp. He was talking now of the first national convention he'd ever attended—in 1912—when Woodrow Wilson was nominated. "Wilson"—he said—"Wilson was the real class."

One of Lawrence's friends says that Lawrence, who never got to college, would naturally admire Wilson, a college president. In his time as mayor of Pittsburgh his interest in education was intense. One man says that when Lawrence became a member of the board of the University of Pittsburgh, "I think he was more touched than when he was elected mayor." Educators have always found his door open to them, though it might be closed to run-of-the-mill politicians.

He has never turned down an invitation to speak in school or college. Those who have heard him talking with students see a side that few politicians know. His whole manner mellows. His rugged features soften, and his smile, not often seen, comes quickly and easily. And he answers impertinent questions with candor. "The kids," says Walter Giesey, who's been Lawrence's executive secretary since 1954, "can ask him things that no one else would dare."

To Lawrence, talking to youngsters is relaxation. Bridge, golf and the country-club life do not interest him; nor is he a poker player. Gin rummy and two-handed pinochle are enough. During the 1957 street-railway strike in Pittsburgh, he brought together a small group of men to help him in his efforts to settle it. During the long hours of waiting, they would play gin rummy for small stakes. And in his city-hall office there's a tribute to his skill—a television set from the group, with a plaque saying:

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In Pittsburgh, Lawrence began a daily ritual that he says helps him relax. After his twelve to fourteen hours at work he

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would go to the local Y for a steam bath. "That makes me feel fine," he says. "Then I can go home, have my dinner, read for a while and go to bed." Home in Pittsburgh is a large stone house in a typical middle-class section of the city. He has lived there for the past fifteen years. His wife, Alice, who seldom appears with him at purely political functions, cooks his dinner. Their son, Jerry, is on hand, when he's not attending La Salle College in Philadelphia, and one or both of his married daughters may drop in. But Lawrence does not parade his family for political purposes.

In contrast to the simplicity of his family life is his belief that drama is needed in politics. In 1944, when Lawrence was pushing for Harry Truman to run with Roosevelt for F.D.R.'s fourth term, Lawrence showed that belief. The Democratic convention was in its second night. Labor forces led by Sidney Hillman were determined to win the second spot again for Henry Wallace. The galleries in Chicago's big arena were jammed with Wallace supporters—a stampede was planned to crush Truman's hopes.

But that stampede never came. Lawrence arranged for the chairman, Sen. Samuel Jackson, to call on him as a delegate from Pennsylvania. When he was recognized, Lawrence promptly moved for adjournment. In the voice vote that followed, the noes buried the ayes, but the chairman ruled that the vote for adjournment had carried. "It was dramatic," Lawrence says and adds with a smile, "It also gave us the time we needed." And he had gauged the situation correctly; by the next day the big steam had gone from Wallace's drive. Truman became the candidate.

In the 1960 Democratic convention, just as in 1944, Lawrence will be thinking of the dramatic—and the time to make it work. He is quite familiar with smoke-filled rooms and knows how men use the corner buffet, with its choice of Scotch, bourbon, gin or rye, and the cigars dotting desks and tables, there for the taking. But Lawrence doesn't smoke, and his drinking is limited. He has said, "I'll have a bottle of beer—not cocktails or hard liquor. I'm not a prohibitionist. But I have Irish blood in my veins, and I don't think the Irish know how to carry whisky." Of a certain acquaintance who tipples, Lawrence taps a finger against his temple and says, "Slave."

Lawrence's self-control would let him be slave to nothing, not even ambition. He says, "I have seen too many men—fine men—who've been bitten by that bug, and been ruined as a result." And he can remember his early days in politics as if they were yesterday instead of fifty years ago. "I've never forgotten watching the men who'd been beaten in elections. Just a few days before, everybody had been rushing up to shake their hands. But when it was over and they'd been defeated, nobody bothered much to speak to them. And that they didn't know how to take. I was just a kid, but it taught me a lot."

Ambition for any public office beyond that of mayor of Pittsburgh was something few could believe Lawrence possessed. Before 1958 he had twice turned down his party's offer to be its candidate for governor of Pennsylvania. Only a handful thought of him for that office in 1958, before one cold March day last year. Gathered in a second-floor room of the Democratic state headquarters at Harrisburg were the party's top state leaders. There were Governor Leader, Sen. Joseph Sill Clark, Mayor Richardson Dilworth of Philadelphia, state chairman Joseph Barr, Philadelphia's city chairman William J. Green—who tops every other Pennsylvania leader in delivering the vote—and, of course, Lawrence. It was a setting made for drama. Time was running out. The Democrats had to pick a candidate. Everyone in the room knew that Leader had said he would accept one of only four men: Dilworth, Senator Clark, his attorney general, Thomas D. McBride, or Lawrence.

Clark had said he wouldn't run. Dilworth was opposed by his own city chairman, Green, the vote getter. McBride was a noted lawyer in the state, but he was a political newcomer and a Catholic to boot. He said he was not seeking the nomination, but when the Catholic issue had been raised against his candidacy he thought that "an abomination." No party, he said, could be committed to any crusade to prove that a Catholic could be governor. And, he said, he knew the decision would be based on no such crusade. He said he was supporting Dilworth.

As the session broke for lunch the selection had apparently narrowed to Lawrence. While the sandwiches were being brought in, Green left for a private talk with his closest adviser, James P. Clark, owner of a trucking firm. Returning, he said, "We could agree on Lawrence." All the others said this was their man. Lawrence sealed the decision. "If my running will keep the party together," he said, "I'd be willing."

An hour later the reporters were called in to hear the governor announce that Lawrence would make the race. While Leader spoke, Lawrence sat calmly looking at the floor, a slight smile on his face. If he was elated, it showed in no way. On this occasion, as on many others, he gave the impression of a carefully curbed man.

There are some in Pennsylvania who insist that Lawrence, the political expert, had set his ducks in line long before the meeting, and then watched them fall as planned, one by one. But Lawrence says that it was not until the March meeting's impasse that he saw himself as the candidate—a harmony candidate behind whom the party could unite.

In his campaign Lawrence talked always of the importance of Pennsylvanians working for Pennsylvania, without great regard for party labels. There were moments when his campaign made Thomas E. Dewey's high-level effort in 1948 seem hell-fire and brimstone by comparison. Nothing, not even the Sherman Adams affair, could bring Lawrence down from the cool heights of nonpartisan oratory. It might have been dull—but in Lawrence's thinking he played it right.

No Republican could fairly take offense at his campaign. Since taking office his approach to the Republican Party has been, as one newspaper put it, "with olive branch in hand . . . entirely fitting and intelligent. . . ." Pennsylvania, long in the Republican ranks, has a conservative tradition. Lawrence's record shows that he has great talents for working with conservatives when they aim at a common goal. His predecessor, Governor Leader, was buffeted against the rocky cliffs of a Republican legislature. Lawrence does not plan to run the same course. "Political arrogance," he has said, "is political suicide." He must deal with a Republican state senate. Therefore he appointed Republicans as well as Democrats to an all-important tax-policy committee to suggest new ways of raising money for the financially strapped state government.

Within twenty-four hours of taking office, Lawrence adopted a Republican suggestion—that there be a cut-to-the-bone policy in state spending. Among the early casualties—Lawrence. The Leader Administration, in the usual tradition of an outgoing regime, had arranged for the state to buy a $10,000 car for the incoming governor. Lawrence ordered the bids canceled. Instead, he said a state-owned car, which had already been driven 90,000 miles, would do nicely.

But when the Susquehanna River went on a flooding rampage—and drowned twelve miners—Lawrence won the legislature's approval on a $3,000,000 relief program that passed with incredible speed. Lawrence knew of the disaster's heartbreak from first-hand experience. He went to the scene only forty-eight hours after he had been sworn in as governor. Typical of Lawrence, he called a meeting of his cabinet on Sunday night, so his program would be ready for the legislature the next morning. To Lawrence a Sunday-night meeting is not unusual. Politics, in his view, is a seven-day-a-week operation.

But even with the problems he faces in his own state, Lawrence can never be totally insular. He thinks, as he always has, of the national picture. Even before he was sworn in as governor, Lawrence was meeting with other top party leaders to discuss 1960. Lawrence of Pennsylvania, the Democrats' tough old pro, knows that now is the time to begin setting the stage for the political drama yet to come.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

MY ROAD TO CRIME

By A YOUNG HOODLUM
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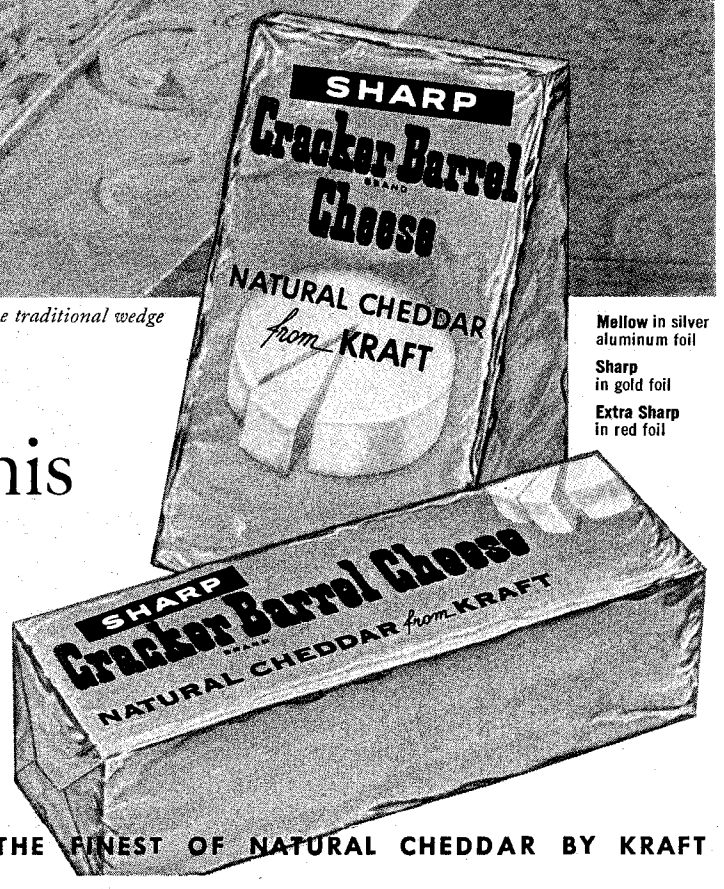

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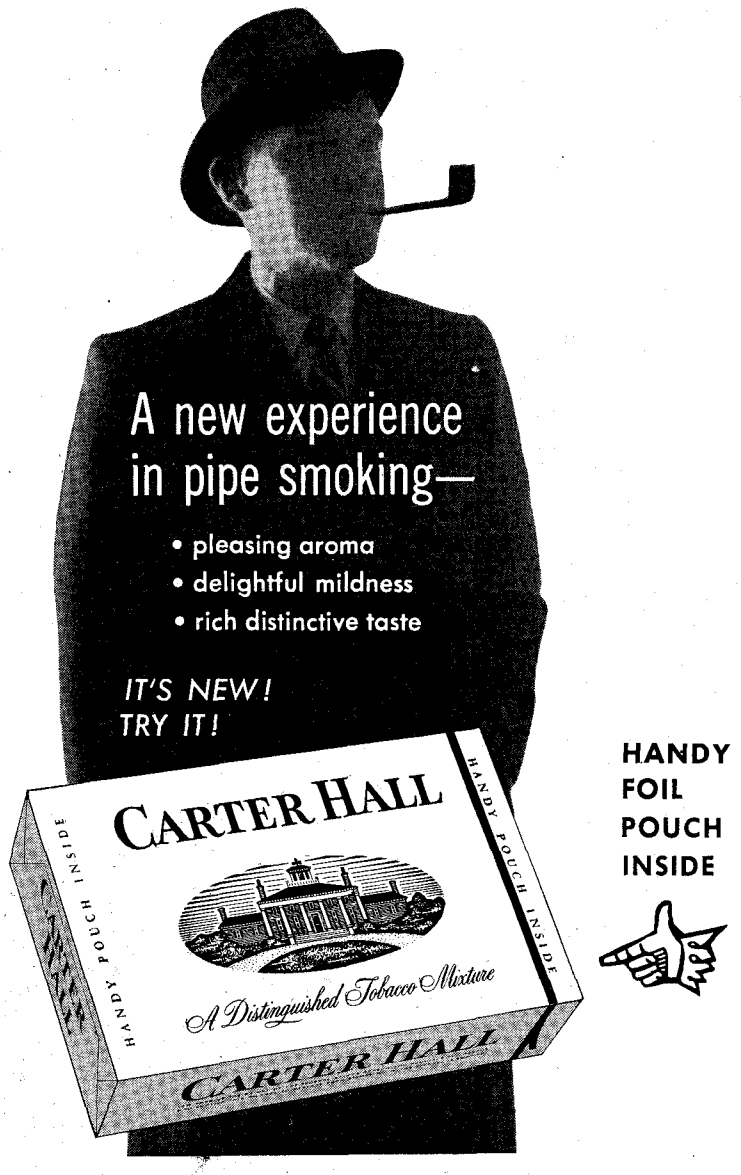

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The Trial of Netsek

(Continued from Page 31)

him; it was a story about one of the Innuit, like himself, who killed dozens of bears with his bare hands, traded wives with everyone, froze nearly to death all the time, lived in melancholy misery and was about to be hanged by the white men for murdering his father. He knew that none of the Innuit lived thus and was willing to tell Yourhonor so, but so far Yourhonor hadn't asked him.

It was true that by now Netsek was beginning to long for the ice above Point Barrow, for the walrus would soon be coming in and he had his family and his dogs to provide for; but he counseled himself to patience because he was the white men's guest and because he wanted to help Yourhonor. They had fed him all the sugar and white bread he could eat, although they had ruined his meat by taking the fat off it and then cooking it. They had given him clothes that were too tight and shoes that hurt his feet; they had given him a hotel room next to Enders' instead of putting him in a cell; and he had—a queer and lonely business—a sleeping place to himself with a bed in it, and nearby a spring that was always full of water.

Doubtless these things amused the white men, who talked interminably when they could be asleep, or dancing, or hunting, for otherwise they had a dull time. Netsek was beginning to wonder if he wasn't having a dull time himself, now that the novelty was wearing off. He wished that he could counsel Yourhonor and go home. It seemed, however, that white men did things differently and at much greater length. Doubtless the talk would end eventually; Yourhonor would ask his opinion, he would speak and that would be the end of it. Meanwhile, out of politeness, one had to listen. It couldn't be helped.

Mr. John Black, the district attorney, who was out to make a name for himself, was ending up another interminable speech. "Now, if Your Honor please," he said, "we have shown conclusively that this aboriginal at the bar watched his father walk out upon the ice and left him there to perish. A callous act, abhorrent to all civilized men. What becomes of one of our noblest concepts, the respect and loving care in which we hold the aged, if we allow our wards—those not so fortunate as ourselves in the amenities of civilization—to act upon their barbaric and dreadful impulses? How can we ever impress upon them, in their savage darkness, the responsibilities that are a part of the advantages we have brought to them if we do not make an example of this man? . . ."

Mr. Ronald McKee, the defense attorney to whom Netsek had talked through Enders at great length, finally had his turn to address the jury. "We have been over the district attorney's arguments several times before," he said. "My learned opponent still does not seem to realize that no crime has been proved nor any intent of murder. The defendant only watched his father walk away, and the prosecution has failed to show that he placed any constraint upon him. I move, therefore, that this case be dismissed."

Yourhonor put his head into his hands and sat that way for a long moment. Then he looked up. "Do you see any reason, Mr. Black, why I should not grant Mr. McKee's motion?"

"But, Your Honor," Mr. Black said, in apparent horror. "The defendant's very acceptance of the situation implies constraint. The father obviously was not of sound mind at the time. Should this practice become universal among these peo——"

"May I remind Mr. Black," Mr. McKee put in, "that the Eskimos have always done this? It came out in Mr. Enders' testimony on Tuesday, and is common hearsay knowledge in Northern Alaska."

Mr. Black suddenly looked embarrassed. "A moment, if Your Honor please," he said and walked quickly back to his table and looked through his notes. When he returned he had a betrayed look. "I—ah—had forgotten this fact, Your Honor. If such be the practice, however, as it appears to be, then it is high time to put an end to it."

The judge stared at him for a long moment. "Mr. Black," he said finally, "the court grows wearied by your insistence. It is time we put an end to this. I am dismissing this case. Mr. McKee, would you request the defendant to stand?"

Enders gestured to Netsek that he was to rise, and they moved together before the judge.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Hidden, Lost or Right Where it Belongs?

I

This matter, wife, is
troubling me
So much I can't abide it:
Why, when you put a thing
away,
Do you feel moved to hide
it?

Dick Emmons

II

When a husband loses
something,
There is nothing like a
dame;
Frequently, she'll find it.
If not, she'll get the blame!

Suzanne Douglass

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"Netsek," the judge said, "did you find it hard to leave your father upon the ice?"

Netsek listened carefully to Enders' translation and smiled. Yourhonor wanted him to comment out of his own experience. "I did not want my father to go," he said. "He was a good hunter still. But he got no pleasure from life any longer, so I did not persuade him. It was the same with the man in the story, who did not murder his father. Who would murder his father? Not one among us. It is a white man's mistake. You should let the man go back to The People."

Enders translated as best he could.

"What?" the judge said. "It doesn't make sense."

"That's what he said, Your Honor. He still doesn't realize that he has been on trial. He did what was perfectly natural, so why should we try him? I believe he thinks you want his advice on another case, in spite of the cross-examination and testimony and all."

The judge was silent for a long moment. "I see," he said. "Thank him for me."

There was some uproar and confusion in the courtroom; the judge hammered for silence. When he had it, he scowled at Mr. Black. "You have heard my decision," he said. . . . "Netsek," he added, "I regret that we had to bring you here. You are free."

Enders translated the words. Netsek smiled again and, standing on his toes, extended his hand. The judge leaned over and shook it and smiled back at him; then Enders took Netsek back to his seat.

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"Court is adjourned." The judge stood up; everyone else stood up; and, nodding once more at Netsek, the judge went out.

Mr. Black heaved a sigh and turned to Mr. McKee. "What do you think of that?" he asked. "Most irregular. The old fool's mind's wandering. It's just as well he's about to retire. And shaking hands with the Indian!" He shook his head in disapproval.

"Do you think your friends will try to get him again on another charge?" Mr. McKee asked.

"I don't know yet," Mr. Black said. "The old creeps who started this carry a lot of weight. Clara Muggeridge is here, and if she hasn't decided to push somebody else around in the meantime she might decide to hunt around for another gimmick. I'll bet the society put the bite on the morticians, too, for some of Clara's expenses. What would happen to the undertaking business if people suddenly decided to get lost in the bushes and die when they got tired of life?"

"Of course," Mr. McKee said, a little waspishly, "you won't be district attorney forever, and you may be thinking about the society as a client when you get back into private practice. It's a notion, but I'm not sure what they'll think of that lapse of memory about Eskimo customs."

Mr. Black gave him a sidewise look. "H'm," he said. "Yes. I'll have to encourage the idea among them that it was a smart lawyer's trick. Thanks, Ronald."

"Think nothing of it."

"I won't forget it. They're always stirring something up, and if they're ever my clients I'll mention your name."

"Well," Mr. McKee said, laughing, "I am an attorney, after all." He put his papers into his briefcase. "Going my way?"

"Yes," Mr. Black said. They nodded at Netsek and Enders and moved toward the door. Mr. Black stopped before he got there. "Oh, Enders," he said. "I'll arrange transportation for both of you for day after tomorrow." They went out.

When Netsek and Enders got into the hall outside the courtroom, it was crowded with people who began to push in on them and all talk at once. Flashlight bulbs went off; papers were thrust into their faces.

"Got a TV contract for you to sign, guy. Five appearances in the States at a grand a ——"

"Don't let that sharper get your John Henry on anything, bud. He's a ——"

"——my principals want you to do a book. You don't have to write it yourself. We have a ghost signed up. We ——"

"—— series of articles called, 'Love and Let Love in the Arctic.' How soon ——"

"Gentlemen, please!" Enders shouted, trying to make himself heard. He might as well have whispered. The crowd pressed them more closely; Enders looked desperately at Netsek; and Netsek, interpreting the look as a call for help, picked up the nearest man, swung him to the horizontal, and used his head as a battering ram to open a path down the hall.

After a little of this the crowd fell back. When Netsek reached the courthouse door, with Enders close behind him, he set the man on his feet, patted him on the shoulder, smiled at him in a friendly way and went out into the street.

Outside there was another crowd; news of the decision had already got out, and the people—who had heard about the society and decided not to like it—began to cheer. They closed in on the two men good-naturedly, and before Netsek and Enders quite realized what was happening they were hoisted aloft and carried in triumph down the street. Torn-up phone books and small pieces of paper began to fall like snow from upper windows; the crowd carried the two men to the door of the hotel and put them down. As they crossed the crowded lobby, a radio was blaring away:

"The Russians," the announcer was saying, "are still making warlike noises this afternoon, and Mr. Dulles is making warlike noises back at them. But of more immediate interest is the news that Netsek, the Eskimo accused of murdering his father, has been found not guilty. There seems to be a general feeling that for once the law has made some sense, for it was brought out that the decision was the father's and that Netsek had nothing to do with it. This is an interesting shift of opinion, for a few days ago the newspapers—before the trial, of course—were in unanimous opinion that Netsek should be hanged. There is ——" The voice faded as the elevator doors closed.

"What does the box say?" Netsek asked.

"It says the Russians talk of war, and we talk of war in return."

"Have they not enough land to hunt in?" Netsek asked, as they walked down the hall.

"They have much land. There is room for everybody."

"Have we not enough to eat, then? They give me much."

"We have more than enough," Enders said. "Our chiefs have found out how to grow more food than we can eat, so that we must throw much of it away. Those who grow the food are paid to grow too much."

Netsek looked puzzled by this, and they came to the door of his room. Enders, who kept the key, opened the door, and they went in. There was a woman in a

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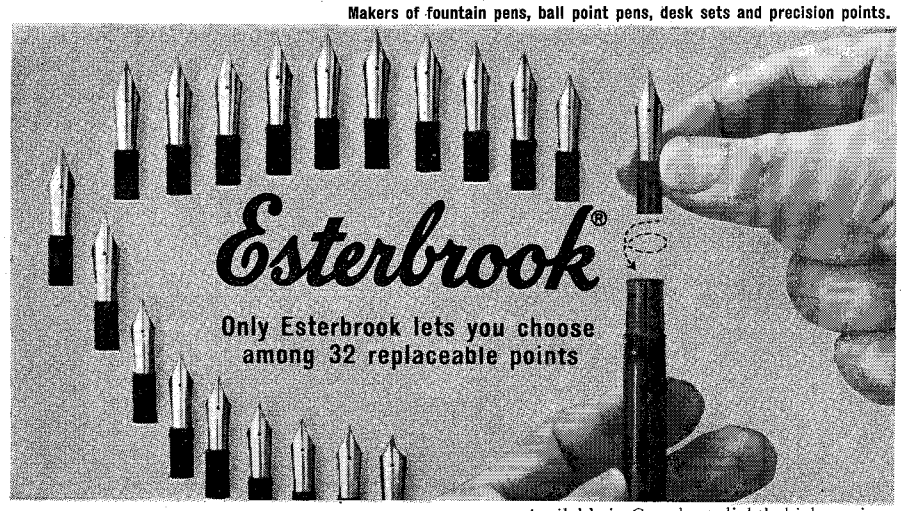

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mink coat standing in the middle of the room; she was almost middle-aged, almost pretty, and gave the impression of having missed something in life. She ran up to Netsek and threw her arms around him.

"I'm Clara Muggeridge," she said. "At last you've come! Since I bribed the bellboy and got in, it's seemed like days and days. I want to make it up to you, Netsek, for being so mistaken. I want you to take me back with you, Netsek, back to where life is genuine."

Netsek looked at Enders.

"Ma'am," Enders began. "I ——"

"When I heard of how he kills bears with his bare hands, I looked at my husband and thought if we could only take him out on the—I mean, I thought of all the hours I've wasted, all the perfectly silly things I've done with perfectly silly people. No. I'm going with him."

"Ma'am," Enders said, at his wit's end, "he already has a family, and you wouldn't like it there. It's ——"

"What does the woman want?" Netsek asked.

"She wants to go home with you."

Netsek threw back his head and began to laugh. Laughing, he picked Clara Muggeridge up, carried her into the hall, somehow disentangled himself from her and shut the door. He was still laughing when he returned. "She smells good," he said, "but her teeth are too long. She has never chewed mukluks to soften them or cured a skin. She would be of no use to me."

The woman meanwhile was pounding on the door and making a great uproar in the hall. Presently they could hear other voices raised in argument, and after a bit they all went away.

In the day that remained to them Netsek and Enders saw the sights—or what sights they could make out beyond the curious crowds and autograph hunters that followed them about. Netsek, snatched from the jaws of death by a tired old judge who was rapidly being publicized into a sort of male Portia, had taken the popular fancy. Smiling, good-natured, a stocky little man who performed extraordinary feats of strength in an unassuming way when he thought it necessary, he was photographed in all possible poses and at all moments of the day.

The international situation had deteriorated until it was practically at the point of no return; but the citizens, like the citizens of ancient Rome flocking to the Circus as the barbarians approached the gates, flocked to stroll about with Netsek. If he looked with interest at a necktie in a show window, the shop was quickly bought out; if he went to a slaughterhouse to admire the great piles of white men's meat, the butchers had to stop work because of the press of spectators. A raw-meat diet was taken up in the women's pages of the newspapers.

Through all this Netsek remained his unassuming self. He smiled, courteously allowed himself to be pushed around and wondered what the fuss was all about. "Why do so many go with us?" he asked Enders in the hotel room that evening.

"Be darned if I know. I could understand it if you were a movie actress and measured 40–23–40 or thereabouts. Maybe it's because they would like to run their lives as you run yours, to suit yourself, and cannot do it."

"Why not?"

"They must all work for someone else, so they can buy things and make prosperity," Enders said sourly, for he didn't like the tone of the news reports and was feeling the strain of the day.

Netsek didn't understand the word, but he said, "Perhaps this prosperity is a good thing, for there are more of them than there are of us. But I will be glad to get home." He took off all his clothes, climbed into bed and was soon snoring away, dreaming of the delicious sensation of spreading warmth and well-being as a piece of frozen fish melted in his stomach after a long cold day on the ice.

At Kotzebue, Enders and Netsek walked from the airplane that had brought them that far to the smaller plane, owned by a bush pilot, which was to take Netsek the rest of the way.

"Well," Enders said as they approached it, "I hope the rest of the ride's pleasant. I'd go with you if that nonsense hadn't put me so far behind in my work. Give my regards to your wife, and ——"

He stopped with his mouth open, for Clara Muggeridge had suddenly appeared in the door of the plane.

"You see?" she said. "I really meant what I said. I've brought along my second-best mink and all sorts of things. Netsek's life is going to be different from now on. He will have guidance."

Enders managed to get his mouth closed. He shook his head, hoping that she would vanish like a bad dream. "Mrs. Muggeridge," he said finally, when she did not. "Ma'am, you just can't do it. You don't know how things are up there. Why—why, there's not a shower bath," he went on in desperation, "within five hundred miles. Why—why ——"

Netsek, estimating the situation, moved forward to take her off the plane as he had taken her out of the hotel room. As he neared the door and stretched out his hands, she stepped back into the cabin and O'Brien, the pilot, stepped up.

"It's no use, Netsek," he said. "She's bought my plane. If she don't go, you don't either. She'll buy every plane in Alaska if she has to. She's got a roll of bills would choke a hairy mammoth and then some."

Enders translated this, gave a defeated shrug and added, "There's nothing else to do. Ah, dammit, take her along. She'll get enough of it. I'll be along in a few days and take her off your hands."

Netsek, with his head canted to one side, heard him out. "Ah, calamity," he said when Enders had finished. Then he shrugged; then he began to grin. "Oh, well," he said. "It couldn't be helped." He shook hands with Enders and, still grinning, climbed into the little plane and shut the door. O'Brien gunned the engine, and Enders stood shaking his head in the prop wash as the plane gathered speed down the field.

The white tent, the drying rack for fish beside it, the long sledge lying not far away and the skin boat pulled up on the bleak sandspit running out into the Beaufort Sea seemed very small and lost between the endless low tundra and the endless cold water which ran out to the broken ice pack on the horizon. The immensity of empty land and sea should have overwhelmed and beaten down the little habitation, but it did not. As soon as the plane had dropped the two people and Clara's mound of luggage and taken off, there was great warmth there. Netsek and his wife rubbed noses affectionately, and the two little boys were hugged and tossed squealing into the air; the fine team of Huskies tied out near the sled jumped about and then sat down and in concert raised their muzzles and sent their long, quavering, wolfish howls toward the sky. As the family reunion went enthusiastically forward, Clara walked about inspecting everything.

She looked at the fish rack, the sled, the bones scattered about, and finally peered into the tent. There was an incredibly old and wrinkled woman seated at the back

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of it gnawing on something that looked like leather, surrounded by a wonderful disarray of clothing, weapons, hides, a few simple cooking utensils and what not; she grinned a toothless grin, stood up, shook hands with Clara and looked out the door. When she saw that Netsek was back, she gave an exclamation of pleasure and tottered out to join the party.

Clara stood and stared about her, thinking that it just wouldn't do. It smelled a little, too, of meat kept rather long. No one should be allowed to live in such a fashion. There would have to be a house, something on the order of a seaside cottage to begin with; the nutrition of all of them would have to be looked into at once, and communications, and things like that. As she stood there, beginning to organize the bearing of the white man's burden in her mind, the two little boys ran excitedly in. They grinned shyly at her, rooted around and ran out with their arms full.

The second time they came in, she asked, "What are you doing, boys?"

The boys didn't understand her, but caught the note of inquiry in her voice. "We are going to take a trip up the coast," one of them said politely in the dialect. "It is a celebration."

Clara had no inkling of what was said, and the boys again ran out with their arms full. Abstractedly, still thinking of her plans, she saw through the tent's door that the boat was now afloat. The old woman—the squaw, was it?—was in it; Netsek, carrying his wife, waded out and put her in too. The boys appeared with their arms full of puppies; they were dumped aboard, and their mothers, which the boys had untied, swam after them and scrambled over the side of the boat, shaking water over everyone.

Both boys ran in again, gathered more freight and ran out. They were hoisted aboard, and Netsek gave the boat a push and climbed in. He moved amidships and hoisted the sail. The boat began to move out. It was only then that Clara realized that she was being marooned. She ran out of the tent and down to the water's edge, crying and waving her arms. The jumble of people, dogs and puppies all seemed to smile gently at her as the sail filled and the boat gathered way.

In the boat Netsek's wife had an afterthought. "Is it good to leave her, Netsek?" she asked.

"She would not like it in the boat," Netsek said, "especially when it comes time to sleep. White people like to be lonely when they sleep. There is plenty of whale skin for her to eat, and in two or three days Enders will come for her. Maybe she will remember to feed the dogs before he gets here." He smiled with great affection at his wife, and she smiled back at him.

Clara was rather hysterical and the second-best mink was not in very good condition when the plane came in two days later, and it took the combined efforts of Enders and O'Brien to calm her down. After they did, she was rather subdued and more hurt than angry. "I was going to do so much for them," she said in a melancholy tone. "They didn't seem to realize it. A house, and their diet—a radio perhaps. They seemed so friendly and rather gay. Possibly they would have preferred a jukebox, although —— If they'd only let me do the things I wanted to do! I can't understand."

Enders, who had been meditating on progress, justice, soft-drink machines and mail-order catalogs, grinned behind his hand and then clucked sympathetically.

"They have to be trained to realize the good things about civilization," he said, "and up here they live so far apart that it's hard to get enough of them together to do much good."

"Maybe I should wait for them to come back. I feel much better now."

Enders liked Netsek; a bright idea occurred to him. "Ma'am," he said, "these people don't seem to want to be improved. You should work in a more fertile field. You take the Arabs, now. They're giving everybody a bad time because they want so much to be improved. You could do something there."

She looked at him. "Really? Do you really think so?"

"I sure do. Nobody else seems able to do anything."

She brightened at once. "Yes," she said. "Yes, you may be right. I have accomplished a good deal in other situations, and it may be ——"

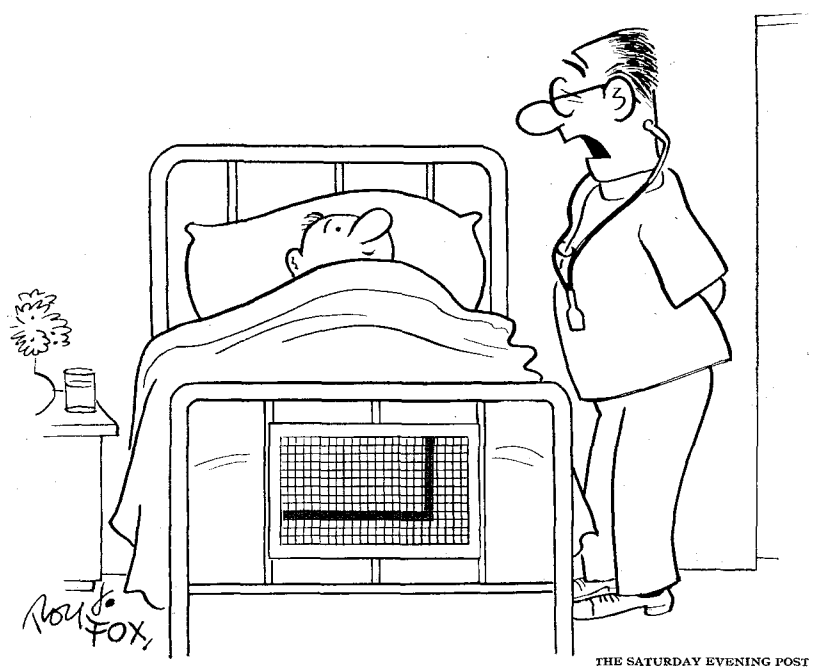
"I think you have a feeling for it," Enders said, recalling the trial. "You shouldn't be wasting your time here."

"I'm sure you're right," she said, and grew quite animated. "May I go back with you?"

"Ma'am," O'Brien said, "if you recall, you own the airplane."

"What? Oh, so I do. Well, you may have it. Shall we leave now? I have quite a way to go."

THE END



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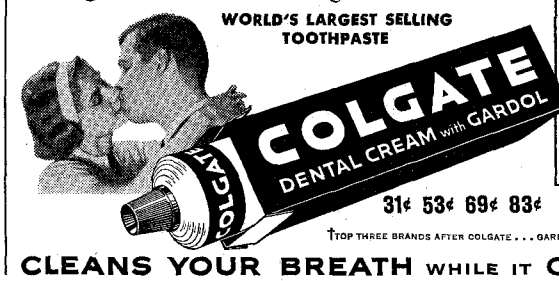

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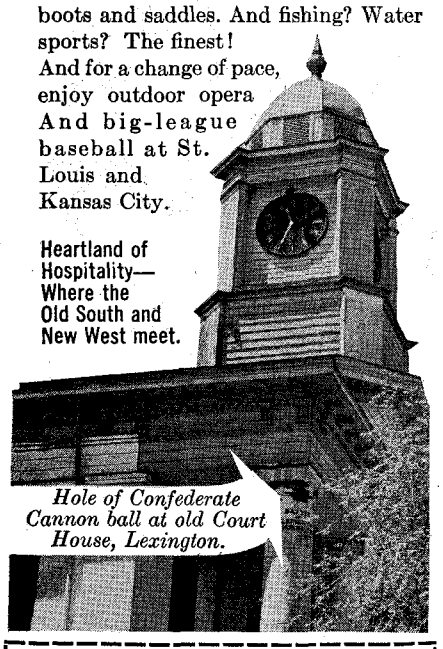

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The Mission

(Continued from Page 38)

said. "Would you like to come home with me and have supper?"

Yolande hesitated, then stood up. "Yes, I would."

"First I have to find my children." He had two children, he explained. They had left the house an hour ago to get water. He was annoyed with them. "Why is it," he sighed, "that children always ——"

Voices could be heard on the dark road coming toward them. The children were quarreling. The girl, it seemed, had splashed the boy and the boy had pushed her into the stream. Their voices were shrill, and the man groaned when he heard them.

At sight of him the children halted. The girl was a year or two older than Yolande and the boy about twelve. Both were wet and dirty.

"I have been looking for you," the man said.

The children began talking again, both at once.

"Wait! Wait!" the man said. "Must you always make my head ache?"

They were silent, peering curiously at Yolande.

"That's better," the man said wearily. "Now let's go home."

Yolande said, "Please, could I go to the stream first? If it is not too far?"

The man looked at her and rubbed his nose. His mouth shaped the word "Why?" but left it unspoken. "All right," he said. "I'll show you."

The stream ran under the road and he showed her a path leading down to it, then stood at the edge of the road holding the lantern high so she could find her way. Yolande descended to the water, took off her dress and stepped in. She washed her legs, her arms, her cherub's face, her small dark body, then sloshed the dress up and down in a pool and put it back on, shivering as the wet cloth clung to her.

The man and his children watched her in silence.

"Thank you," she said when she had climbed back up to the road. "I feel better now. I won't get your house dirty."

The house was thatch-roofed, with no more than the usual few sticks of home-made furniture. "This is Yolande St. Juste," the man said to his wife. "She will eat with us."

His wife put her hands on her hips the way the market women do when they are preparing to argue. "Are we suddenly rich?" she demanded.

"The little girl has walked all the way from Aquin. She is tired and hungry."

"Whatever you say. You earn the money, what little there is of it."

There was a table in the room, set for four. The woman slapped a fifth plate down and snapped at her son to bring an extra chair. On the table she put a platter of red beans and boiled plantains, some slabs of cassava bread and a dish of hard red jelly made from guavas. All this was accomplished with a great deal of angry muttering, while the man gazed at her in silence. The man motioned his family to be seated.

Yolande, sliding onto her chair, folded her hands over her plate and closed her eyes. The others looked at her curiously. The woman said, "Now what does she think she's doing—if I may ask."

"I believe she is thanking God for the food," the man said. "Is that what you are doing, Yolande?"

"Yes."

"A lot we've got to be thankful for!" the woman said.

Yolande looked at her in surprise.

The meal was eaten in silence except when the boy and girl fought over the last slab of cassava bread. The man did not stop them; he only gazed at them thoughtfully and then glanced at Yolande, who sat beside him.

When Yolande slid from her chair and said, "May I wash the dishes?" he did not hear her and she had to say it again. He nodded.

She washed the dishes and dried them. "Thank you very much," she said then. "I'd better go now."

"Would you like to stay here tonight?" the man asked.

"No, thank you. I'd be in the way."

"Tell me something," the man said. "Do you really think you can walk all the way to the capital on those two small feet?"

"Of course. I only have to keep on walking, don't I?"

"Very well, Yolande. Good night and thank you."

"Why do you thank me? What have I done?"

"For me, a great deal," the man said, and when Yolande had gone out of the house and down the road, and he had

... ...

The Ugly Duckling

By Lillian Rudolph

The skinny stem
above the sun-baked sand
Stands firmly on its roots
And sucks the green
from nature's breast,
And licks the rain
about her boots.

It stretches, swells
at sun's behest—
And plumes the sky
with flowered hand.

... ...

watched her out of sight, he shut the door and faced his own two children. They were just about to quarrel over a chair that both wanted to sit on, but at sight of the expression on his face they desisted. It was an expression they were not familiar with. It puzzled them.

"Take a lantern," the man said, "and go to the river and wash yourselves. You're dirty. Come straight back without fighting or you'll regret it. Don't tell me it's dark outside and you're afraid. That little girl isn't afraid. Furthermore—no, the rest can wait till tomorrow. Go!"

The children peered fearfully out the door, but when they turned their heads in hope of a reprieve, the man was standing by the table with his arms folded, gazing at them with the same expression. They looked at each other, trembling. The girl whimpered. The boy caught hold of her hand. They went out together.

The man turned to his wife. "Celeste."

She, too, was puzzled by the change in him. She came and stood before him, gazing up into his face.

"Have you ever been hungry?" he asked. "Or alone, with no one to look after you?"

"Well, no," she said. "You've always looked after me, Antoine. The best you can, anyway."

"The best I can, yes, Celeste, and a man's best is a big thing. I'll thank you from now on to stop nagging me and give me a little help when I need it. Do that and before long we won't be so poor. You heard what that little girl said: to get to Port-au-Prince one only has to keep on walking."

"Yes, Antoine."

"One step at a time and you get there, wherever it is you're going. But a man's wife should not keep knocking him down."

"Yes, Antoine."

"Well?"

"Antoine, you're right, yes, ar.. I'm sorry." The woman bit her lip and reached for his hands. "Go after her, Antoine! Bring her back!"

But Yolande was not sleeping beside the road and Antoine could not find her. Now that she had eaten she was not tired any more. She had decided to walk a few more miles before resting.

She walked until her legs ached, then slept by the road until voices awakened her. It was still dark, but there was a streak of silver over the mountains, heralding the false dawn, and down the road came a string of lights. She knew what they were: they were lamps carried by country women on their way to market somewhere. She stood up and brushed the dirt from her dress.

The women stopped. There were seven of them. They gathered around her and asked questions, then looked at one another and shook their heads. One, younger than the others, took Yolande by the hand.

"We're going as far as St. Michel," she said. "Walk along with us. If I get a fair price for my vegetables, I'll buy you some bread for your journey."

Emile Hector was a St. Michel merchant, seventy-one years old: a bent-over man with a wart on his nose. His shop was a big one for a village that size. On one side he sold charcoal, hardware, cotton cloth, and feed bags for making work dresses. On the other, red beans and rice, canned goods from the capital, and fresh vegetables. He was a shrewd man and, for St. Michel, a wealthy one.

He was weighing red beans into paper bags, making sure that each bag contained just a little less than the pound he would claim it contained, when Yolande and her new friend entered his shop. The young country woman lifted her basket of produce from her head and placed it on the counter.

"I have some potatoes and yams here that I wish to sell. Also some carrots and turnips."

"I have all of those things I need," Emile said with a shrug.

The woman looked around the shop. "Have you, yes? I don't see any."

"Nevertheless, I have them. I don't need any more."

"Very well." She reached for her basket.

"But I will look at what you have, if you want me to," Emile said.

The woman emptied her basket in silence, arranging its contents on the counter, then stepped back, folded her arms and waited.

"H'm-m," Emile said. "Well, I don't need anything, as I have told you, but I can give you eighty cents. That's certainly generous of me. The town is full of fresh vegetables this morning."

"A dollar-sixty," the woman said. "These are the first carrots and potatoes from my district in over a week." But she spoke with a sigh. If Emile said eighty cents, the most she could hope for was a dollar, and it would take half an hour of argument to get that. The vegetables were worth twice that amount.

She worked him up to a dollar and, when he paid her, slapped some money on the counter. "Give the little girl some bananas and bread," she said.

Emile glanced shrewdly at Yolande. He placed three small bread rolls and four

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small overripe bananas on the counter and dropped the coin into a cigar box. The woman took in a breath and glared at him.

"What? Is that all, for ten cents?"

"Bananas are scarce and expensive today," Emile said calmly.

"Who says they are scarce? You're a thief, that's what you are! Just a common thief, yes!"

"Believe me, I am being very generous."

The woman argued. She hit the counter with her fist and screamed insults at him. It did no good. Emile only shrugged. The woman at last turned to Yolande, sadly shaking her head.

"It is the best I can do, *ti-fi*," she said. "You see for yourself what kind of man we are dealing with. Take what the heartless thief gives you, and may God keep you safe on your journey."

Yolande shook her head. "Thank you, but it wouldn't be right. He's cheating you."

"I know he's cheating me! Does he ever do anything else?"

"I don't need anything, really." Yolande looked across the counter at Emile Hector, and her head was just a little higher than the counter top, and her face was an indictment. "Please give back the money, *m'sieu*," she said. "I'm not hungry." Then she turned to the woman and held out her hand. "Thank you very much," she said. "I'll go now. Good-by." And she went.

The woman and Emile Hector watched her go, then looked at each other. It was the woman who found her voice first. She said, "Do you know where that child is going, M'sieu Hector? To Port-au-Prince, on those two small feet of hers. She has come all the way from Aquin, where her mother died, and is walking to Port-au-Prince to find her father. And she has nothing to eat, and no money."

The shopkeeper looked down at the bread and bananas on his counter.

"Give me my ten cents!" the woman said.

He took the coin from his cigar box and handed it over in silence.

"I hope the *ti-fi* thinks of you when she gets hungry!" the woman snapped. "I hope you are proud of yourself!" Angrily she marched out.

Emile Hector sat on the chair behind his counter and stared at the door. He was still sitting there twenty minutes later when his wife came into the shop from the house next door. She brought a tray with coffee and brown-sugar candy on it. Emile was very fond of brown-sugar candy.

When he only looked at the tray, making no move to touch it, his wife said with a frown, "What's the matter? Don't you feel well this morning?"

"No," he said. "As a matter of fact, I don't."

"Are you sick?"

He stood up. "Watch the shop for a while. I'm going out," he said, then quickly wrapped a dozen good bananas and a slab of bread rolls in a sheet of brown paper and hurried out the door.

But he was too late, or rather too old. His legs gave out when he was only half a mile beyond the village, and the road ahead of him was still empty of the small figure he hoped to overtake. He sat on a boulder beside the road, mopping his face with a handkerchief and shaking his head.

An ancient truck came up behind him, filled with limestone chunks and towing a long trail of dust. He stepped out and waved it to a halt.

"Friend," he said, thrusting the brown-paper package at the driver, "do me a favor, please. You will find a little girl—about so big—walking along the road ahead somewhere. She is going to the capital, she will tell you. Give her this, please. Tell her the shopkeeper in St. Michel sent it, with his apologies." He fished a coin from his pocket and dropped it in the man's hand. "This is for your trouble."

"All right," the driver said.

Emile Hector walked slowly and thoughtfully back to his shop in St. Michel, where he found his wife weighing red beans into paper bags. He watched her for a few minutes, then stepped forward and snatched the scoop out of her hand.

"There should be a full pound in each bag!" he said angrily. "You're cheating! Don't you know it's wrong to cheat?"

The truck driver found Yolande trudging along the road's edge, and stopped. He handed her the package. "The old fellow said you are going to Port-au-Prince," he said, scowling. "Is that a fact?"

"Yes, I am," Yolande told him.

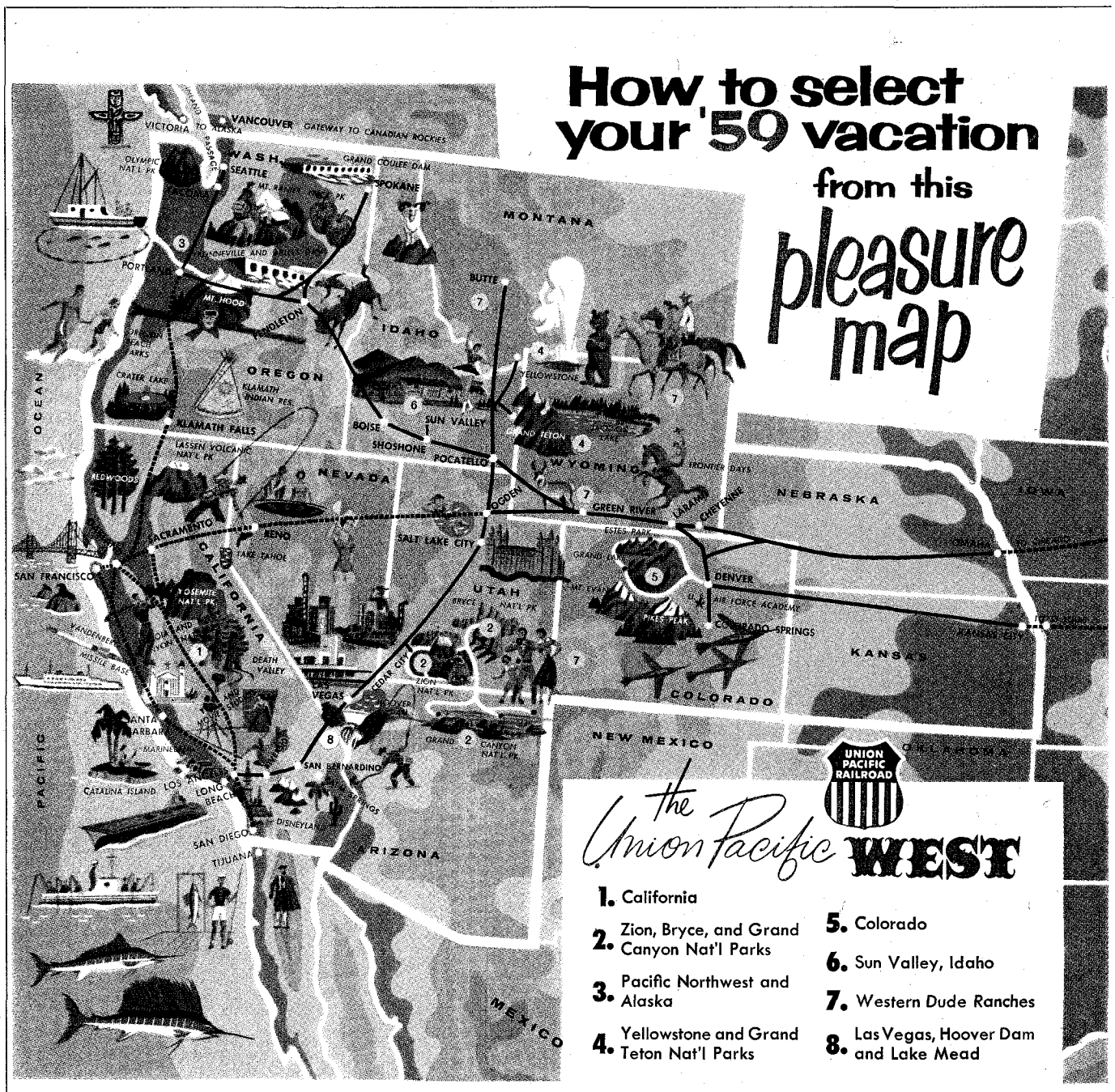
"Well, I'm not going very far, but I can save you a few miles of walking. Get in."

Yolande climbed onto the seat beside him and the truck clattered on down the golden road. It was the first time she had ever ridden in a motor vehicle, and for a time she could only stare out through the dusty windshield or watch the driver's strong, sure hands on the wheel. But when the wonder of it wore off a little, she opened the brown-paper package.

"Oh-oh," she said. "Look at all the food I have. Would you help me eat it, please?"

The driver glanced at her curiously. "What are you going to the capital for, *ti-fi*?"

She told him.



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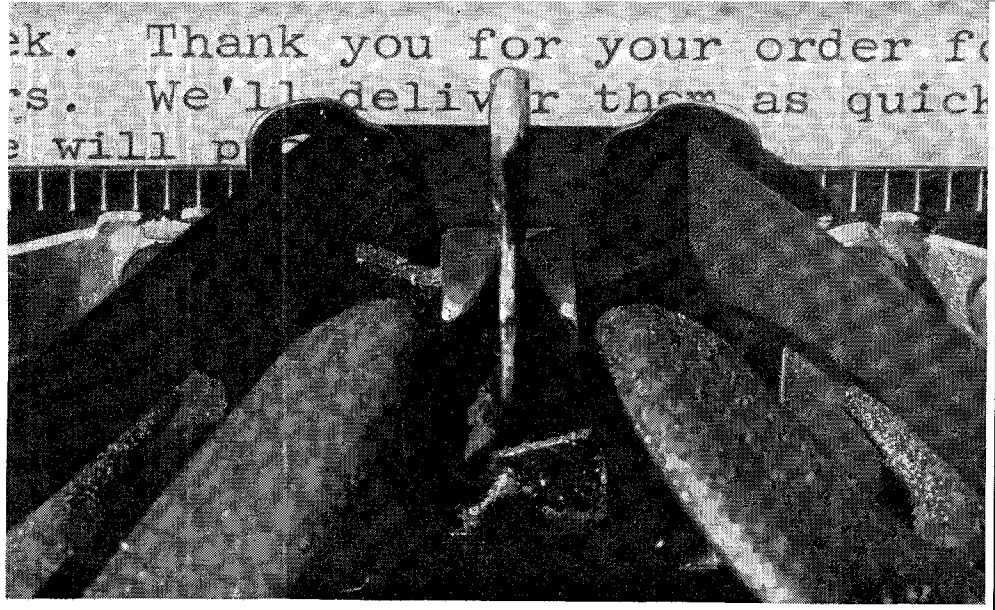

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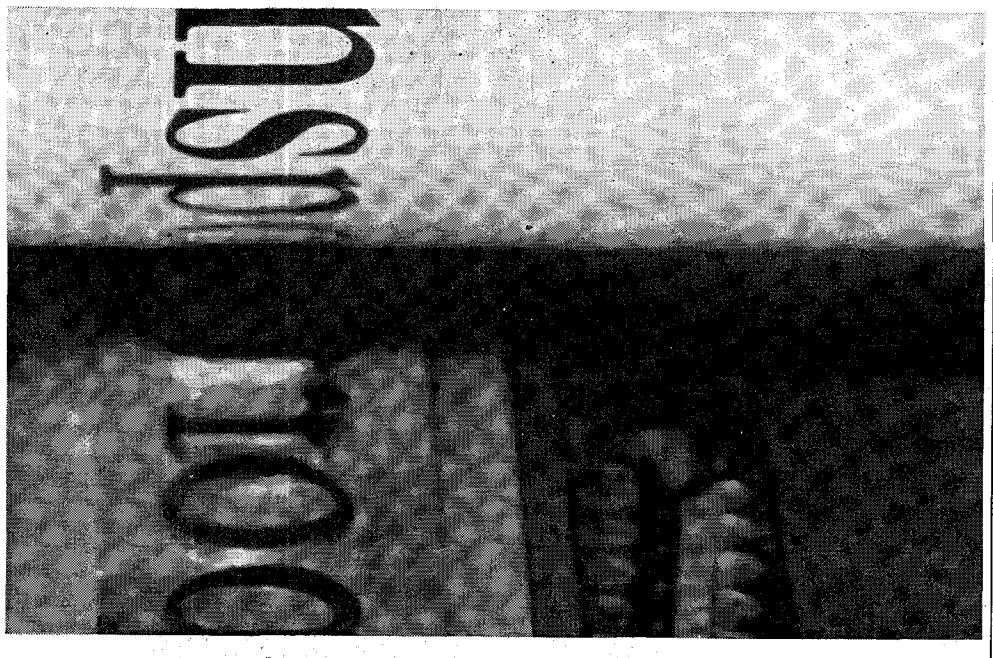

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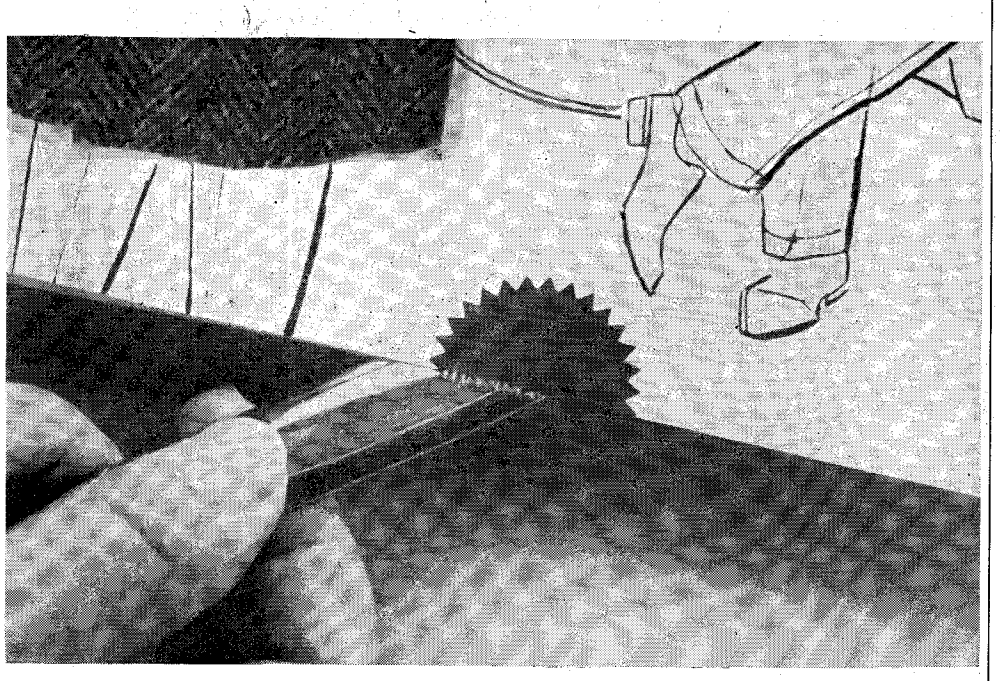

WHATEVER YOU MAIL...
WILL LOOK BETTER ON

HAMMERMILL *Papers*

He frowned. "I know Port-au-Prince pretty well. What's your father's name and where does he live?"

"His name is Armand St. Juste and I don't know where he lives. In a fine big house somewhere. He paints beautiful pictures. *Maman* told me all about him."

The driver removed a hand from the wheel to tug at an ear. "An artist, eh? Armand St. Juste? What does he look like?"

"Well, I've never seen him. He's been too busy to visit us. But he's tall and good-looking and ——"

"You've never seen him? Never?"

"No, but he sent us things. He sent me these gold earrings I'm wearing." Yolande smiled happily at the memory. "I won't have any trouble finding him. He's very rich and important. Are you going to help me eat this food?"

The man scowled again. "Eat what you want and save the rest," he said. "You have a long way to go yet. I'm not hungry."

He let her off in the town of Petit-Goâve, which is forty-five miles from the capital. Standing at the roadside was a big orange-and-red bus bound for Port-au-Prince, packed solid with peasants and their belongings, with a noisy crowd standing around it. The truck driver pushed his way through the crowd and asked the bus driver if he could make a place for Yolande—he himself would pay the fare—but the bus driver threw up his hands and said helplessly, "*Mes amis!* Do you know what you ask? These people all want a place on my bus, and my passengers are sitting on top of one another now! No, no, no, I can't do it! They would tear me to pieces!"

"She is only a little girl," the truck driver protested.

"I couldn't take her if she were a mouse!"

The truck driver said sadly to Yolande, "I'm sorry, little one, but here is a small amount of money to buy food with. I hope you find your father." He lifted her in his strong arms, put his lips against her cheek and set her down again. Then he climbed back into his truck and drove off, shaking his head.

Yolande stopped to rest when she was tired, and ate bananas and bread rolls when her stomach ached. When the road grew dark she slept between the high, sheltering roots of a mapou tree, and when daylight came she walked again. She washed herself in a stream. She ate the last of her food and bought more at a roadside shop with the coins the truck driver had given her. She spent a night in a field, with cicadas singing all about her.

The road was paved now. The sun beat down on it and waves of heat shimmered from its hard black surface. Her feet hurt but she trudged on, peering ahead for her first sight of the capital.

It would be a big city; she knew that. There would be ever so many houses, shops, people, and a wonderful white palace where the president lived. At noon she arrived on the outskirts and was frightened. Both sides of the road were packed with people wearing strange costumes and even stranger masks; people dancing and shouting and beating on drums. Cars and trucks crawled through the crowds, trying to blast them apart with their horns.

Yolande tugged at a woman's dress. "Excuse me, please. I have never been here before. Is it always noisy and crowded like this?"

"Not always, little one. Today is Mardi Gras."

"Oh." She should have known. Mardi Gras was a big affair in Aquin too. But there were ever so many more people here. It was going to be difficult, finding her father's house at such a time.

She had reached the city proper and it was much, much bigger than she had expected. The buildings were enormous. The streets ran every which way. She was caught up in the surging crowd and carried along like a leaf on a stream, stepped on, pushed, deafened by the din. But she would not let the tumult confuse her. Stubbornly she clutched at people's hands, forcing them to look down at her.

"Please, can you tell me where Armand St. Juste lives? The artist?"

"Who?"

"Armand St. Juste! You must know him. He is a very important man."

No one, it seemed, knew him. A woman knew a Marcel St. Juste who was a baker. A man knew an Alfred St. Juste who worked at a bank. But no one knew Armand St. Juste, the famous artist. It was a puzzling thing. They were confused, perhaps, by all the noise.

She had reached a great park filled with people. All the people of the world were here, except, of course, those on the streets she had come through. Millions of people. They were watching a parade that wound through the park like an enormous colored snake. Musicians. Dancers. Beautiful dressed-up trucks and cars, with pretty girls on them blowing kisses. It was like a dream, but bewildering. She stopped to watch, because it was very hard to push her way through such a crowd.

A little girl stumbled against her, sobbing: a girl even younger, smaller than herself, but wearing shoes and a pretty pink dress. Yolande stooped to look into the tear-stained face.

"What's the matter, *ti-fi?* Why are you crying?"

"I can't find my mother and father! I got out of the car to see the parade and can't find my way back!"

"I know how it is. Take hold of my hand and I'll help you find them."

They moved through the crowd together, Yolande creating the openings and drawing the child through after her. It was like swimming in a sea with waves so high that the shore was hidden. She could not ask about her father now. That would have to wait. The little girl was terrified. The thing to do was to get out of the crowd and look for the car.

They were out at last. She wiped the little girl's face with the hem of the pretty pink dress and said, "There now, we're all right. We'll find your mother and father, you'll see. What's your name?"

"M-marguerite Maxime."

"Well, Marguerite, you stop crying now. Big girls don't cry. I won't let anything happen to you, no."

They looked at cars, but none was the right one. They went from one street to another. They were standing on a sidewalk, hand in hand, when the little girl suddenly cried out, "There! There it is!" and pulled Yolande off the curb.

The street was a hill, and down the hill toward them rolled a float. Not part of the Mardi Gras parade. Just a single float, a big one, covered with shimmering white cloth to resemble a cloud. On the cloud stood a ten-foot-high angel with outspread golden wings. The float seemed to be coming fast. Yolande said, "Wait, Marguerite," but the child in the pink dress tugged her across the street toward the car.

There was a woman in the car. She, too, saw the float. She screamed. At the same time a man came striding around a corner a little distance away, saw the children in the middle of the street and shouted hoarsely, "Marguerite! Look out!"

That was a mistake. Hearing the man's voice, Marguerite stopped. The hurtling cloud with its teetering ten-foot angel was almost upon her. But it was not a cloud now. At close range it was only an ugly

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battering-ram of a truck out of control, moving too fast for its ancient brakes. Its driver clung to the wheel in terror, peering wide-eyed through a gap in the white cloth.

Yolande tried to pull her companion back to the curb they had come from, but the child, too, was frozen with fear. The woman in the car still screamed. The man covered his face with his hands.

Unable to pull the child, Yolande seized her around the waist and lifted her and tried to run; did run a few stumbling steps. It was almost enough. The truck roared past, missing them. But a wing of the ten-foot angel struck Yolande and knocked them to the street.

Marguerite scrambled to her feet unharmed and sped to the car. Yolande lay there unmoving. The truck went careering on down the hill to crash into a steel utility pole and overturn.

People came running—not to the peasant girl lying motionless in the street, but to the more spectacular accident below. It was the man who picked Yolande up. He looked into her face and carried her to the car, where the woman clung to the child in the pink dress.

"This one is hurt," he said. "Take her. I'll drive to Doctor Domond's."

The woman nodded. Without a word, but biting her lip, she put her own little girl on the back seat and took Yolande in her arms. The man drove. When he stopped, he carried Yolande into a house

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Parking problems are nothing new. Noah had one too.

HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

---

and watched, clenching and unclenching his hands, while the doctor examined her. The father of Marguerite Maxime was a young man, well dressed. The doctor addressed him with respect.

The doctor said, "She will be all right, I think, Henri. I find nothing broken. Take her home, eh? Tell me where she lives and I'll stop by to look at her tomorrow."

"I don't know where she lives, Paul. I don't even know her name. All I know is that she saved my little girl's life just now."

Yolande opened her eyes and, when questioned, told them who she was. "I have to find my father," she said. "Perhaps you know where he lives?" She told them her father's name and all that she knew about him, and how she had walked to the capital from Aquin to find him.

The two men looked at each other. "It will be hard to find him today, little one," Henri Maxime said gently. "I think I will take you home with me, and we'll look for Armand St. Juste tomorrow, eh? Will that be all right?"

"But you do know him, don't you?" Yolande asked anxiously.

Henri Maxime smiled and kissed her. "I will answer every one of your questions later, little one, after you've had something to eat and a good long sleep in a soft bed."

He took her to the kind of house she knew her father must live in: a big, handsome house with tiled floors and gleaming mahogany furniture, set in the midst of a garden filled with flowers. There, after a bath in a great white tub, with warm water, she had supper with Henri Maxime and his wife and their little girl, and then was put to bed. She was very tired. She fell asleep at once.

She was still asleep when Henri left the house in the morning. He took his car from the garage and drove downtown to the Centre d'Art.

"Can you tell me anything about an artist named Armand St. Juste?" he asked.

The man in charge of the center said with a frown, "St. Juste? Armand St. Juste? An artist, *m'sieu?*"

"I thought so," Henri said with a sigh, and drove to the Collège St. Martial, where he spoke to a priest he knew well. "It shouldn't be difficult, should it, Father?" he said. "You can telephone the curé in Aquin? He'll know?"

"I am sure he will, Henri. I'll call you at your office as soon as I have the information."

"I'll be at home, Father. Waiting."

The priest did not call; he came. In his white robe he settled himself on a chair in the Maxime living room. He put the tips of his long fingers together and frowned at them with a small shake of his head, while Henri Maxime and his young wife waited anxiously for him to speak.

"It is a strange story," he said. "As you suspected, the child has no father. The mother simply invented one. Yet the mother was a fine young woman, the curé in Aquin tells me. A most unusual woman. Which explains, perhaps, why she invented a father who was an artist, a lover of beauty, instead of, say, a politician. And which also explains, perhaps, why Yolande is the kind of child she is. She is very much loved, that youngster, by everyone who knows her." He looked up. "The whole town has been frantically searching for her since she disappeared."

Henri Maxime frowned. "This is awkward, Father."

"Yes. And very sad."

"There will have to be an Armand St. Juste. I see no other solution." Henri glanced at his wife.

His wife nodded. "Yolande is upstairs with Marguerite. I'll get her." She stood up, then hesitated and turned to the priest. "The child would have left us when she awoke, Father. I kept her here only by telling her that Marguerite was still frightened and needed her. She will never stop looking for her father unless——"

"The endless search for truth," the priest said. "For beauty. For love." He shook his head in sadness, but managed a smile. "From what the curé in Aquin tells me, this one gives more of all three than she can ever hope to find."

The woman went upstairs. She came down with Yolande at her side, clinging to her hand. The child looked from Henri Maxime to the priest, waiting. Henri leaned forward on his chair.

"I have something to tell you, Yolande. Something I hadn't the courage to tell you yesterday, when you were hurt. Your father is dead."

Yolande returned his gaze without blinking. Only her mouth trembled.

"He died not long ago, here in the capital," Henri said. "I knew him well. He was, as you say, a great artist, a great man. He was also my best friend. When he died he asked me to take his place, if ever you needed me. He asked *me* to be your father. I said I would if you would let me."

The child turned to look at Henri Maxime's wife, who smiled at her through a mist of tears. She turned to the priest, who nodded. She looked at Henri again.

"You would live here," Henri said, "and Marguerite would be your sister. We have always wanted a sister for Marguerite. You would make us very happy, Yolande."

"*I* would make *you* happy?" Yolande said.

"Yes. *You* would make *us* happy."

"Then I will stay," Yolande said, nodding. "Thank you very much."

THE END

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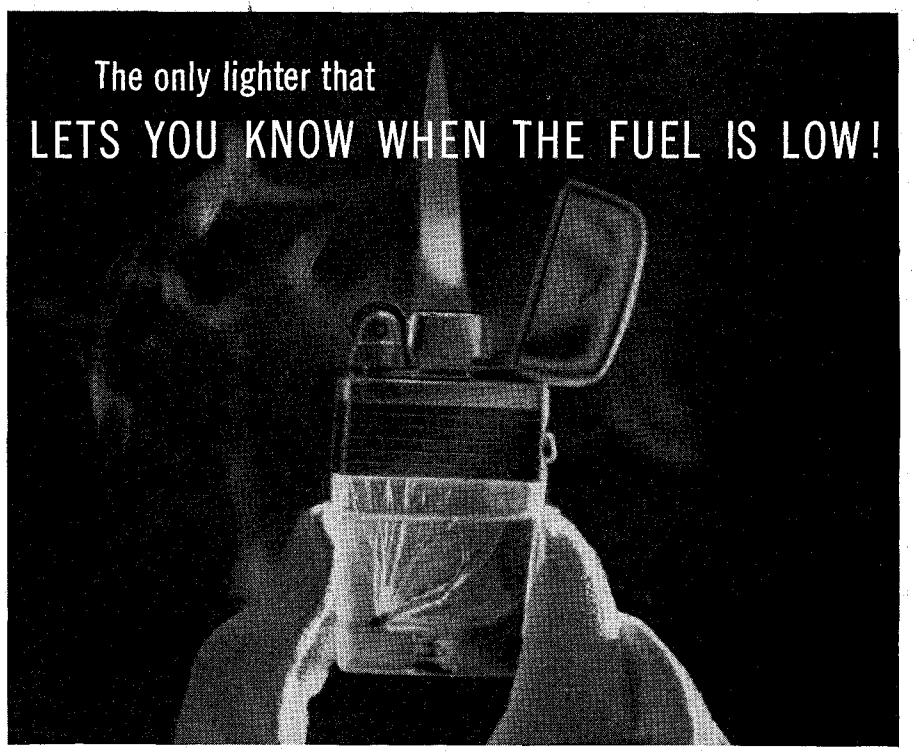

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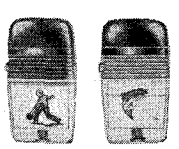

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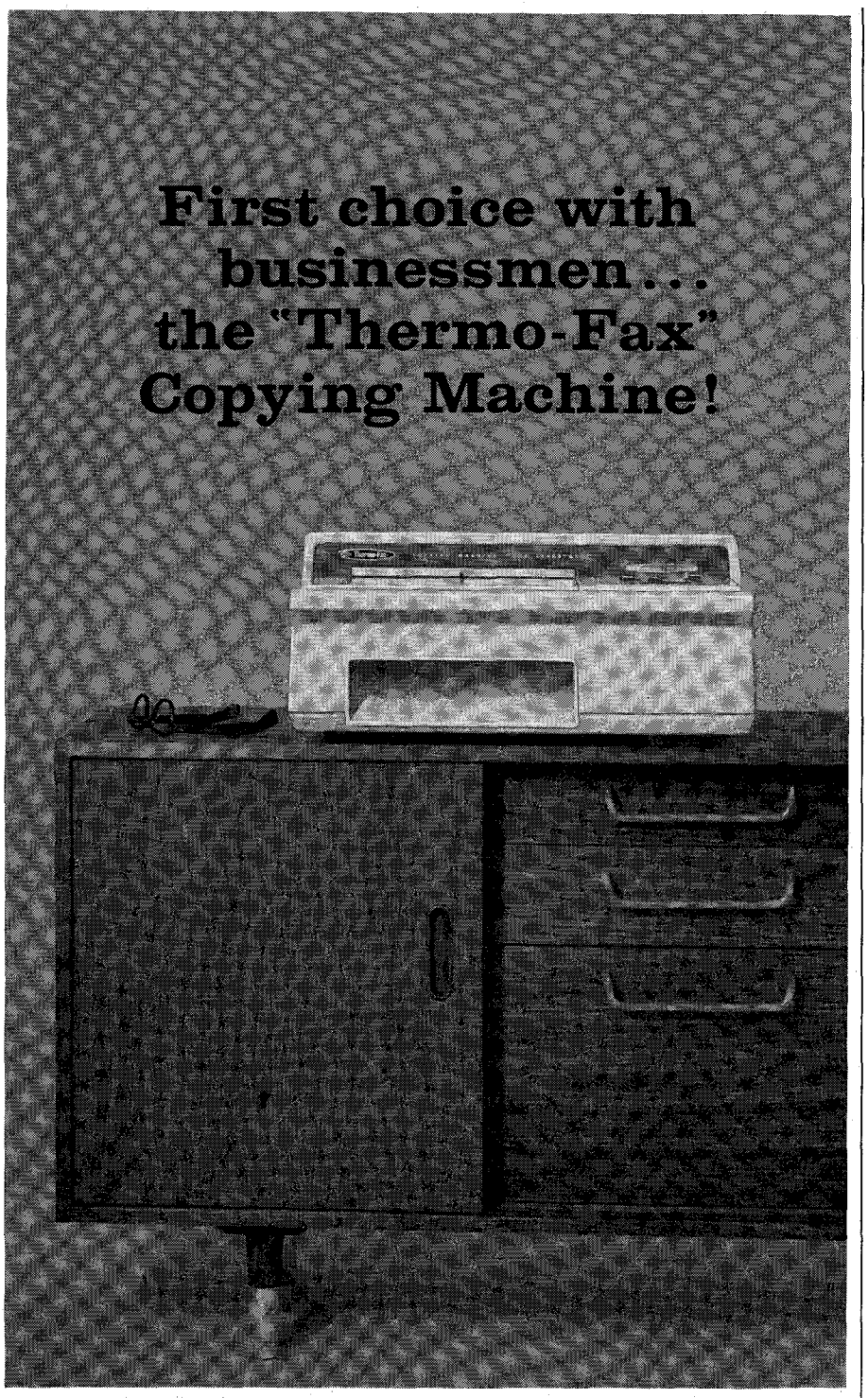

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One Woman's Dream (Continued from Page 34)

After he was gone, the phone rang, and it was Agnes, and she said, "Fran, listen, you've got to do something."

"Uncle Herman?" Fran asked immediately.

"You know how it is," Agnes told her. "We don't mind having him, but he drives us crazy sometimes since he retired from the butchershop. He sits, and he sits, and he's walkin' around the house. Listen ——"

"I have an idea," Fran broke in. "Eddie and I are taking a ride out on the island, Agnes. We'll be gone most of the day. Maybe we could take Uncle Herman along."

"Would you?" Agnes said quickly. "Gee, that would be swell, Fran."

"Tell him we'll pick him up on the way," Fran told her. "He might like getting away from the city once in a while."

"The only thing Uncle Herman really likes," Agnes chuckled, "is a loin of pork in front of him and a meat cleaver in his hand, but he'll go, and thanks, Fran. You know how it is. We're not tryin' to get rid of the old guy, but every day ——"

"I know," Fran said. "We'll try to help, Agnes."

Uncle Herman was a bachelor, and only recently he'd been retired from the big meat market in which he'd worked, and he was living on his Social Security. Because he was getting on in years, Agnes had taken him in. They had the extra room.

Eddie came back into the kitchen as Fran was hanging up the receiver, and he said, "We got a flat all right. Got to pull that shoe off an' put another patch on that lousy tube. Take me, maybe, an hour."

"Eddie," Fran said. "Uncle Herman's going with us."

"Von Hindenburg?" Eddie grinned. "What's he want to look at a new house for?"

Uncle Herman had big, old-fashioned German mustaches, the kind you don't see any more, and Von Hindenburg was Eddie's pet name for him.

"Agnes would like to get him out of the house for a day," Fran said. "Is it all right?"

"So, sure," Eddie nodded. "Herman can sit in the back. Plenty of room in the back."

By ten-thirty in the morning Fran had the lunch packed in the cardboard box, along with a big bottle full of coffee because Uncle Herman was a coffee drinker. She packed along a baby bottle full of milk, an alcohol stove, and a small pan in which to heat up the milk.

Eddie came in then, his hands dirty, but grinning. "Little pinhole near the valve," he said. "I fixed her. We shouldn't have no trouble now."

As he was washing up, Fran again looked at the advertisement of the house out at Pleasant Acres. It looked enormous on the picture, but Eddie had assured her that it would be about half as big as that for the money. She liked the design of the house with its big picture window in the front, the garage on one side, and all the windows. They didn't have many windows in the flat where they were living now—just two up front in the kitchen, and two more at the rear of this railroad flat. There was nothing in between, which meant that even on the brightest day you needed a light in the baby's room.

"Be ready in a minute," Eddie called from the bathroom, where he was washing. "Then we'll go look at that estate."

Fran wished he would stop joking about it. Other people moved out to Long Island, and there was no reason why they couldn't, at least someday. Eddie had a good, steady job in the shop, and they liked him, and business was on the upturn.

It was a beautiful spring morning, a bright blue sky, with tiny flecks of white cloud in the sky, and Fran felt good as Eddie rolled the jalopy on to the parkway, leaving Brooklyn behind.

Uncle Herman sat in the back, his hat jammed down on his head, one hand supporting the baby car carrier in which little Lois lay. Uncle Herman was not a talker even though Eddie kidded with him once in a while, calling things back over his shoulder, like how he ought to cut off the mustaches and go look for a wife, and things like that.

Uncle Herman would mumble something in his throat and look out the window, and Fran often wondered if Agnes was right, that Uncle Herman's mind was only on loins of pork and cuts of meat.

It was nice out on the island because there was so much sky to see. On the block where they lived, a block of three- and four-story brick apartment houses, you couldn't see too much sky, and, besides, the sky looked different out here. It was bluer, clearer, and the air felt better, and the farther out you went, the better it felt.

Eddie said as they drove, "How much they want down payment on this place?"

"Fifteen hundred," Fran told him.

"So we're thirteen hundred short," Eddie said. "Besides, you know what it costs to commute out here?"

"You got a raise last month," Fran reminded him. "That would help."

"It wouldn't help the fifteen hundred," Eddie said. "So right at the start we're licked."

Fran didn't say anything to that. Once, she glanced back at the baby tucked in the car carrier, and resting comfortably, and she was thinking how nice it would be to live out in the country with green grass, and trees, and plenty of open blue sky.

"We're paying seventy-five for rent now," she said. "I'd bet the payments wouldn't be any higher than that on a new home."

"If we had the fifteen hundred," Eddie said again, "which we don't have, and you know how long it took us to save up that two hundred."

Fran knew. They'd been married two years, and they'd had to buy furniture, and then the baby had come along, and all the extras that go with a baby. Then the car had cost money, even though it was far from being a new one.

Fran Bowden sighed and she dreamed, and she knew that dreaming was good. People should always dream even though they didn't have anything, because dreaming didn't make it so bad.

After they'd turned off the parkway, Eddie found a small, quiet side road where they pulled up to eat. He set the alcohol stove up in the open trunk of the car, touched a match to it, and heated the baby's bottle in the pan of water.

After they had the baby settled and drinking contentedly from the bottle, which they'd braced in the carrier with a blanket, Fran opened the cardboard box, and they had their coffee and sandwiches, and some of the apple pie she'd baked yesterday.

Eddie said, "A real nice picnic. So how do you like the country, Herman?"

Uncle Herman looked around. "What's here?" he asked. "Nothin'. Trees, dirt, grass."

"We'll hang a side o' beef on the tree," Eddie chuckled, "so's you can feel at home, Herman."

He sat back against a tree, himself, munching on a sandwich, and he said thoughtfully, "Would be kind of nice, Fran, having our own place, fixing it up the way we want; maybe a workshop in

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the basement, and stuff like that. You know? It might happen a couple of years from now. Who knows?"

Fran didn't say anything. When you waited a couple of years, you always waited a couple of more years after that until you thought you could safely swing it, and then it never happened. She remembered how many years her mother had always said that she'd like to live out on the island someday. It had never happened.

When they reached Pleasant Acres, later, and saw the model house, Fran stared at it almost hungrily. It was, of course, smaller than it had appeared on the picture, but bigger than Eddie had jokingly said it would be.

"Pretty nice," he admitted as they sat in the car, and for the first time Fran saw something in his eyes which had not been there before. "How do you like it, Uncle Herman?" he called over his shoulder, but Uncle Herman only mumbled something about all that darned grass to cut.

"Look how much land!" Fran breathed.

"Hundred foot front," Eddie said. "Our house has a twenty-five-foot front. You could put four of 'em on this lot. How about that?"

"Let's go in," Fran said excitedly.

"So why not?" Eddie murmured. "We came so far."

Uncle Herman remained in the car with the baby as they went into the house, and the agent took them from room to room. In each room Fran stared and took a deep breath. When she got to the kitchen she was almost hysterical. It was a birch kitchen, birch cabinets, everything built in, stove, refrigerator, base cabinets, sink.

"The washer," the agent said, "is down in the basement. There's a special corner which you can eventually fix up for a laundry room, with washer, drier, and what have you."

They went down into the basement to have a look, and Eddie walked around, looking at the oil furnace, noting how much space there was in the basement, and there was a gleam in his brown eyes.

"Nice," he kept saying. "Real nice."

Fran could see that he'd already picked out a corner for his workbench.

The agent said, "They fix up these basements beautifully now, tiled floor, knotty-pine walls, a bar if you want it, workshop, playroom for the children."

"How do you like that?" Eddie murmured. He was handy with tools too.

The bedrooms were big, with plenty of windows, and bright spring sunlight shining through. The rooms seemed enormous to Fran, accustomed to the small rooms of her Brooklyn flat. The light was heavenly. Just the light alone made any sacrifice worth while.

"Shall we talk about terms?" the agent smiled.

Fran saw the sick look come to Eddie's face. "I don't know," he said slowly. "We're just lookin', mister. We're not really buyin' anything today. We wanted to see what you have in case we wanted to buy someday."

"Taxes are fairly low out here," the agent informed them. "The school system is not crowded, and the payments on a place like this are less than you think."

"How much?" Eddie asked.

"Including taxes, water, insurance and amortization, they would come to sixty-nine-fifty per month."

Fran stared at Eddie, the hope springing up in her eyes. She almost wanted to shout.

"That's less than what we're paying now, Eddie!" she gasped.

Eddie moistened his lips. "That's not all of it," he said. "You got oil; you got gas and electric; you got upkeep, and you got that big railroad fare back an' forth to work. The way we are now, it's seventy-five bucks, everything. It makes a difference."

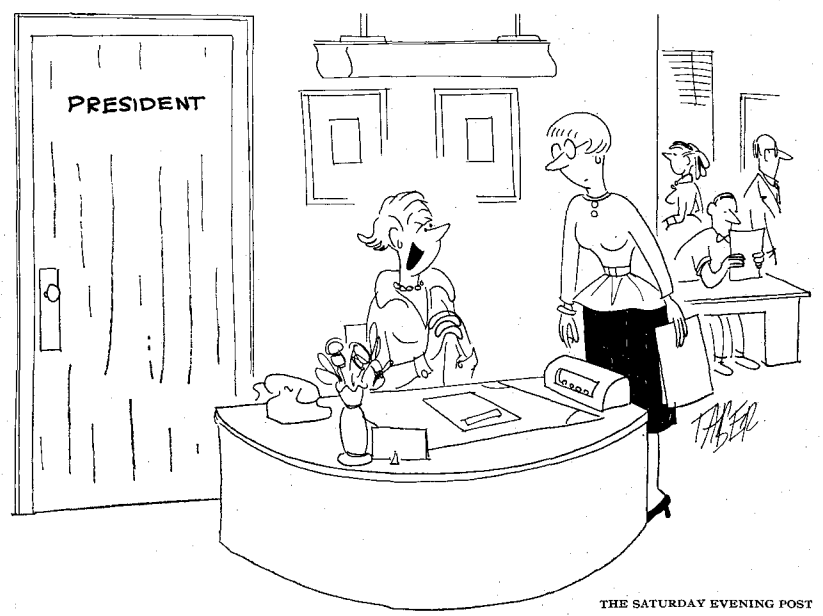
Fran closed her eyes for a moment. She walked again into the smaller bedroom, which would be the baby's, and she could imagine how it would be with nice curtains on the windows, and the crib, the toys, the little baby things scattered about the room. When she came out she was almost crying, and she said, "We better go home, Eddie."

"These homes are going fast," the agent informed them. "We're only putting up twenty-four in this development, and sixteen have been sold. For the money, it's a real buy."

"I know," Eddie nodded. He was looking at Fran, knowing what she was going through, and there was a sick look in his eyes. "I'll think about it, mister," he promised. "If I can swing anything, we'll be back."

They went out to the car, and Fran got in. She sat there, very silent, not even looking at the house now, just staring straight ahead.

"We shouldn't have come," Eddie muttered. "I told you we shouldn't have come." She didn't say anything. "I know it's nice," he said, his voice dull. "It's something everybody should have, but I can't swing it, baby. I don't know why. I haven't got it. Some guys can do it. I don't know why. I'm workin' hard. I can't do it."



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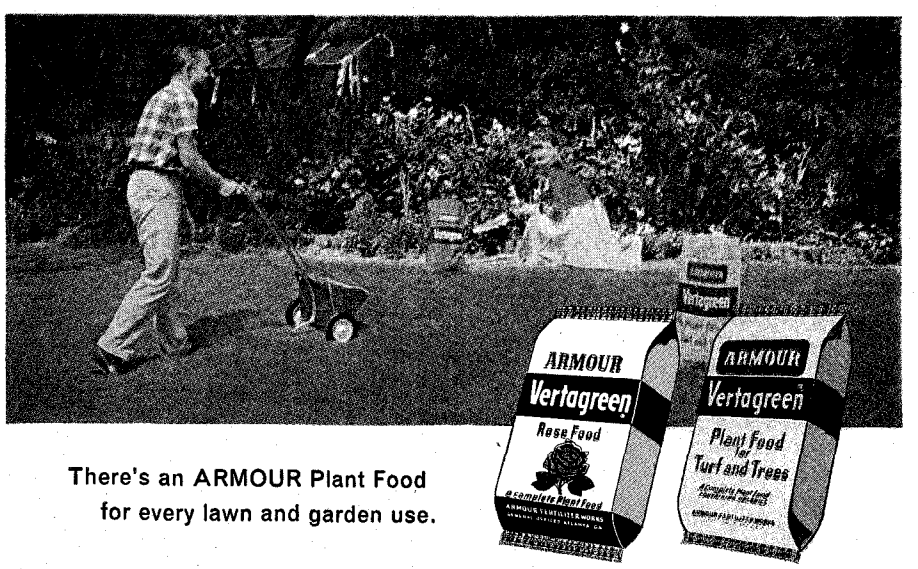

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There was a catch in his voice, and then Fran realized what she was doing to her man. This was a good man, an honest man, a hard-working man, but he didn't have great talents, and he couldn't help that. You have so much in this life, and you can work so hard, but still have only so much, no more. It didn't pay to cry about it.

Fran cried, though, because she couldn't help it, and because she was a little ashamed of herself, and she said, "I didn't mean it that way, Eddie. You've been good, and we have a nice place."

"A nice dump," Eddie said bitterly. "Three lousy rooms. We eat in the kitchen. All our lives we have to eat in the stinking kitchen."

"Eddie," Fran pleaded, "don't talk like that. It's not so bad. You're going to paper the bedroom next week, and it won't look so bad."

"Thirteen hundred dollars," Eddie muttered. "A lousy thirteen hundred dollars more, and I could own my own place."

Fran knew what he was thinking. Nobody in his family had ever owned property. They were renters as far back as he knew, father, grandfather before him. There had been no landholders.

"Would you take the chance," Fran asked curiously, "if we had the down payment?"

Eddie nodded. "Maybe it's crazy, but I'd take the chance. We'd have to sweat, I can tell you that, but I'd take the chance."

"I could take in piecework," Fran said slowly, "the way I did before the baby came." She'd done some typing that first year they'd been married, and while they were waiting for the baby, and she'd made a little money each week. Possibly, she could do that again.

Eddie got the car started, and they rolled away from Pleasant Acres. Both of them were staring straight ahead now because they didn't want to have to look at it.

"Thirteen hundred," Eddie murmured. "We can't get a bank loan because we don't have any collateral. We couldn't borrow a dime, not even on this lousy car."

Fran watched his face again, and then she held his arm, and she said, "Come on, Eddie. Come on, Eddie Bowden."

Halfway home he cheered up a little, and he even tried to joke again with Uncle Herman.

"How'd you like to live out in the country, Herman?" he asked.

Uncle Herman mumbled something about what was wrong with Brooklyn?

Back home, though, when they carried the baby up the stairs and into the apartment after dropping off Uncle Herman, it hit them again. Fran carried the baby into the bedroom, and Eddie sat down at the kitchen table. He didn't even put on the light. He just sat there, and she could hear him saying, "For cryin' out loud! For cryin' out loud."

On Monday morning when he went to work he wasn't any better. Something had happened to him out at Pleasant Acres, and all his life it would leave its mark. He'd been defeated out there on the new lawn in front of the ninety-five-hundred model house with its big picture window.

"Eddie," Fran said as she kissed him that morning. "Eddie, stop worrying. It's all right. We've been getting along good here."

"Good," he said. "Good!" He gave a laugh which was not a laugh, which was nothing, and then she watched him from the front-room window as he walked down the street toward the subway station, carrying his lunch box, and she noticed the droop in his shoulders, and the quickness was gone from him, and she wanted to cry. He was like a schoolboy going off to school, and he was so young, and he'd had so little all his life, and even now he was not asking for much—the cheapest house she could find advertised in the paper. It wasn't much, but he couldn't make it, and this had hurt him.

All that day Fran thought about it, and the more she thought about it the worse she felt. She had been responsible for his going out to Pleasant Acres. Before he'd gone there he'd been quite happy in Brooklyn. Would he ever be happy again?

It was midafternoon when she thought about the *Sauerbraten*. Eddie liked *Sauerbraten* and potato balls, and they hadn't had it very much of late, partly because the baby took up so much of Fran's time, and making *Sauerbraten* and potato balls took plenty of work.

Eddie would like something like that. It wasn't much; it was a little thing, but it was the best she could think of at the moment, and he did like *Sauerbraten*. Maybe it would cheer him up.

Sauerbraten, though, had to be prepared. It wasn't something you stuck in the oven and slid on to the table and said, "Here." *Sauerbraten*, and the potato balls with it, was something you worked with, and it took time, and you could not have it the day you decided to eat it, because the meat had to soak in the juices for a few days.

Now that she was able to do something rather than sit and fret, Fran felt better. She shopped carefully for the meat, getting it in the supermarket, selecting a nice piece of bottom round with sufficient fat to make it juicy. The selection of the meat itself was very important, and she took her time.

Back home she placed the meat in the big brown bean crock, covering it with a mixture of half cider vinegar and half water. Then she dropped a half-dozen cloves and bay leaves into the crock, along with two sliced onions, a half-dozen small black peppers, half of a lemon, sliced, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one of salt.

She put the cover on the crock and set it back on the shelf in the closet where the meat was to soak for two days. She'd bought pork chops for Eddie that night even though they were terribly expensive, but he liked them too.

When he came in that night he was pretty quiet. He went into the bedroom to play with the baby for a while as Fran was getting supper, but she didn't hear the usual noises coming out of the room, and when she went in after a while she found him sitting with the baby, holding her on his shoulder, and rocking gently, and he didn't turn his face toward her when she came in, and she was sure he had been crying.

"What a crummy room," he mumbled. "What a crummy room for a nice baby like this. In the summertime it's like an oven; in the wintertime there's never enough heat comin' up. What a crummy room."

"Eddie," Fran said, "forget it. You lived through it as a baby."

Eddie hugged the baby, his head close against its little head. "This is a special baby," he murmured, "a real special baby, only her old man's a flop."

"Eddie!"

"A sixty-eight-fifty-a-week flop," Eddie Bowden muttered, "without takin' out the taxes."

For the next two days Fran kept turning the meat in the crock and dreaming—dreaming about the house they would never have; but it was nice to dream. On Wednesday afternoon she took the piece of beef out of the crock, let the liquid drain off, and then placed it in the big roasting pot with a few tablespoonfuls of suet and butter.

She browned it all over the way she did a regular pot roast, and then gradually she added all the liquid in which the meat had been soaking. She put six gingersnaps into the mixture, covered it with a tight lid, and let the meat simmer slowly for three hours, while she busied herself preparing the potato balls, or the *kartoffel kloesse* as the Germans called it.

She was very careful with the potato balls, because nothing could spoil good *Sauerbraten* more than soggy, leadlike potato balls. They had to be just right, the centers dry. The trick was in not permitting the mixture of riced, boiled potatoes, eggs, flour, bread crumbs and nutmeg, to boil too long so that they started to fall apart.

Just before the meat was done, she placed three quarters of a cup of flour in a pie pan, distributing the flour evenly over the pan, and she placed it in the oven to brown. Like the potato balls, the gravy had to be just right, the way her mother had taught her.

When the mixture was browned, she added a cup of cold water, mixing this throughly with the flour, and then she poured the mixture from the pie pan into the pot of meat, allowing it to cook for about ten minutes, and then adding exactly the right amount of water when the gravy became too thick.

She strained the gravy, then, and placed the meat with the strained gravy in the pot again and let it simmer slowly the remaining minutes until Eddie came home.

By this time the potato balls were moving in and out of the pot of boiling water, and she was getting them exactly right, and it was then that she thought of Uncle Herman, who liked *Sauerbraten* even more than did Eddie if that was possible. Uncle Herman didn't get *Sauerbraten* too often, because Agnes, plagued with a big family, couldn't get to it, either.

There was plenty of meat, and she'd made an extra supply of the riced potatoes. Pausing in her work, then, she hurried to the phone and got Agnes.

"Send him over right away," she said. "It's almost ready, and Eddie's probably coming up the street now."

"*Sauerbraten*," Agnes laughed. "Uncle Herman can smell it over the phone. He's getting his coat on."

After a while Fran watched them eat. She was sure Uncle Herman consumed more of the potato balls than Eddie, because he just ate and didn't talk.

Eddie had to say how good it was. Four times he had to say how good it was. She had red cabbage with the *Sauerbraten*, and for dessert, an apple pie she'd made in the morning. This was another of Uncle Herman's favorites. He had two large slices, and when he sat back from the table to sip his third cup of strong coffee he had a look of complete relaxation on his face. Uncle Herman was a short man with a balding head and a bulbous nose, and he still had a strong German accent when he spoke, even though he'd been in this country over fifty years.

"So, Herman," Eddie said when they'd finished, "how'd it go?"

He was feeling a lot better, himself. It was not all gone, and probably it never would be all gone, but he was better tonight.

"Yah," Herman said. "Is good." He said to Fran, "How you learn to make *Sauerbraten mit kartoffel kloesse?*"

"My mother taught me," Fran smiled. "I'm glad you liked it, Uncle Herman."

Uncle Herman just nodded. He didn't stay around long. He'd always been a man who believed in early-to-bed-early-to-rise, and he still followed the practice even though when he arose now he had no place to go.

"That poor old guy," Eddie said when he'd gone. "What's he got?"

Uncle Herman wasn't quite gone, though. A moment later Fran heard a light knock on the door, and when she opened it, he was there again, kind of looking down at the floor, and he said, "Sliced und fried, they taste even better. There was some *Sauerbraten* left? No? Where could I buy *Sauerbraten?* You can't buy it."

Fran knew what he was talking about. The potato balls, sliced and fried the next day, were just as good, and many people thought even better than the original balls.

"There's plenty left, Uncle Herman," she said promptly. "I'll put some in a dish."

She made up a generous portion of meat and potato balls, covering it heavily with the gravy, and she put a plastic cover over the dish, handing it to Uncle Herman.

They thought he was going then, but he wasn't quite ready. He pointed a stubby finger at Eddie, and he said, "You, my nephew. You want to move out to Long Island?"

Eddie rubbed his jaw. "Well," he said, "we were just thinkin' about it, Uncle Herman."

"You need money?" Uncle Herman demanded. When he spoke it always sounded as if he was mad at somebody.

"Who don't need money?" Eddie managed to smile.

"You see me tomorrow," Uncle Herman said. "You and your sister. You both get two t'ousand."

Fran's heart jumped, and she saw Eddie's jaw sag. "Two thousand!" he said. "What are you talkin' about, Uncle Herman?"

"Two t'ousand," Uncle Herman snapped. "What you think I do with my money all these years? Eat it? Everything in the bank. You have check tomorrow night. You und Agnes."

Eddie was standing up now, and Fran could see that he was trembling a little. "Don't be crazy, Uncle Herman," he spluttered. "You saved that dough; you need it. You ain't workin' no more."

"You get it when I'm dead," Uncle Herman snapped. "Take it now. What's da matter with you? You want to move? Come tomorrow night."

He left, then, with his *Sauerbraten*, and Eddie and Fran stared after him, speechless for the moment. Then Eddie tore open the door and he called down the hall, "Uncle Herman, you come out every week, you hear. Every week for *Sauerbraten*. You can eat it till you bust. We'll have a room fixed up for you. You hear?"

They didn't know whether he heard or not. They heard the door in the vestibule close, down below, and they were holding each other, and Fran was crying, and Eddie kept saying over and over, "Two thousand! Two thousand bucks. That's what he said. We're gonna make it, Fran. We're gonna make it!"

Fran couldn't say anything. She was crying silently, thankfully. THE END

Too Polite For My Own Good

Anticipation falters,
My smile becomes a chore.
That whispering doubt
becomes a shout—
I've heard this joke before.

Loraine Brown

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EVERYONE LOVES LIVING IN PORT

"I'm glad my Mommy and Daddy moved here"

— DEBBIE SINN

"Now, we have a full year of Summertime enjoyment... living outdoors in Port St. Lucie."

— Mr. and Mrs. George Will

"We looked a long time before we found the ideal spot for now and forever. This is it!"

— Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. McDonald

"We love it here. We've made such wonderful friends since we moved here from Deshler, Ohio in 1958."

— Mr. and Mrs. William Rudow

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do. Probably the most extravagant gift he ever gave me was a country place in Connecticut. Our daughter Phyllis is married to Edward McDowell, headmaster of Hamden Hall, a private school near New Haven. They have three little daughters, Kathryn, named after me, Martha and Meg Adair. One glorious October weekend while we were visiting them, I remarked to Arthur, "Why don't we have a place here in the country near Phyllis and Ted?"

Within a matter of hours we owned six acres on top of a Connecticut hill with a sweeping view of blazing maples and oaks. Arthur commissioned a local architect to put up a house, and then became immersed in TV and forgot all about it. Five months later we drove up to see how the house was coming. It was a chilly March day and the wind swept around our hilltop, sounding like a banshee.

The concrete foundation had been laid with its radiant-heat pipes, and the rest of the plumbing was in place. Arthur gazed at it in horror. No cellar! He had forgotten to ask the architect for a cellar, and he refused to live without one, regarding it as protection against dampness. Arthur paid the architect and settled all the bills. And there our mansion sits, Murray's Folly, the weeds advancing over it. Arthur, as always, took his losses without a backward glance.

Now we have built a weekend house in Rye, New York, next door to our other daughter, Jane. She is married to a surgeon, Dr. Henry Heimlich, and they have two sons, Philip and Peter, whom Arthur feeds candy directly before mealtime.

Arthur became a fond grandparent once he got used to the idea, but it took time. When Jane's first child was only a few weeks old, she left town to accompany her husband to a medical convention. The infant came down with a cold, and the nurse in charge phoned me about him. I was worried—this was our first grandson—and paced our apartment, suffering out loud.

Arthur looked at me calmly over the top of his newspaper and remarked, "How can you get so upset over a child you hardly know?"

When we first went on TV, Arthur paid all production bills for the show—everything but the time costs and, of course, an M.C.'s salary. As our show increased in its rating, it became a desirable property. Our sponsors now pay for both time and talent. An advertising executive said that this is like having General Foods pay for something called the Ford Hour. Well, sponsors are hardheaded businessmen—what's in a name so long as the show pulls viewers?

During one series I had fun doing a sketch with Bert Lahr about a slovenly-looking slum dweller and her husband, who thought she was the epitome of beauty. The skit, written by Nat Hiken, was called Jealousy. I wore a floppy wig which sagged over one eye, a shapeless print dress and a baggy cardigan sweater.

"How many times must I tell you never to go near the window without something on," Bert raved, buttoning up my heavy cardigan. "Them bums in the air shaft are just dying for a look at you!" After the show Bert paid me a wonderful compliment. "You were great," he said. "What a slob!"

We used another Nat Hiken sketch in which I played my first "dramatic part," with Robert Cummings. I found Bob intelligent and charming. Arthur was enchanted with him, for here was a man who really lived according to a health plan.

Bob looks like a man of thirty. "Feel my stomach," he'd urge Arthur, punching himself: "hard as a rock." The son of a minister and a doctor, Bob was raised to avoid all sugars and starches. He neither drinks nor smokes, and during his short stay with us he swallowed two handfuls of vitamin pills three times daily, while Arthur watched with respect.

Arthur wishes that he could follow such a Spartan regimen, but, although he never smokes or drinks, he craves the sweets he missed as a child. Two or three times a week I bake sponge cake and cookies for him, and he nibbles on them at intervals all afternoon. I also remember times when he had four or five deliveries from a sweetshop during an afternoon—chocolate cake, gumdrops, ice cream and carmels. To keep his weight down, he skips lunch. He often starts dinner with cheesecake because he has a theory that milk products can precede, but should never follow, meat into the stomach. At restaurants he sends all the bread back to the kitchen for toasting.

When we celebrated our wedding anniversary last year with a dinner party for fifty friends at a Manhattan restaurant, I made a little speech while cutting the huge cake. "After thirty-three years of living with a health nut," I said, removing the single candle and holding it to one side, "I know better than to blow on the cake." Arthur, bless him, roared.

Arthur has been known to shift reservations from one plane to another to avoid a fellow traveler with a cold. And woe to any of our teachers who comes to work with a sniffle! Arthur treats him to a ten-minute lecture, doses him with medicine and sends him home. After swallowing one of Arthur's mammoth antihistamine pills, the poor guy needs bed.

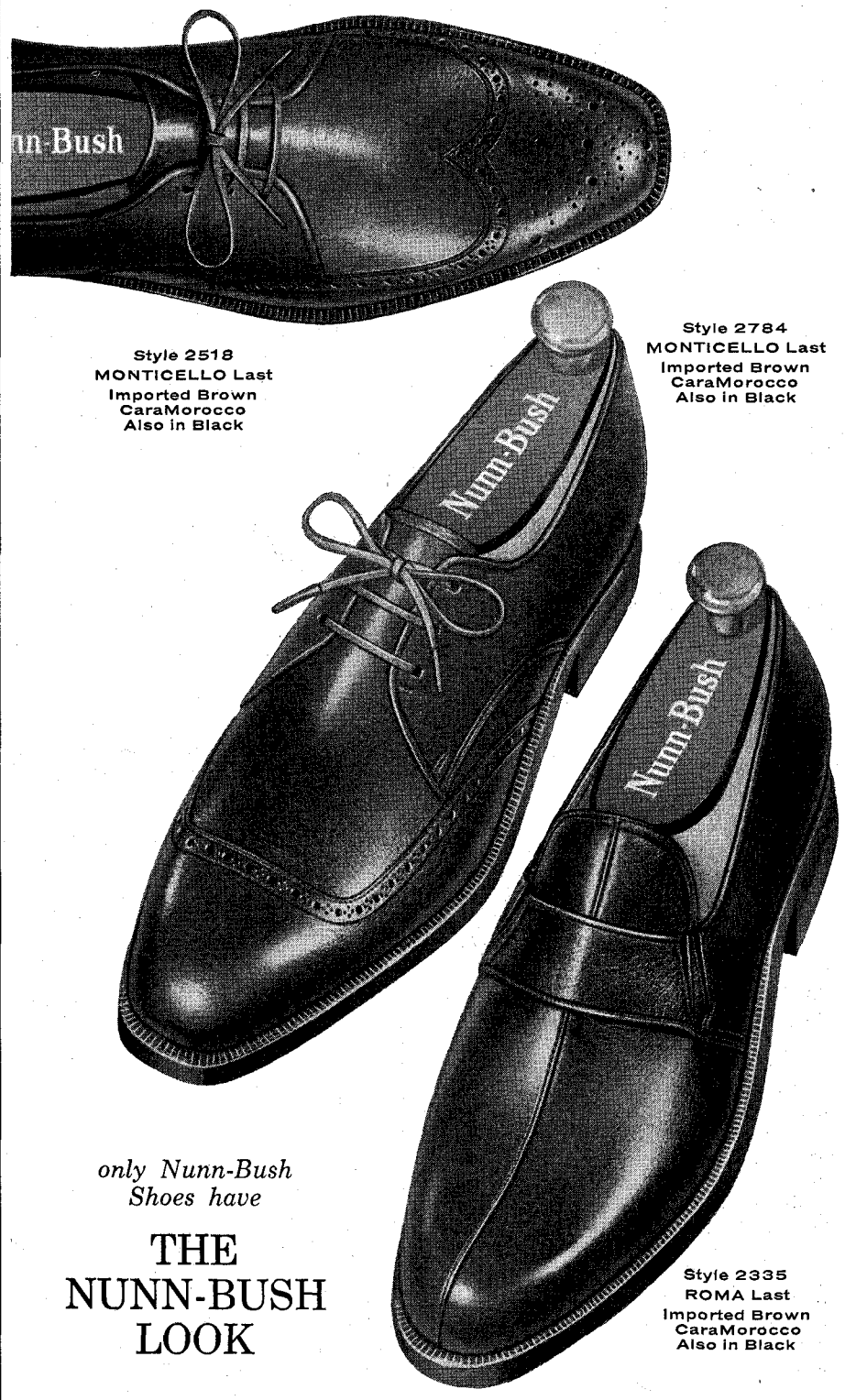
But Arthur can also laugh at himself. When word leaked out that financial advisers of a great university were ready to offer $10,000,000 for his Arthur Murray corporation stock, we were rehearsing a skit for television. I played a mad scientist. Arthur was in the control room when the camera closed in on a bare skull resting on a bare table. He cracked: "That looks like Arthur Murray without money." The technicians broke up and missed their shots.

In 1952 Arthur did sell all our stock in the corporation, but not to outsiders. He decided it should go mostly to people connected with the business—to franchise holders in particular. The price was set at $5,000,000, half the amount offered earlier, on a schedule of convenient time payments. Arthur is still head man, under a voting-trust agreement. The big difference is that he has arranged matters so that our branch managers now have a large stake in the business.

Working out the new financial setup took a lot of Arthur's time, but he had plenty left for arguing with our TV director. Arthur wanted to add amateur dance contests to the show with different categories of people, such as prize fighters, baseball players, fat men, and so forth. The director thought it was a corny idea, but Arthur went ahead anyway.

The following year we asked celebrities to participate in our dance contests. Just then Helen Hayes was working to raise money for the Mary MacArthur Fund. Arthur told her that if she and her son, James, would dance in our contest he would announce his donation of $5000 on the air and that I would ask viewers to contribute. Then he persuaded Melvyn Douglas, Sam Levenson and Don Ameche to enter the contest on the same night.

Melvyn Douglas did a Hungarian chardos with his daughter, Sam did a waltz with his niece, and Ameche danced a *paso doble* with Ursula Pacelli, a niece of the late Pope Pius XII. Helen Hayes and Jimmy won with a Mexican hat dance.



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Soft, fine-grained *CaraMorocco* was bound to head straight for Nunn-Bush where shoemaking standards are the capstone of the industry. See what this fine leather and exclusive *Ankle-Fashioning* can give you in superior fit, comfort . . . and style character that *lasts longer!*

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We started our celebrity dance contests in April of 1957 and continued them every week until we went off the air that September. What impressed Arthur and me was how hard most of these famous actors worked. The applause meter showed that our audience took the contests seriously. But one of our headaches in booking celebrities was that they all wanted top billing. Arthur solved this by running separate ads for each performer.

One morning at two A.M. our director was awakened by a phone call from Bert Lahr. Mr. Lahr said that he was sick and couldn't appear on the show the next day. He sounded angry. Twenty minutes later he phoned to say he had recovered and would appear. Arthur guessed later that Bert must have been reading the early editions and come upon an ad showing a large picture of Pearl Bailey or Basil Rathbone starring in the Arthur Murray party, and no mention of himself. Twenty minutes later he probably discovered in another section of the newspaper a picture and blurb about Bert Lahr.

Judy Holliday was starring in a Broadway hit, The Bells are Ringing, and Arthur thought she'd be a delightful dance contestant. He offered her $1000 and said I would announce his $5000 donation to a mental-health organization which had her sympathy. Judy consented. After all, a donation to a charitable fund given on TV prompts thousands of viewers to contribute.

But Judy's mother soon phoned to say that charity begins at home; she would not permit her daughter to appear for $1000. Arthur offered to give her a new car if Judy would dance, and her mother agreed. The night before the show, when it was too late to change the contest lineup, Judy's mother phoned again to say she wanted a convertible in any color but red. Arthur gave a noncommittal answer.

Judy arrived at the studio shortly before dress rehearsal and said she'd do a fox trot. Arthur advised her to choose a flashier dance if she wanted to win, and suggested a tango. She liked that idea, but she had never tangoed before. So Arthur dropped everything, went without his dinner, missed his own dress rehearsal and worked with Judy until showtime. That rehearsal could have been done so easily a day or so ahead instead of being a last-minute emergency. Well, Arthur did teach her dancing in a hurry, and she won the contest.

After the show Arthur told her mother he would give her only the standard-model car he had promised, since Judy had not been co-operative about rehearsals. Judy's mother is now suing Arthur for a convertible, in any color except red.

Farley Granger came to the studio and practiced the Charleston four hours a day with one of our teachers; he was determined to win, and he did. Cornelia Otis Skinner felt that in the public's mind she is stiff, stuffy and overly dignified. Just to show them, she literally let down her hair, put on a mantilla and shawl and did a spirited *paso doble*.

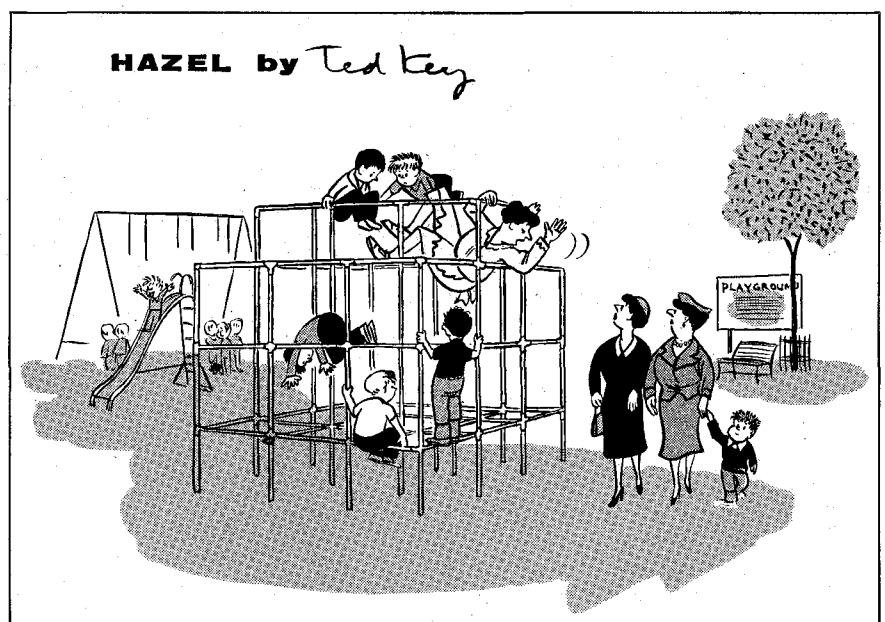
Eli Wallach, who starred in Baby Doll, agreed to do an apache dance, and for his partner we engaged the fragilely beautiful ballet dancer, Sono Osato. In rehearsal Eli, famous for his "method" school of acting, became so carried away he struck Miss Osato in the face with the back of his hand. She fell, and he helped her to her feet, apologizing profusely. But a moment later he hit her again, and she walked out. We hired a professional apache dancer to perform with Eli. At the end of the dance she lifted him on her shoulder and walked off the stage. It was a wow of a finish.

But the contest was won by Tallulah Bankhead waltzing with Rod Alexander. "Dahling," she asked me at the start of the contest, "are we all properly insured?" Tallulah was sure her competitors would win because all had invited claques.

"Why don't you invite a claque too?" Arthur asked her. "To applaud for me?" Miss Bankhead shrugged. "Dahling, I have only two friends in New York and they hardly speak to me."

Every four weeks we matched the winners of separate contests and gave a grand prize of a trip to Europe. June Havoc made up her own dance for the finals, which she called Havoc Shambles. She wore a skintight sheath and gyrated with her back to the camera. "I can't see your face!" Arthur yelled from his seat in the theater. "My face is not the point of this dance," said June, wriggling her fanny. (She won.)

For this show, an hour's spectacular in December of 1957, Arthur spent $35,000 more than N.B.C. paid him. We have no trouble finding sponsors in summertime, when we outrate most of the shows we replace, but Arthur wanted to prove that we could get a high rating in winter as well. For our December spectacular we got a hefty rating, so we announced that we were through forever with being a summer replacement. We stayed off the air until our present Monday-night show began in September of 1958.



"Hi, Mrs. Wilson.... Hi, Mrs. Bell...."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

After our summer programs of 1957 ended, a series of articles that made me boiling mad began to appear in a New York paper. The articles attacked our studios, claiming that our courses were sold by high-pressure methods and that some dancing teachers tried to bemuse customers by flirting. I was so furious that I wrote a sizzling letter to the newspaper publishers.

Fortunately I had sense enough to show the letter to Arthur before mailing it, and he pointed out a couple of facts that hadn't occurred to me. First, he explained that if the publishers received my letter they would be privileged to print it, perhaps with some paragraphs omitted and others run out of context to change the effect. Such juggling of my words could damage my pride and reputation. Also, by announcing ahead of time that they were going to quote me, they might gain many readers. Our TV rating in New York during that summer of 1957 credited us with 49.8 per cent of the total audience, and many viewers would buy a paper they didn't usually read just to see what I had to say.

I couldn't understand why Arthur wasn't as angry as I was. "Why don't you sue them?" I asked. He said, "Why should I? That's what they'd like—extra publicity. Stop stewing—they can print whatever they want. Our students won't believe it, and if the rest of the articles are like this first sample, no one else will believe them either."

Those who have taken lessons with us, and more than 3,000,000 people have, know that when a dancing school uses large, open ballrooms for instruction as we nearly always do, no teacher employs a "tease" technique. In all of our studios throughout the world, dates between teachers and pupils are frowned upon. One reason is the moral one: Many students are married. Another reason is financial: If a pupil can take his teacher out dancing, why should he buy lessons? If the management finds out that a teacher is seeing a student socially, it may cost the teacher his job.

Actually, the problem has rarely come up. A teacher soon learns to adopt an attitude of professional courtesy. Familiarity leads to less conscientious instruction and a lowering of the student's respect for his teacher. The final result is the loss of the pupil. Loss of a pupil means a drop in a teacher's weekly pay check.

None of our teachers earn a standard weekly salary. The more satisfied pupils a teacher has, the more hours he works and the more income he makes. A new teacher averages $2.50 an hour without commissions; the top experienced ones average $3.50 an hour. Teachers' incomes vary from $80 to $150 a week, depending on how many hours they work and on how many commissions they earn. A percentage is paid to the teacher when a student takes an additional course or brings a friend in to enroll. Obviously, only a satisfied pupil will bring a friend—which we call a "guest"—and the teacher deserves credit. Our salary scale is high because Arthur says only a fool will work for less than the highest wages he can command, and why hire fools?

Our teachers, men and girls, are carefully chosen. We like them to have some college training, to be over twenty-two and to have attractive, cheerful personalities. We give them personality and mental tests, check with former employers and request character references. Only one out of six trainees passes all our requirements and becomes an Arthur Murray teacher.

It was back in the 1940's that Larry Hanlon, branch manager of our Kansas City studio, signed our first "lifetime" member. A woman student paid $5000 for 1000 hours of lessons, plus two free dance lessons a month for the rest of her life. Owing to inflation, rates have doubled since then, but there are added benefits—theater parties, supper parties and, of course, our Saturday-night studio parties, which lifetimers may attend for as long as they live.

There are about 5000 lifetime members at present. Some enjoy their lessons so much that they enroll for a second 1000-hour course. A double lifetimer in Pontiac, Michigan, gives part of his lessons to a school for handicapped children; a triple lifetimer in Knoxville, Tennessee, recently donated one third of the courses to a state hospital.

Before our studios accept a lifetimer he must state on the application form whether he can really afford the price of the course and he must be able to pay at least one third down. Further, a board of other lifetimers and teachers must approve him. Is he the kind of person we want around the studios for the rest of his life?

When our students started signing up for 1000-hour courses, we began to feel the need for standards suited to expert dancers, such as the medal systems that have been used in Europe for many years. Fencers, skaters, tennis players and other performers have definite goals—why not dancers?

The medal standards did more to improve our methods of teaching than anything else we have ever tried. It takes about 400 hours to become a bronze medalist, the lowest order, but a bronze dancer is really good. All our teacher trainees must win this professional medal before leaving the full-time training classes. Then they work as assistant teachers under close supervision until they achieve the silver medal.

A silver medalist is so expert that he or she will be the outstanding dancer on almost any ballroom floor. But there are still other awards, the gold medal and the gold bar. Gold-medal standards are so exacting that so far only 350 students have won this medal.

I feel very proud of Arthur for contributing so much toward raising the level of ballroom dancing in America, not only among society people but also among clerks and businessmen and housewives. Our regional managers—twenty men and women who help direct Arthur's world empire—complain that a replacement for my husband will be difficult to find.

"I know I should train a successor," Arthur said recently, "but I'm not constitutionally able to do it."

We were walking down the corridor at our studio. It was late. I heard laughter and swing music coming from one of the studios, and looked in on an after-hours party. Some of the teachers were dancing, others were helping themselves to spicy corned-beef sandwiches, pizzas, pickles and coleslaw. They begged us to stay, but late parties and delicatessen food are now out-of-bounds for Arthur.

"The happiest man is the one without too much ambition," Arthur told me as we left the studio. "Some of the teachers at that party have been working for us for over twenty years, and have never shown interest in advancement. They earn enough to live nicely, and they feel no need to drive themselves."

"They're not like you," I said.

"No," he agreed, "they're not. They're contented; that's why they look young and happy. When you're always pushing ahead you have no time for the fun in life. If I could have my choice, I'd be unambitious instead."

"Instead of what?" I asked.

"Instead of being Arthur Murray—with an ulcer."

Editors' Note—This is the last of five articles by Mrs. Murray.

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NEW WHEATIES OUTDOOR LIVING SWEEPSTAKES

2,555 prizes worth over $100,000

No jingles to write . . . no boxtops to mail!

To celebrate the warm welcome you've given New Wheaties, we're happy to announce a *new* Sweepstakes! You can win *all* the prizes mentioned below! Easy to enter . . . nothing to write but your name and address! Just follow the easy Sweepstakes rules. You'll find them on specially marked New Wheaties "Sweepstakes" packages in your store, or write: General Mills, Inc., Dept. 1070, 623 Marquette Avenue, Minneapolis 2, Minnesota. Subject to federal, state and local laws.

Four Exciting Weekly Drawings

Each week New Wheaties is giving away 276 prizes!

First Prize—1959 Model 17 ft. Glasspar Seafair Cabin Cruiser with Mercury 70 H.P. Mark 78A Outboard Motor.

25 Second Prizes—Mercury 6 H.P. Mark 6A Outboard Motors.

25 Third Prizes—Aircap Power Propelled Lawn Mowers.

100 Fourth Prizes—Coleman SnowLite Coolers.

125 Fifth Prizes—Full case of Hormel Dairy Brand Franks.

win every prize in this picture!

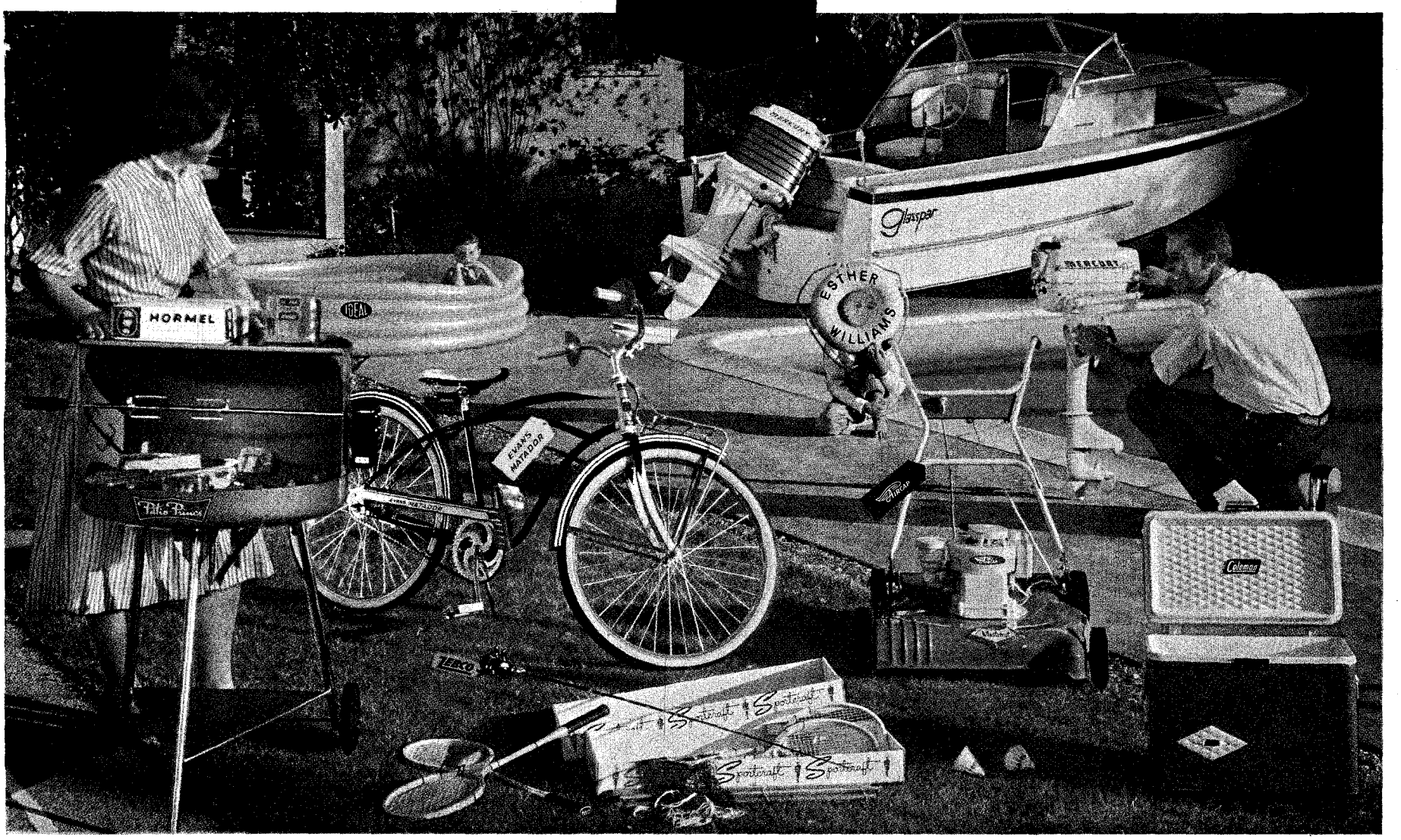
Enter now! Be eligible for 5 big drawings!

Weekly drawings will be held on APRIL 20, APRIL 27, MAY 4, MAY 11. After each drawing, all entries are saved and added to the following week's entries. Thus, every entry you send in has a chance to win a wonderful prize in any or all of the remaining weekly drawings! In addition, all entries received by 8 a.m., MAY 18, 1959, are eligible for the giant Grand Prize Drawing! So enter early, enter often!

Look for this special Sweepstakes package!

Now, taste the taste of New Wheaties!

It's a taste as fresh and big and hearty as all outdoors, it's a crisper taste . . . a golden taste . . . a taste that captures the best of good whole wheat flavor and wraps it around plenty of good food nutrients . . . *natural whole wheat* nutrients. Have a *good* breakfast in the morning—New Wheaties, milk and fruit!



GIANT GRAND PRIZE DRAWING

ON MAY 18, 1959

All entries received by 8:00 A.M. on May 18, 1959, are eligible for:

1st Grand Prize—$5,000 IN CASH AND A LUXURIOUS ESTHER WILLIAMS ALL-FAMILY SUPREME POOL! 18 x 36′ completely equipped . . . Plus one each of every other prize in the Sweepstakes!

• 1959 Model 17 ft. Glasspar Seafair Cabin Cruiser with Mercury 70 H.P. Mark 78A Outboard Motor • Mercury 6 H.P. Mark 6A Outboard Motor • Aircap Power Propelled Lawn Mower • Evans Matador Bicycle • Coleman SnowLite Cooler • Patio Prince Charcoal Grill • Ideal Four Ring 84″ x 20″ Inflatable Play Pool • Zebco Spinning Reel and Companion Rod • Sportcraft Official Badminton Set • Full case of Hormel Dairy Brand Franks PLUS—Year's Supply of Hormel Steaks (Choice of deluxe gift box of 8 New York Cut or 12 Tenderloins each week for 52 weeks!)

1450 Other Grand Prizes!

100 Second Prizes—Boy's or Girl's Evans Matador Bicycles

50 Third Prizes — Deluxe Gift Box of Hormel Prime Steaks

100 Fourth Prizes—Patio Prince Charcoal Grill

400 Fifth Prizes — Zebco 66 Spinning Reel and Model 3366 Companion Rod

400 Sixth Prizes — Ideal Four Ring 84″ x 20″ Inflatable Play Pool

400 Seventh Prizes—Sportcraft Official Badminton Sets

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TAMPAX . . . a doctor's invention . . . a woman's joy

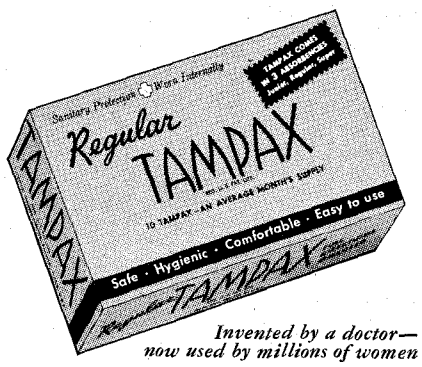
TAMPAX . . . because nothing can show . . . no one can know

TAMPAX . . . because there's no chafing, no odor

TAMPAX . . . because it's so dainty to change, dispose of

TAMPAX . . . so much a part of your active life

Tampax® internal sanitary protection: Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies, wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

Keeping Posted

D Day Relived

Lined up below David Howarth are Stephen, Mrs. Howarth, Joanna, Claire and Virginia.

David Howarth faced a whale of a research job before writing his new book, D Day, which McGraw-Hill publishes next week and which is being serialized on page 19. From the horde of veterans involved in the Normandy invasion he had to sift out a limited, balanced number to interview; he had to decide what military units would yield a clear over-all picture; and finally he had to have a balance between officers and men of the ranks. His enormous filtering operation began in the American and British defense departments and veterans' organizations, and in the veterans' federation in Germany; but in France his task was to travel along the invasion coast, talking with a great many people, especially village mayors. "I have personally met all the main characters in the story except two, mostly in their own homes." He surprised everybody by taking no notes. "This distracts people, and it's just a matter of practice to remember the essence of a man's story four or five hours afterward." Well, for some people longer practice than for other people.

Howarth's outline of the battle is objective, but the details are deliberately subjective because interviewees disagreed widely on what they observed around them under the stress of intense emotions. "I even met one American officer who remembered fiery Omaha Beach as being quiet!" He expects that some reader-veterans may recall their D-Day zone as unlike descriptions other soldiers gave to him.

David Howarth lives with his wife and youngsters at Vines Gate, Brasted Chart, Westerham, Ker England; and there they all are in the picture.

Tales of the Authors

James Maxwell, while cruising on the Ohio River towboat Ovec (page 24), had the sentimentalist in him aroused when the boat delivered thousands of tons of coal to an electrical generating plant which supplies power to a Waverly, Ohio, atomic-energy installation. "Here was coal building a new source of power which would presently make coal obsolete. Rather like forcing our dear old friendly coal to commit suicide." Towboat captain Cash Spears scoffed at this touching concept. "This is just a condensing process," he said. "Europe needs power, and coal *could* be sent over on fleets of ships. This way, coal goes into electricity and electricity into uranium. Eventually the energy of a couple

Jim Maxwell, sentimentalist.

million tons of coal can be sent over in a briefcase."

Harold Lamb reveals anew on page 26 his high talent for making the ancient past come alive in the present—see in his story the dramatic blending of an old, old amethyst and a storm-battered airliner. Of this scholarly author's latest book, Hannibal: One Man Against Rome (Doubleday), reviewer John K. Hutchens of the New York Herald-Tribune said that it gives one the sense of reading about bygone events as if they were contemporary and being reported in the newspapers.

William Heuman, whose recipe for *Sauerbraten* is the real hero of his story on page 34, got the recipe from his wife, who got it from her mother in the old country (Germany), who got it from *her* mother. "So far as we know, it was never in a cookbook. Oh, you just try it once!"

Sensational Dance Team

That debonair fellow presumably dancing with Mrs. Arthur Murray in the picture actually is standing still. He is photographer **Larry Fried,** who took many of the pictures for the Arthur Murray series, including the larger one on page 30. While Fried was industriously snapping his camera at a party which the Murrays gave recently in New York, Arthur grabbed him and set up that pose which, Fried says, "shows Arthur waving a triumphant finger at this great new team." Afterward Fried did execute a few steps with Kathryn and didn't injure her toes. He says it was like dancing with a feather and that she has a magic way of making a man feel somewhat feathery too.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"MY ROAD TO CRIME"

From a boy delinquent to an adult criminal—and jail. The self-told story of "Tony."

Printed in U.S.A.

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